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INVASION *Journal*



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**TO THE PEOPLE
OF LONDON**

INVASION

Journal

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR THE

New York Herald Tribune

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, INC.
PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

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FIRST EDITION

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INVASION *Journal*

PORt OF EMBARKATION, U.S.A., April —, 1944

The night river is oily beneath the lights. The black oil fractures quicksilver light paths again and again, yet the lights are stronger; they never disintegrate for all the shimmering. The face of a clock over the river is so darkened that the numbers have disappeared, but I can tell the time anyway, from the position of the hands. At least I think I can, for I am not absolutely sure which is the long hand and which the hour. Yet it must be one o'clock; Sylvia and Rusty drove me to the pier at nine, and I was hours through customs, immigration, medical examination and briefing. The look on her face when I kissed her told me how serious this is going to be and what it means to her.

It is far easier for a man to face danger or pain himself than for someone who loves him but cannot be there, cannot feel and share the actual pain. Six months, nine months, a year, possibly never to see her again, or she me; she, the little person I know so well and have slept with, lived with, loved with, had fun with, talked with, thought with, hurt with, argued with, shared everything with, winter and summer, day and night, for seven years. And now she cannot be allowed to go with me on this great adventure. Parting carries terrible hurt, vagueness, an emptiness I feel already, though the great ship and her precious cargo are still tight to the pier. There is something of the light-headedness of hunger about parting. At least I will be busy, seeing a new world, a world I never made; but it is most grossly unfair to her to be left behind and alone. Even Mark is no compensation at his age. To Mark it is all uniforms and medals.

There is none of the reality of hurt about war in the mind of a child. There are only the medals and uniforms.

I hesitated to tell Mark I was going overseas. We had been so close so long. Finally I knew it had to be done. So I told him where I was going, and why. He took it calmly enough. He asked if I would be in uniform. Oh, yes, I told him, in an officer's uniform. Then Mark wanted to know: "If you get wounded will you get the Purple Heart?" "Why," I said, after the shock, "I suppose so. I'll get any medal I win. I'll be in the Army, in uniform. If I'm wounded I'll get the Purple Heart." "Yipppee!" said Marcus. Oh, he'll be all right.

But I wish for Mark's sake that I had a rank. He wants me to have something he can boast about. I will be an assimilated captain, but how can you tell your adoring son that? A war correspondent is below a private and above a general. That's good. I shall have to remember that in conversation. Now, there's a girl on the deck over there, one of a group going to London for the State Department. She's wearing what looks like miniature captain's bars on her lapel. I wonder if she's going around with a captain, or two first lieutenants?

The anaesthetic effect of custom is beginning to wear off, leaning here against the rail, seeing the burdensome troops move inside our great ship, which has no end of appetite. They have been loading since midmorning. We will sail with the tide, around four, unless some railroad fails its schedule. But it won't. No gongs or shouting, "All ashore that's going ashore," to announce our going. No splendid, gigantic whistle in the night air. When we are loaded we will sail, as quietly as floating wood. Good-bye, Rusty, Mark; good-bye, my very dearest. Good-bye from me to every one of those left ashore by the thousands of men in uniform now inside our ship, on the oil-black river.

AT SEA, April —

We are virtually lying to in fog somewhere off the North American shore. Our engines have been rung off and the helmsman has been relieved after a harrowing night. In war, one does not use a foghorn; yet we are in the convoy lanes and collision is a momentary threat. The bows of one freight ship after another, bound empty for America, can be seen emerging from the fog, sometimes as close as one hundred and fifty feet away. The ghostly ships come from all angles. The bows of one are heading this minute for the starboard quarter of our great ship; but fortunately we are a large enough vision that we can be seen in time, if the engines are rung slow or rung down altogether. Although neither we nor they can use a horn, we do use deck bells that are to be rung for fog. Here comes another in the westbound convoy, at right angles to our starboard stern. Now, that skipper should have sounded for fog, for he is improperly under way in fog. If he had been further amidships he might not have been able to avoid us and our precious human cargo. Even one day out, the ocean water is too cold for survival for very long.

Once this evening I could hear our own engines suddenly reverse, and the great ship heel to port like a Queens-bound subway train at rush hour. I saw nothing, and it is possible that the lookout saw nothing, except an illusion of shapes in the thickened atmosphere. Our bell now rings continuously for fog as our engines are rung half-ahead. The Master has been here long enough. Idling troop ships are like sitting ducks to hunters. But where a hunter won't shoot a sitting duck, a U-boat or a German will shoot at anything. I'm glad the Captain has made up his mind to go along despite the fog and the counterconvoy. The fog has been our first adversary.

AT SEA, *April* —

What has shaken me most these first hours aboard this brimming transport ship? I think it has not been the personal dangers of war, nor the fears and dreads of black adventure, the unknown paths ahead, or even the fact of war itself. After many years of comfortable married life, I am certain that it is the complete lack of privacy that strikes me above all the other events and embroideries. I suppose that nowhere on earth is there as little privacy as aboard one of the largest troop transports. I am a serial number among serial numbers. No one really cares if I am seasick or homesick, or uncomfortable. I am beginning to understand the words, "Every man for himself." What man fights for on earth is really not fortune or fame, but the right to privacy. This right I have now abrogated, or it has been abrogated for me.

I try to make something of myself so that I shall enjoy privacy, privacy coming from independence, and independence the child of labor and earnings. At thirty-three, with a wife and child, I have unknowingly secured privacy, or I had until this voyage began. I suppose that no one truly knows anything until it happens to *him*. No more can one imagine the actuality of pain in another. He can sympathize and help, but he cannot feel the pain until the stimulus strikes *him*. So in this terrible overcrowding, especially below decks where the G.I. Joes are herded like cattle, I am beginning to learn what privacy meant to me and what it will mean when the war is past. Here aboard this once great passenger liner, a British ship of magnificence and expanse, where in peacetime a few hundred passengers would have slept, thousands now not only sleep, but eat, and stand and wait. If there is one thing a troop transport is apt to teach a man it is how to wait; for me there is a sharper les-

son. I now have learned a specific price on a golden commodity —privacy.

Since there are only two meals a day and many sittings at each meal, the G.I. soldier and the privileged guest must take some of each meal, wrapped in a paper napkin, back to his sleeping quarters. This is comparatively easy for me, a privileged guest, sleeping in a soft bunk, albeit the cabin is packed with roommates. But for the G.I. soldier down in the hold, many feet below water level, his destination a secret; jailed behind blackened portholes, in an atmosphere of continuous seasickness, eating is a bulky problem.

Tonight I went below decks, where the troops are like steerage. Most of them have no hammocks or bunks. Most of them —thousands of them—sleep, eat, stand and wait, and also vomit, within the same few square feet of dank smells. The troop commander in one hold asked me to join in supper, but I said I had already eaten, thank you, though this was a lie. One look at the basin of squashed mess from which I and they were to be served was enough for me. The poor chap furthest inside the row of wooden benches, packed against the wall of the ship, has been vomiting for a whole day and night. He will not be eating his supper, but it will be eaten for him by stronger stomachs, stomachs apparently unaffected by the odor, by *all* the odors that settle in any sub-marine compartment where men are packed together without proper facilities for toilet in any sense.

Once again topside, I feel the first great relief I have experienced aboard. It is a feeling of superiority, certainly akin to the feeling the publican expressed in the temple. Is it wrong? Right or wrong, I am perfectly sure I like being a war correspondent in my clean soft bunk, rather than a G.I., which I at my age might well be. I have now regained my appetite, with interest. The relief has made me hungry. But never in all my

days will I forget what I saw, smelled and heard below decks tonight. Never.

From the first hour aboard, the privileged passengers in the crowded staterooms, or the soldiers packed below, have been aware that for the next week or more every individual will be living in a sort of enclosed Ebbets Field. He soon discovers that he will be sleeping fully clothed, wearing even his shoes to bed. Some soldiers aboard have no bed at all. One entire company, supernumerary, is bunked on the floor of what was once the ship's cinema and meeting hall. This locality turns into an officers' lounge at daybreak, so the G.I. has to turn out, bringing all his paraphernalia with him each time, not to return to this dubious paradise until 10 P.M., when the last officer has left the card tables that are then folded and stacked against the wall. Only because he is used to something like this on bivouacs and in open camps, and because he is very young, can the ordinary soldier stand such treatment night after night. Some of the officers are so enraged at the facilities granted this unlucky company that they are refusing to patronize the officers' lounge, despite its piano, card tables, Red Cross entertainers, and beauteous Yankee feminine comforts. The G.I.'s involved are as close to mutiny as they'll ever be. On American ships, officers share the discomforts of their troops. On this British liner, the American G.I. and officer are learning that there is a qualitative difference between rank and caste, and between commander and commanded. One young soldier, in tears, keeps telling his mates that he will not be surprised if his own first lieutenant, whom he hasn't seen below decks since the trip began, becomes an early casualty in the invasion fighting. Nor shall I. At any rate, some G.I.'s sleep better than others, while the officers and guests sleep and eat far less like cattle. Major General John C. H. Lee, deputy theater commander, has sent a letter to all officers en route to the European Theater of Operations, aboard this badly crowded, England-bound vessel. It

reads in part: "Right now, get your men cared for. If you stay with them below decks the first night, you will not regret it." It is already becoming apparent which officers aboard will be good officers, and which officers will not be officers at all.

INVASION *Journal*

AT SEA, *April* —

Even in our large cabin on the main deck, transport life is not very easy. We have six men in the cabin, made for two. The extra bunks are built in above each side, with two auxiliary bunks at right angles forming the crossbar of the letter H. We are lucky indeed. We have a bathroom. It works most of the time in spite of the salt water. Many cabins do not have bathrooms, and of course the soldiers in the hold have almost no privacy. In the cattle-like holds, the foot soldier is fortunate to be able to comply with the ship's order that once a week everyone must take a shower bath. Seasickness is again a factor here, since there is almost nowhere below decks to be seasick in. The soldiers in the depths sleep, eat and live their tedious hours of nights and days in a caldron of smells and crowding. The lights are on night and day. Tempers and language are sharpened by the extreme difficulty of doing simple things at all, much less doing them well. Since nine-tenths of the boys below have never so much as seen the ocean until now, perhaps it is seasickness that affects most deeply their corporate lives in this crossing for invasion. Many of the troops aboard are colored boys. One of them turns to a sick companion and says: "Boy, you is sho' a landlubber." The other colored (gray) boy replies: "You said it, and Ah never knew until now how much Ah lubs de land."

But if seasickness is the sworn enemy of the G.I., the shock of crowded troop transport life and the compete lack of privacy are uppermost to the average cabin passenger, who is usually an older man. This lack of privacy is accentuated with age and habit. Boys are used to its absence; indeed most young men in their teens and twenties do not seek out privacy, but companionship and constant entertainment. Philosophy, reflection and privacy are signposts to maturity. By the time a man has had a wife and family for a decade, he is used to the routine of married life. He is used to tiny comforts, as well as the obvious comforts that come with living with a woman. He is used to having his things where they can be found. He is used to being waited on, and of course he is badly spoiled. Aboard a troop transport he can find nothing unless he carefully repacks it after use—does it himself.

We are six in M-32. There is Ernie Byfield, manager of the Hotel Sherman and the two Ambassadors in Chicago, a man of fifty-four to whom pleasant living has become deep-rooted, and personal service automatic. Ernie has children in the war. Now he is going to write the war for the *Chicago Herald-American*. My father's old friend from Iowa and Chicago, Walter Howie, dreamed this one up. Ernie is as greatly affected by the lack of privacy as I am. He is a kind man, genuinely kind, and very thoughtful. His wonderful Scotch whisky and his stories and limericks shorten our days and nights. Then there is Robert Barnes, a radio engineer filled with magic secrets. He is in uniform, going to Italy to add one stone to Hitler's gravehead. I think he suffers least of all of us because of his unquenchable thirst for knowing how this great ship is being operated. He is, moreover, girded with logic, and logic is an armored shield against physical and mental discomfort.

Then there are two Army captains, engineers, an advance detachment. Captain Samuel Smith, of Fort Worth, Texas, looks like a sun-parched Douglas Fairbanks Jr. He is already a good

officer. He answers all summonses over the ship's public-address system as though the ship's life depended upon it. He takes care of his men below decks. He invites them up to take baths in our bathroom, and to eat our fresh fruit, since they get none at all below. Smitty from Texas is a good officer. If he is shot, the bullet will enter his body from the front side. Captain Walter Davis, of Salamanca, New York, near Buffalo, sleeps above me. Walt is six feet four and weighs 230 pounds. He is of Welsh descent. He's a quiet man, who reads the Bible at night and sleeps a great deal. If there is such a thing as a typical engineer, Captain Davis is that. I like him tremendously.

My other roommate is Ted Malone, whose real last name is Russell. Malone operates radio broadcasts in the States known as "Between the Book-Ends" on which he reads other people's poetry. He is a pleasant soul, over his head in the deep waters of professional war correspondence. This he resents. Perhaps I am prejudiced against him since his snores would frighten the MGM lion. His snoring is, indeed, a topic of constant conversation in our cabin, for snoring behind sealed portholes and closed doors is not funny. Byfield has devised what he calls "the anti-Russell device," but he finds himself listening even more eagerly through the wads of cotton. So the device is no good, and we lie there and anticipate the next intake from upper six. To Malone's credit, he has been moving into the bathroom as the rest of us retire, letting us get a head start on his snores. But we wake up anyway when the snoring begins. Malone and I are from New York. He comes originally from Kansas City, and I from Illinois and Michigan. Barnes is from Redwood, California.

Byfield is universal, one of America's best-known hosts. His Pump Room in Chicago is famous. He is carried into the Pump Room each night on a flaming sword, or vice versa. He knew Uncle Ring and tells me two good stories about him, both of them obviously true. He says that Tony Sarg introduced pup-

pets to the hotel's entertainment program some years back, and for a while the puppets were a great night-club success. But when poodle puppets began acting up on Sarg's miniature stage, the act soon palled. One night Ring was guest of honor, and when the show was over he turned to Byfield and said: "Were those *real* mice?" It sounds so much like him, that I like Byfield immensely for remembering it. The other Byfield remembrance of Ring Lardner goes back to a saloon in Chicago. Most of the stories about Ring did. Everyone had been talking about the Charleston, and the subject had worn pretty thin. Lardner had said not one word, as was his custom, for an hour or more. There was a pause, and then Ring said, in his over-lugubrious way: "In Pennsylvania, they call it the Altoona." Yes, I like Byfield.

The two Army engineers think our accommodations luxurious, and are in no way appalled by the lack of privacy. That is natural. They are much more impressed with the power and force of the sea. They are unaffected by seasickness, except that they profess great hope of seeing land again. They worry about submarines too. Byfield and I don't.

We six and all our luggage live in a room seventeen feet long and nine feet wide. Having our own salt-water bathroom saves us. But M-32 is not a wigwam for men with claustrophobia. Since we sleep fully clothed and since the porthole is locked until the last moments of our crossing, it is a good deal like being in jail. Every man in the room is or has been married, a man used to small privacies and comforts. I think the continuous danger from U-boats (What a target we are!) is less acute to four of the six than the way we have to live. The two Army Captains lie awake imagining U-boats every few rods; yet these officers are undisturbed by the strange hours of eating, or the congestion in every man's personal life aboard.

It is no military secret that troop transports and other ocean-going craft zigzag constantly in wartime. The zigzag theory is

that if you are being followed by a U-boat, the U-boat commander will be unable to determine your speed and direction accurately, or translate that information into a truly directed torpedo. There are more than thirty standard zigzags. From my confinement in M-32 I should guess we have used up all of them the first few days. Zigzags add to the ship's traveling. They add also to the nausea that comes from an uneven floor beneath your feet every second of the clock, days unending. That is what affects the two inland Army engineers deeply. I have never hated the sea in eight voyages before this one. But it is now my enemy.

INVASION *Journal*

AT SEA, *April* —

Even if the sea were free and clear, life aboard a transport would be difficult. But the German U-boat is still very far from beaten in the Atlantic, for all the big talk in Washington and Whitehall. Spring is open season for U-boats. Every great German submarine offensive has begun in April or May. It is half-way between that time of calendar today, and for days aboard this ship I have been preoccupied with thoughts of being torpedoed. I haven't been thinking what would happen to the thousands of troops aboard, the Red Cross hostesses, the State Department specialists, the forty oil specialists going from Texas and Oklahoma to Iraq. I have been thinking what would happen to *me*.

Every man and woman aboard carries a lifebelt at all times, asleep or awake, eating or loafing, walking the upper decks, or spooning in the blackout after 8 P.M. The lifebelt becomes so much of a habit that when you leave it behind and go ashore

at your destination, you feel like Jean Valjean cut away from his irons, I am told.

Lifeboat drill is mighty serious business. It is serious even to those who do not see the Captain's chart, with its U-boat locations penciled in. At the screaming of the signals, blood relatives of the Banshee, the crowds of fully equipped men in their cumbersome battle dress (made more cumbersome by the Mae Wests) try to get rapidly to their proper stations from every elbow of the ship, from its lower intestines and the top of its head. The boat decks are soon jammed with silent, swaying figures. Everyone must move counterclockwise or there would be utter confusion with so little space to pass. As it is, there is plenty of confusion the first few days, but a man learns quickly when his life is involved.

Getting thousands of troops and the rest of the passenger list and all available crew out from the holds and cabins and depths quickly onto the freezing decks is a mathematical wonder to me. The first day we accomplished it in twenty minutes at a quarter of six in the morning. The second day we did it twice, at six-thirty in the morning and five in the afternoon. It took fifteen minutes both times. Each day, boat drill has taken fewer minutes to reach perfection. This morning at ten-thirty we were silent, fully equipped and in our places within six and a half minutes. The transport commander did not say so, but it was apparent that he was pleased. Some troop shipments never do learn to do boat drill properly, he told me yesterday. Yet here we are with extra troops tossed upon our groaning ship at the last moment by an overzealous ferry command; and here we, supernumeraries and all, are standing silent, facing the icy wind together within six and a half minutes of the first shocking, raucous signal that makes your stomach move.

On deck you stand facing the moving sea, thousands of faces contemplating the black water which would be deadly within so few minutes if you had to abandon ship. There is ice in the

air. We who know what is going on look at the black water with the fascination of a man looking over the edge of the Empire State Building and being irresistibly drawn to jump. Isn't that ridiculous, I say to myself? Why should any human being want to jump into that black icewater? Yet it is a common thought. In every shipwreck, hundreds of lives are endangered and lost because ships are abandoned too quickly. So long as the ship floats, says the Captain over the public-address system, the ship's our best refuge. So there we stand, swaying together in the icy wind of late winter.

We stand in complete silence while ship's transport commanders move through the narrow openings next to the rails and look us over, tying a Mae West properly to a WAC here, shifting a few G.I.'s there to make room for a path less than eighteen inches wide between the front of the swaying crowd and the frosted railing. There we stand, listening to the ship move through the water, bucking the wind. The ship is alive, and we are dead, inanimate, the bodies of burdened men and women swaying in unison under the common stimulus of the sea. The wind blows marrow-chilling, and we sway on the pitching decks. Yes, old British seaman, with the red beard and the broken bloodvessels in your cheektops, yes, I too can smell danger. The smell is as strong as chlorine, and as deadly. I should have realized on all the other voyages that the old man of the sea would catch up to me one day.

Aboard our transport are several experts from the United States Army Air Forces. From them I have learned all I know about abandoning ship. I try to remember it word for word as I stand on the freezing open deck for five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-eight minutes before the blessed all-clear. Well, the AAF points out that in abandoning ship and living in a life-boat, time will soon be one thing you'll have plenty of. You will leave the ship only as a desperate, final measure, since as long as the ship floats she is by all odds the safest place to be.

However, if you are forced to abandon ship, you will do well to remember a basic precaution. Wear gloves. Wear them at all times aboard a ship in wartime. You may have to slide down ropes. You may have to grasp very hot rails or pieces of debris or wood with splinters. Your hands will be your most important physical possession next to your eyes. Keep your hands inside gloves. Wear gloves aboard a ship in wartime.

Supposing you are lucky enough to have made the lifeboat or life raft safely, another basic law of shipwreck comes into the play. Conserve your energy. Don't get excited. The movement of any part of the body costs the body just so much energy. Move slowly. Don't talk unnecessarily. Don't move unnecessarily. Be deliberate, and relax. For the first time in your hurried life, probably, minutes will not count. You will function by hours and days. You may be able to live on what food and water you get, if you take it easy. A man can live for thirty day or more without food. But he can live for only ten days at most without unsalted water of any kind. Therefore, though you are surrounded by water, drinking water is your gravest problem. Remember that, standing there on the icy deck looking at the ugly water. Remember, too, that if you fall overboard from *this* ship, the ship will not stop to pick you up. Someone may drop you a raft, but no matter how you cry out, the troop transport will keep right on toward England. Troop transports at full stop are too great a target and the cargo aboard is too precious for the saving of just one life. So don't fall overboard on this swaying, pitching, full-packed ship.

But to get back to drinking water. You will be surrounded by water, shivering there on your life raft or huddled in your lifeboat, yet you will be fighting a tremendous battle to keep from drinking what little fresh water is available in that great sea of salt. Several water devices are in common use in lifeboats aboard our transport and other transports operated by the Allies. At best, though, these filters turn sea water into drinking

water only after a laborious process, and for a very few people on strict ration. Water is still gold in a lifeboat.

During the first twenty-four hours in a lifeboat, says the AAF, don't eat or drink anything. Stretch your fasting into the third and fourth day if possible. You will probably be very seasick in a tiny lifeboat on an enormous and wicked ocean, and this will increase your thirst. But do not give way to early temptation. The first terrible days are nothing at all to what may come. Do not eat much food, for food increases thirst. When you are handed your two or three ounces of water, sip it, or swish it around inside your mouth. Gargle with it; keep it as long as you can before swallowing it. Always save enough for a sip just before going to sleep, or what will pass for sleep in this chip on the ocean, this chip that will be your living room, dining room, bathroom, bedroom, front lawn and kitchen. When it rains, collect all the water you can in your clothes, in sails, in tarpaulins, in anything that will catch the most water. Drink some of this fresh water right away, for it may turn salty in contact with the boat. Your body is the finest storage tank for fresh water in a lifeboat.

Under no circumstances drink salt water, no matter how desperate you may be. The salt literally saps body moisture. It will make you even thirstier, and its workings on your insides will cause you excruciating intestinal discomfort.

Don't drink urine. It will make you vomit. As a matter of fact, you will urinate very frequently as thirst settles in your system. That's one way of telling that you're dying of thirst—excessive urination.

If you are in a tropical sun all day, go over the side of the boat very slowly at dusk. This will cool you and reduce your thirst. But be careful not to take in sea water by mouth. If you catch fish, drink the fresh water you will find beneath the fish's gills. Raw fish is quite tasty and can be dried, used for as long as three days later, and will have the nourishing qualities of

beefsteak. This is especially true of fish liver. It will surprise you, these Army experts on survival tell me aboard our invasion-bound troop transport, how little food a man can live on if he has to. If you catch a fish, save the entrails for bait. If the liver is pink, you can eat it. If it is dark, use it for bait.

Never drink liquor in a lifeboat, for it will nauseate you and increase your thirst. If you have no water, don't *eat* anything at all. Digestion uses up bodily fluids. Wait until rain comes, then eat what little you have rationed yourself. Do not exert, and try not to perspire.

Chew gum if you have some. If you can't find a piece of gum, chew on a button or suck a bit of cloth. This simple measure may stave off that uncomfortable hour when your teeth begin to coat with a green scum and your tongue begins to swell, in the absence of normal liquids.

As to rescue, that's pretty much for experts. However, you can tell directions by the sun in the ordinary way. If you have a watch, there is a simple rule that will turn your watch into a compass. Point the hour hand at the sun. Halfway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock is south. If it's cloudy, hold a match stick in the center of the watch. Turn it so the shadow matches the hour hand. Halfway between the shadow and 12 o'clock is north.

A flash from an ordinary pocket mirror is good for fifteen miles on the flat on a sunny day. That's why officers going into battle replace their metal insignia with cloth insignia, for these little candles throw their beams great distances in a naughty world.

I guess that's all the Army experts told me. Lord, that wind penetrates, so cold that it makes the cheeks ache. What in the world would that tiny Red Cross nurse down there do if this boat drill were the real thing, she in her open-toed sandals that she was wearing when the alarm sounded? What would *any* of us do if this were a real abandonment of ship? Nothing, piti-

fully nothing against these cold blasts and iced sea water, which fascinates and absorbs each one of the thousands of us as we stand facing the black open sea, our bodies swaying to the common stimulus of the great ship.

INVASION *Journal*

AT SEA, April —

The sun came out early this morning. It seemed to stir each soldier aboard, as sun will open a flower. The sun melted my own congealed blood and as my blood began to move I began to feel that exaltation of nearing the end of something difficult and fearful. I began to realize that all the ice in the air had melted into accomplishment. The accomplishment would be fulfilled some time this afternoon; the Captain had told me so, with that potent mathematical certainty of sea captains. And so it was.

At a few minutes past one o'clock, with the sun brimming the edges of a cumulus cloud, a great shout on the crowded forward decks attracted every ear topside. The landlubbers from Kansas, from Texas (most of the American Army seems to come from Texas), from the great plains and rivers, from the inland lakes where drinking water afloat is never a problem—these lubbers began to shout and point as the water smoothed. A soldier was making book on the landfall. Even money it was Scotland or Ireland, two to one it was England, four to one Iceland, eight to one Algiers. A kid from Pennsylvania said he'd bet it was Camden, New Jersey. One soldier, jumping up and down at the rail, said he knew how Columbus felt. There was a general rush by officers to their cabins to fish out government-issue binoculars. Through one of these remarkable inventions I

could plainly see a jut of gray land, probably twelve miles away, and looking most unlike Camden. I knew from the Captain's charts what it was that I saw unsteadily through binoculars from the moving ship, and that we were finally safe from submarines, although the Nazi bomber menace was even more acute now. I believe that no single moment of my life has been more satisfying than this vision in the misty day, a white lighthouse riding above the breakers that were very clear in the glass.

And so tomorrow morning I say farewell to this ship and hello Leicester Square. Good-bye to General Holcomb, and his four stars that caused a young lieutenant to forget himself completely and go right up to the chief of all U.S. Marines and say: "Who in hell *are* you, with four stars?" Good-bye to the kippered herrings and rolled oats with condensed milk, the quarter of lamb, the crème faubonne, the joint and two veggies, the compotes of dubious fruit, and hail to the beetroot. Good-bye and hello to the sweet milky tea; to the two meals a day that have stirred my ulcers. Good-bye to the five roommates and their luggage, their snoring, their fun, their consideration. Good-bye to the smells of the hold, to the chief engineer and the deep-down boiler-room men he introduced me to, men who would have had no chance at all if a torpedo had struck us, men whose lives are eeked out philosophically many, many feet below the boat deck in a claustrophobic fairyland of shining brass and black metal and perambulating wheels. Good-bye to the little WAC who came up gamely for each meal, but stayed through only one course before the sight of a kipper made her cry out and hold her mouth. Good-bye to Cyril Warham, our emaciated dining-room steward, who was torpedoed off Cape Town and lived out three ghastly weeks on a life raft. Ask him what he thinks of "playing fair" with the Germans at the end of the war, or with any people on earth who would torpedo a passenger ship without warning. Farewell to all the down-

trodden G.I.'s in the hold, especially the G.I.'s allergic to ships. Farewell to the twins, Lawford and Crawford Lynch, of Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, who had not seen one another in two years, and awoke to recognition after sleeping one beside the other in the smells of compartment C-2, below waterline. Good-bye Private Harry Aylsworth of Erie, Pennsylvania, who was convinced he'd never make a sailor because he was constantly nauseated, but whose nausea turned out to be a gangrenous ruptured appendix, which two Bronx medics took out in a heavy following sea. Farewell to the little Irish terrier puppy that some enterprising G.I. brought aboard disguised as a gas-mask, and whose discovery by an inspecting colonel caused the only belly laugh in that awful can of humanity. Farewell to the oily sea at dusk, to the fractured marble sea nearest the ship as we cut the water, to the fears and fascination of the submarine peril, that made me feel at times as though tiny animals had bored into me and hollowed me out. Good-bye to the kid from Snakebite, Minnesota; to the kid from Arizona who said to me: "If you don't think time flies, subscribe to a monthly magazine"; to the kid whose last surviving relative had died the week before he sailed, and to whom England and invasion were better than what he had left behind. Good-bye to the two G.I.'s who never stopped talking and were almost always funny. ("I haven't got a stamp," one of them said one day out on deck. "Well," said the other quickly, "then mail it when nobody's looking.") Good-bye to the Red Cross entertainers who never went below A deck. Good-bye to the colored soldier who laughed loudest at the entertainer's joke that Mark Twain had said: "We were served by something tall, dark and emancipated." Good-bye to the colored quartet from Philadelphia whose unearthly music reached such a religious fervor one night in the blackout of the most treacherous U-boat lanes that there were tears in the eyes of every man and woman on the stairhead. Lord, I will never hear ragtime like that again, ragtime spir-

ituals made up of pure imagination as the quartet went along, each man taking his turn at improvising. What power had a U-boat over such greatness?

No, it has not been an easy voyage. I will never take another like it, if God and I are willing. I never want to, anyway. The sun was pale on those cold days. But soon land will show on the port side. Farewell to the grim ship. Hello to earth again.

INVASION *Journal*

ON THE LONDON TRAIN, May 1

On this warm Sunday afternoon, as we sit sleepily looking out of the window of the tiny train, there is nothing to remind us of the war and invasion and even death to come; nothing, absolutely nothing, until the outskirts of London. There the barrage balloons shock us into reality, but the countryside, through farms and towns, through patched green and tan and red-brown earth, through men and women working in these green and brown patches even on Sunday, is the old land and the old time. The cattle still face the wind, as cattle do the world around. Every few farms there is a child with a dog, knee-deep in buttercups, playing in the sun, near the grazing horses with their long fetlocks. The rust-colored cattle munch the uneven grass, and the fences are neatly mended. There is a neatness to England that never changes. Here there is no war, for even Hitler cannot destroy nature, whatever else he has been able to do to torment mankind. There is no change of scene and no distance, except that punctuated by telephone poles. We sit drinking the sun through the train windows. This is a good day.

Everything in England is small. The island is small. If you

want to visualize the size of England—the whole of England—remember that no part of England is further than one hundred miles from the sea. That explains a great deal about an Englishman's fantastic regard for the rights of privacy, and also his love and intuition of the sea. The British in wartime are reserved but not unfriendly. This is going to be difficult for the boy from Texas to understand, for geography makes men. When a man hasn't seen another human being in days or weeks, he's not apt to be formal when he does run across one. Conversely, when there are forty millions in a plot that should hold five at the outside, privacy is at a usurious premium unless everyone is reserved and self-contained. It tends to make the confined islander selfish, subtle and narrow, while the Texan will be overgenerous, expansive and naive. The Texan will have less trouble with language than he will have with British reserve.

In the extraordinary green of early English spring, a green possible only in constantly moist land, knickered golfers are having a fine Sunday game. That reminds Ernie Byfield of a story. It seems there was a golfer, a duffer, out for the first time. He hit the first ball quite by luck and very beautifully. The ball rested at last four feet from the cup. "Now," said his companion, "you putt it in." "You mean I put the ball in the *hole*?" said the duffer. "You should have told me that in the *first* place."

But the golfers and the windward cattle fade and the barrage balloons come into the glass frame. The war has been blotted out in the fields, absorbed in the sunny Sunday afternoon that has been a joy to see after the chilling Atlantic. The barrage balloons overcast all conversation. Someone begins worrying about his luggage, and the war is with us again. As long as the balloons are overhead, few Londoners will be at ease.

The station is a variety of gray steam. It has no gaiety and no taxicabs. A queue—my first but not my last, I'll warrant—is already forming near the booking office for what few taxi-

cabs come into the station with outgoing passengers. For the first time I begin to realize that the ship was by no means the only inconvenience to this assignment. It is an assignment of inconvenience. What I am going to write about is inconvenience, the very definition of war. First to the War Department's travel agency; then a bout with the London telephone system to call the *Herald Tribune* office on Fleet Street; then back to attend my baggage, only to find that the train backed out five minutes ago with all unclaimed baggage aboard. So my footlocker is bound for the port, and heaven knows when I'll see it again.

Fortunately I took my typewriter, duffelbag, briefcase (I used to think they were an affectation but no more) and airplane luggage with me in the compartment. But my auxiliary clothes are in that footlocker, along with a dozen pairs of silk stockings and a dozen lipsticks that Sylvia put in for English friends; a pint of olive oil for house hosts; my baseball shoes and gloves; a complete Shakespeare; an alarm clock that went off inside the footlocker as we were boarding and scared the boarding officer out of his wits; two bottles of Cutty Sark and one bottle of Irish; the very latest *Herald Tribunes* I was bringing so carefully to the isolated staffers in London; my winter ski underwear, and the small china rabbit Sylvia gave me, a rabbit with protruding teeth and a fat stomach.

The blackout is dropping like a villain's cloak upon this capital of Empire. It is so dark by the time I get to the Savoy that I cannot see the entrance. The doorman leads me to it with his pencil torch. The room is ready, and expensive. Everything at the Savoy is expensive. I am sharing a suite with Joe Driscoll, Tex O'Reilly and Jack Thompson, the bearded parachuting prophet of the *Chicago Tribune*. We get out my K ration and a bottle of precious whiskey, and Tex makes supper on the expensive Savoy stone hearth—potted ham and, very soon, potted correspondents in the sedate and magnificent Savoy.

LONDON, May 4

The Germans said today that the Allies will attack with 100,000 landing craft when the great invasion of northwestern Europe erupts. That is what I came here to cover, and, believe me, I read every word of such dispatches, whether I believe them or not. The main assault, the Nazis seem to think, will come along the Channel coast of France, probably between Brest and Flushing or some part of Belgium. These operations, say the Germans, will be augmented by landings of glider and parachute troops behind the German lines and coastal fortifications. I hear that Rommel is not to be supreme commander in the West. It is to be von Rundstedt, with Rommel chief tactician. One German military spokesman says over the Berlin radio: "We believe the invasion will come now—in May. Our troops are ready to meet the storm." I don't think it will come in May. I thought a year ago that it would come in June or July, 1944, and I still think it will.

Rommel certainly hates Montgomery for the licking in Africa. Rommel tells his troops today that wounded and captured German soldiers were murdered in eastern Africa. Therefore, says Rommel, the German soldier in western Europe will have a score to settle. It's Rommel's private score, of course.

Dr. Erich Widdecke, writing in the Westphalian *Landeszeitung*, tells Germany that two million men will be needed by the Allies for the combined operations across the Channel. Dr. Widdecke says that fifty motorized divisions are ready in Britain, Iceland and Ireland. He says that troops for air landings are in the Faroes and that twenty-six divisions, with strong French forces, are in North Africa.

That reminds me, I heard a rumor tonight that the Allies are about to launch an all-out attack on Cassino this week. A Free

Frenchman told me. He has escaped from Vichy via Madrid, and he appears to be a good news source. I shall have to keep him on my string, which now includes three nationalities at a quid a week, plus a couple of quid when the tips work out. It's an expensive business, the gathering of news. Bob Conway of the New York *Daily News* once paid fifteen hundred dollars in my presence for the recording of conversations that took place inside Governor Hoffman's Trenton office when we were covering the Lindbergh case. It was worth it, too, because the *News* beat the world for a week on the fact that Ellis Parker, the Burlington detective, was in on the Lindbergh case and had already arrested another Hauptmann. Well, that was years ago; it seems pretty unimportant in a world aflame; but it was my biggest story until this one. I won't forget watching Hauptmann in the electric chair, no matter in what forms I meet death on this assignment. That's an unconscious definition of news. The nearer you are to death when you work on a story, the greater news story it is. Plenty of holes in that definition, too.

From Stockholm tonight we get a phone message that there is great activity in Iceland, where large concentrations of shipping have been observed by the German patrol. This is a hell of a way to cover a war. From a German plane, which tips off the German press, or what passes for the German press now, which tips off Stockholm, we get it coming around a second time. It is surprising, though, what a high percentage of rumor does bear some truth. Here's a sample. Last week I was told aboard ship that the Nazis are building obstacles to prevent Allied tanks from getting ashore—building these obstructions not on the beaches themselves but out into the water, in front of the beaches. Tonight I went to my first London correspondents-diplomats party and the talk soon turned to invasion as it does all over the world now. At any rate, a man from Brendan Bracken's office told me in confidence that our commando raids

lately have been running into underwater obstructions *in front of* beaches along the French coast. Damn smart, those Nazis; as clever at war as the British are at talk and writing and diplomacy, or the Russians at music, or the Americans at business and production, or the French in their kitchens. Every aviator I've met in London has nothing but good words for the Nazi pilots. They are fearless, quick, clever, and the equal of any in the world. In Heaven's name, why couldn't these great national talents have been put to something peaceful, rather than three crossings of the French frontier within a lifetime?

For two days I did absolutely nothing but get myself identified. I was thrown out of the Savoy the first morning. Mackenzie King was coming in for the Empire conference and he had to have a place to sleep. I met him at the door. I could tell it was Mackenzie King by the size of his low celluloid collar and the fact that he had already begun to make a speech to the cowering bellhop as I walked away. The second night I slept at the Hotel Howard near Fleet Street. Not bad either. Eric Hawkins of the *Herald Tribune* suggested I move to Charles II Street in Haymarket, so I moved that night to a "service flat." But it was no bargain. There were armored roaches in the bathroom, the place was completely shabby and unclean, it smelled of disinfectant to a point of nausea, and nothing worked in the bathroom, kitchen or bedroom. For this demi-paradise I paid seven guineas seven shillings a week, in advance (about thirty dollars). I left it tonight to move in with Lieutenant Bob Moora, managing editor of *Stars and Stripes*, who has a little flat in Kensington, a clean, neat place with a kitchen, private bath, electric icebox and electric fireplace. I paid Bob five quid for the week and he gave me three quid in change. It seems that this modern apartment of his costs less than the rattrap on Charles II Street. Eric told me, after I'd moved out, that the place was raided as a house of ill fame less than a month ago, but was now in respectable hands. Eric lives on the top floor

and it doesn't disturb him, being used to the left bank in Paris. But coming from the pristine neatness of Forest Hills and even of M-32 at sea, London and the renting English seem incredibly sloppy, unclean and lazy householders. It would take so little to fix most London flats (they were just as bad in peacetime); so little effort to make the food taste less like waterlogged cardboard; to make life more livable, war or no war.

As a matter of fact, it just struck me that *this* is the chief reason why the British have won the war, why they did not give in during the blitz and the year they stood heroically alone against Hitler. They were *used* to discomforts. They were *used* to bad food. They were *used* to cold rooms. War has made mighty little difference to them, really. Where it kills the Frenchman to eat boiled potatoes, the Englishman has been eating tasteless, flat, boiled potatoes all his life. And what's so bad about sodden cabbage, the English ask? Why, I had nothing but sodden cabbage in London in the peaceful fall of 1935, and I'm still eating it here. Possibly it's the same cabbage. The blitz bombing was something else again, of course. It took real courage to stand it, and the Berliner isn't doing as well; even behind the iron door of censorship you can hear screams of complaint that you never heard in England, for all the free press.

The Englishman is good at sea for this same reason, I suspect. He's brought up in the hardy style, he's used to bad food and discomfort. The sea changes his diet and his quarters mighty little, if indeed it does not improve his lot when the ship comes to tropical or American ports. The average Tommy Atkins in 1944 is 5 feet 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weighs ten stone (140 pounds) and can outrun anyone on earth, even the Chinese. But the average man at the University of Washington back in the States is 5 feet 10, weighs 165 pounds and will outlive Tommy Atkins by seven years. It's strictly a matter of diet, since the climates are alike; indeed, they are almost the same.

It's a wonder that someone hasn't thought of it before, the real reason why the British couldn't be beaten.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, May 6

This blessed plot that is deified in *King Richard II* remains almost precisely the same in war as in peace to the newcomer American. There are, naturally, more Americans everywhere, and an American is just as loud, just as friendly and just as characteristic in England as in the Bronx or Indiana. An Englishman complains in America this week that the American soldier has taken over London. The Yanks, he says, are overstimulated, overdecorated and oversexed. In some parts of London, the American and Canadian soldier have displaced the English altogether. Piccadilly is one. The only difference now is the absence of the professional tarts in Piccadilly. The amateurs have ruined their business.

Most of the motors seen about London are military or transport. London taxicabs haven't changed in the slightest, and the trams are the same except for women conductors and a base rate of three ha'penny instead of one penny.

It is only when night comes that the England of 1935 and the England of 1944 seem two different stages. Whatever bomb damage was done has been cleared up to such an extent that the ruins one sees in every block already have taken on what Joe Barnes calls "an antique look" comparable to the ruins of Rome. I doubt if the English will hurry to replace these relics of heroism either. What beacons they will be for tourist business in the early peace years!

This fortress built by nature for herself puts on her war

clothes when the sun leaves until another morning. The sun does not leave, however, until very late at night in this latitude at this time of year. London is on double war time. This means that at 11 o'clock at night one is apt to forget that it is not mid-afternoon. The blackout comes increasingly late, and thank God for it. For when the blackout comes (in winter as early as 3:30 in the afternoon) the bombers come, or at any rate the threat of death and hurt and irreparable damage settles upon the mind under the depressing cloak of darkness. And blackout it is, as deep and formidable as the very name of Hitler, a true nocturne punctuated by the beauteous searchlights.

It is then that England becomes a fortress, in truth, against the envy of less happier lands. The blackness is absolute. A man is indeed daft if he is not handy to an underground by blackout time, for he will never find his way alone unless he is a native locally affixed. The natives are the smart ones. They move inside at blackout and go to bed, alone or otherwise. They know by now, in their fifth year of blackout and bombing—700 or more bombings of London up to date—that they cannot beat the blackout and are foolish to try. The luckiest soul in London is one able to flag a cab after blackout begins. The blackout is a shroud dropped upon the shoulders of ten millions, the largest city in the world, as completely as the lid on a coffin or the cap on a well.

Theaters usually have matinees at 2:30 and their main performances at 6:30. By 9 o'clock all London has been to the theater or the movies and is out again, ready for a bedtime snack. Stagedoor Johnnies line up in Piccadilly at 8:30, not to see the chorus girls coming in, but to pick them up as they come out. The American soldier is fully as ubiquitous in the London theater district as along Broadway at showtime. Most American soldiers have dates. The blackout is, as the saying ought to go, right down their alley. Since England is a small country, as small in size as the State of New York, the omnipresence of the

G.I. will have a lasting influence on Englishmen and, I need not say, Englishwomen. It will undoubtedly have a permanent influence on English children too.

As in other visits, the diminutive size of most physical things in London strikes a returning visitor at once, coming directly from big America. The automobiles are small because the streets are ancient and narrow and the gasoline, or petrol, short. The freight cars are toy size; so are the engines. So indeed are the meals, but they will remedy that one of these days. When forty million human beings are packed into a piece of land the size of England, small flats, toy trains, small motors, and a penchant for privacy are readily understandable.

Tonight, however, I was completely stumped. An English friend asked me what this "Mairzy Doats" business was. I tried to explain it. I tried half a dozen explanations. Still he could not understand what kids had to do with ivy. I'm not sure I know myself.

Then my English friend said that what he liked best in American humor was typified in a recent Yankee cartoon, reprinted in London. It showed a child toddling out from the delivery room and saying to a worried-looking man: "I'm a girl!" I liked him for liking that. I liked him again later in the evening when his cat came into the room and he spelled out the word "mice."

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, May 10

British food was pretty unenlightened and fantastically overcooked, even in peacetime. War has changed it mighty little, except to make it even duller and less various. Not until this

everything lukewarm—his food, his beer, his whiskey and his dwelling place.

Vegetables? Well, spinach is in the market now. Even Brussels sprouts have disappeared. Cabbage is a frequent bedfellow of the omnipresent potato. Green beans cost \$2 a pound; cauliflower and carrots, peas and beans can be had, but at prices beyond the middle-class income. A decent restaurant meal in London—decent even by London standards—costs between \$2 and \$5. The bread, as usual, is superb. The French and English have an intuition for bread, though the French eat it, of course, several times as heavily as the English. All the same, a piece of English bread sticks to your insides, an important item in this climate, where a coat can be worn comfortably in mid-June. English preserves, jams and marmalades are still superb, probably the finest-tasting in all the world. One of the best is greengage jam. Plum and strawberry are very tasty, and they are combined into what is for me the finest single indigenous taste in England. An Englishwoman can make heavenly marmalade out of the skin from half an orange. With tea rationed but still plentiful; with good bread and jam; fine, plentiful cheese and right tasty fish, *some* meals can be worth sitting down to. But the heavy, starchy war dinners are beyond eating with relish.

What else does the Englishman (and the English visitor) miss in food? Butter most of all. It is very strictly rationed. A tablespoon a week is somewhere near it. Sugar and chocolate are hard to get. Fruit, fresh or canned, is almost nonexistent. But then the average per capita consumption of fresh and canned fruit and tomato juice in England even before the war was less than one-fifth the per capita consumption in the United States—an item probably accounting for the Englishman's bad teeth. There are no bananas whatsoever; almost no oranges or lemons; a few strawberries, whortleberries, bushberries and apples in season. But strawberries, for example, are sold, not by the pint, but per strawberry, at what amounts to about \$3.00 a pint.

Plums and apples are easiest to find when the season is on, I am told. A heavy frost, however, after the blossoms had promised bumper crops this spring, has broken every English heart, and mine too.

One dessert can always be counted on—rhubarb. The English seem to eat rhubarb with every meal. A favorite dish is rhubarb and ersatz custard. You can have it.

The ration on eggs recently went up from one to two eggs per person per month. To a man from American farm country, the absence of fresh milk, fresh eggs, decent vegetables and imaginative cooking is almost more overwhelming than war rations of meat. What wouldn't I give right now for a piece of bread spread with soft butter, heaped with American peanut butter, and accompanied by a big glass of ice-cold milk!

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, May 16

Amid all the invasion talk, the London Conference of the Premiers of the British Empire is discussing something that young British service men have been promised for the better part of four years. The subject is mass emigration from England to one of the dominions.

Thousands of British fighting men have dreamed of a future in one of the expansive dominions soon after the peace. Japan shocked the overseas governments into a realization of their grave underpopulation, and the immigrant has once more become as desirable as he was in the nineteenth century. Post-war years are likely, I am told, to see the greatest emigration of young English blood to the dominions since Queen Victoria's program of world expansion and, in some ways, world conquest.

The British Tommy hopes to find a broader life, a better diet and a greater chance for his children than in crowded, tradition-bound England. The eternal call of new lands is as strong as it ever was, stronger than it has been in three generations here. The Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr. Peter Fraser, asks for industrial people as immigrants. This would have been incredible a few years ago when the industrial person was the last man the dominions wanted more of. Between the wars, the outer fringes of the Commonwealth had enough out-of-works of their own.

War has changed the geographical outlook of Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa. The Japanese aggression has shown how meager was the manpower of the giant dominions and how very far from common sense was dominion policy that the frontier was a thing of the past. The British soldier, returning to England jobless, will read eagerly what Churchill proposes to do about emigration to the dominions. It will sound to the unemployed soldier like the trumpet call of hope, his golden chance in the new post-war boom, and in the expanded frontier of airpower and world interest.

Australia, a country the size of the United States, has a population less than that of New York City alone, a population scattered so widely that some areas might have been taken over by the Japanese in the early days of invasion and aggression without anyone so much as knowing about it, much less putting up a defense for it. New Zealand has two million people and is more thickly settled, though she is by no means crowded. Yet the United Kingdom, with a smaller area than New Zealand, has thirty times New Zealand's population. Both New Zealand and Australia are extremely healthy places to live, with average longevity even greater than in the United States. Canada has eleven million people in a territory so vast that Australia and New Zealand could fit inside her boundaries with enough left over to contain the entire British Isles. The Union of South

Africa stretches half a million square miles with a population of eight million. This compares in density with New Zealand. Yet there is plenty of room for the British soldier even in South Africa, especially the British soldier with a mechanical mind and a war-educated thirst for life overseas. It may well be a historic British migration.

At last (I wish people would stop saying "at long last," which Edward VIII made fashionable) I am an accredited war correspondent with all the essential papers, fingerprints, cards, photos, credentials, awards, documents, war equipment (except actual field equipment) and ration books. The PX is a God-send. Each week I am entitled to a bar of chocolate, a package of gum, two razor blades, a bar of soap, seven packages of cigarettes, or pipe tobacco, or cigars; and once a month a precious can of unsweetened pineapple juice, the only fruit of any sort I've tasted in England. No wonder my gums are beginning to bleed!

So to dinner with Bob Moora in the newly decorated Officers' Club on South Audley, just off Eisenhower Platz, as the G.I.'s call Grosvenor Square. Ernie Pyle having a gin and ersatz lemon juice at the bar, dressed in a G.I. shirt, no tie, field jacket and business trousers. What a man! Pyle's Pulitzer Prize was mighty popular among the G.I.'s and among the correspondents, too, though each one thought he ought to have won it himself. I've had more G.I. salutes since Pyle won the Pulitzer Prize and since three correspondents have been killed in action this week than in all the other weeks. Later to the Kings and Keys on Fleet Street for drinks and pinball with Clark Lee, who is fed up with war by now. *I'd* be fed up, too, after twenty-four hours on Bataan. Clark beat us all, at a pound apiece, for three straight games. Still later at the Dorchester, Ernest Hemingway and his new full beard greeted us at the bar. Hemingway's beard is bulky and almost pure white. He's still big and rough at forty-seven, and the beard makes it kosher. At that he's not as big as

Clark Lee, and Lee isn't as big as I am. And I'm nowhere near as big as Joe Driscoll, who weighs 230 and has stood 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet when no one was looking.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, May 21

Mrs. Reid has come and gone, and we are all sorry to say good-bye to her. That's unusual, to be sorry when the boss leaves. But she is more of a friend than a boss. In all the years I've known her, the door of her office has never been closed. She will see anyone for as long a time as the visitor wishes to stay. At the end of a long day I have seen her take on half a dozen more visitors who, any one of them, would wear *me* out. I came up to the Dorchester to say good-bye, and she and Lady Ward gave me some Portuguese sherry the like of which I haven't tasted since Forest Hills, where there was a little of it left. Mrs. Reid flew the Atlantic both ways—she has now flown it four times. No wonder Dick Watts said that the *Herald Tribune* was the only liberal newspaper left in New York. That's a non sequitur, I guess. But at least *I* know what I mean. So does anyone who works for the paper. How can you tell it to an outsider and have him believe that you aren't palavering? You can't. Praise is one thing that is difficult to give away.

London in wartime is no place for women. No paradise even in peace years, for that matter. An Englishwoman had to go to Paris in peacetime to avoid being downright dowdy. England has always seemed to take better care of her men than her women, anyway. This is intensely true in the warrior spring of 1944.

Cosmetics are the British girl's most difficult purchase. What

little cosmetics are available are completely unsatisfactory, I am told, and it would appear so. For while the British Isles are a tonic for pink cheeks, there is no substitute for good lipstick. A genuine, ten-cent-store lipstick from America is worth whatever the traffic will bear, and there is a great deal of traffic. But if lipstick is hard to find, hand lotion and face cream simply do not exist in pre-war quality or quantity. Even the most cherished English lady, whose hands seldom if ever plunge into a dishpan, soon finds them chapped and rough, with no hope of surcease. Face creams are equally rare, though the English climate takes care of the complexion pretty neatly.

As to clothing, men and women suffer equally in wartime London. A man's shirt that would cost \$1.50 to \$2.50 in the States costs the equivalent of \$5 here. But price is not the problem, really. There is the everlasting clothing ration to consider. An average Londoner gets sixty coupons a year. Yet just one suit of clothes will use up twenty coupons. Even patches are rationed. No wonder it is fashionable to wear ragged, patched and outworn clothing. No wonder the whole of England seems to need a coat of paint. A woman's suit, made of good flannel or tweed or twill, costs no more than \$45. Yet it takes twenty coupons—one-third of a whole year's supply. This supply must, moreover, cover such necessary replacements as stockings and underwear. A single pair of full-fashioned women's stockings costs \$2.50 and up, and takes three coupons. The stockings are apt to be lisle or artificial silk or light wool. Most certainly they will not be good-quality rayon, genuine silk nor, of course, nylon. Probably they will not stay up, for what is true of stockings is true of what some stone cutter, turned couturier, named "foundation" garments. The stockings will look dowdy and feel dowdy. No one will like them, either the women who wear them or the men who look at them.

Men's suits are still far less expensive in the British Isles than in America. For \$28 a man can buy a first-class tweed or

flannel lounge suit, a lounge suit being an American business suit. The Englishman dresses well, wears bright colors, pays attention to his clothes and is, in the fashion world, what the Parisian and New Yorker are to womankind. Yet a man's suit may take half a year's clothing coupons. It's hard to run a haberdashery on those terms.

Tobacco and whiskey are comparatively easy to get, in spite of all the talk. Whiskey is giving out slowly. Yet if you patronize the same pub day after day, or the same neighborhood spirits merchant, you can get enough to keep you going. Whiskey can be had any time, at a price, if you know Jimmy. Jimmy can get it for a pound a pint, reversing the old law of weights and measures. I should say that it is just about as easy to buy whiskey in London tonight as it was a year ago in New York. Tobacco is even easier to buy, if you will ask around. Everyone smokes here, from the dirtiest street arab to the midnight reveler. Ninety per cent of what is smoked is Virginia tobacco. American cigarettes are almost impossible to buy, except in post exchanges, but good English tobacco isn't scarce at all. It's expensive, though—fifty cents for a package of twenty cigarettes. I'm still thinking in American money. Geoff Parsons tells me it will take six months to think of English money as English money without itemized translation. Before the war, *this* war, that is to say (I still remember the other war so vividly that there doesn't seem to have been any great interval), a common brand of American cigarettes cost thirty cents (one and six). Now, when only rarely can any American tobacco be had outside of the PX, the price is doubled. But Gold Flake, Players, Capstan, Three Castles, Churchman's and many other famous brands are now priced almost as high. Besides Virginia, the tobacco comes mainly from Kentucky and South Africa. Tobacco has been grown in England, but never with shining success. There's not enough sun. The biggest problem right now for a tobacco smoker is what to light his tobacco with. Matches are

scarce. Cigarette lighters cost ten dollars, when you can buy them. Lighter fluid also is a difficult item, for it is not only expensive and scarce, but very inflammable, which makes it bad in bomb country.

But the worst headache in London is rent. I never saw anything like the prices London landlords quote with a straight face. They give nothing and get anything they want. Lodging prices in a terminal like London start at \$5 a night. Joe Driscoll and Tex O'Reilly pay two-thirds of Jack Thompson's \$33 a day for two rooms and a bath at the Savoy. And that's just a place to sleep. Food comes high at the Savoy. Five dollars will buy lunch in your room, and seven dollars dinner, if you don't have anything to drink with the meal. One Scotch highball, watered, costs a dollar. Everyone in the hotel from desk clerk to the manager expects an enormous tip. Even then what you eat is pigeon, listed in a variety of fancy names on each menu. What Jack Bleeck could do with a decent restaurant in London! Why, he'd be able to retire in six months. He may be able to anyway, off the profits from the Artists and Writers on West 40th Street. Dear Mr. Bleeck—what roast beef he had! I'd give a year of my life right now for a week of good German or French cooking.

Rents in London make New York's rentals seem childish. For \$150 a month a man can get absolutely nothing. Or rather, for \$150 a month, two men can share one room and perhaps a kitchen and bathroom. But electric light, gas, service, linen and traditional English tipping come extra. The extras usually double the original price. A good meal costing between \$2 and \$5 can, however, be cooked at home in a London flat, so a kitchen is worth several quid. As to hotels, one cannot stay in them for more than five nights, under the law. One doesn't want to, either.

What's cheap in London? Taxicabs, for one thing. When you can find a cab, he will convey you to the ends of the earth for

a dollar and a half, plus liberal tip. The cabs are tiny, leathery and quiet. So are the cabbies. If you're from New York, you'll miss the loquacious taxi driver. His counterpart in London owns a pub. The pub proprietor is, indeed, one of God's creatures.

But why should anyone worry about prices now, on what we newspaper boys like to write of as "the eve of invasion"? It has been the longest evening in my lifetime. A million and a half Yankee soldiers feel the same way; they, and I, want to get at it, and get the hell home. London is, after all, less than ninety miles from Hitler's front line. It's tantalizing to be so near and so useless.

The big new drive in Italy came off on schedule. I am beginning to realize how much newspapermen really know after they've been on a story for a while, and how little they are allowed to write of what they know in time of war. General Alexander (who was a hero at Dunkirk and in North Africa) may be making his own shroud or his own glory at Cassino. We have come to disbelief in the Italian campaign. Either the Anzio beachhead will turn out another costly Churchill expedition, or, if Alexander breaks through at Cassino, it will mean the taking of Rome. He has taken a fine first step. How he ever transplanted an entire army, the British 8th, from the Adriatic coast to the Cassino front by night, and so thoroughly fooled as smart a general as Kesselring, is beyond knowing. Is Alexander the real reason Montgomery was the hero of North Africa? That *would* be a joke on the English, who have placed Montgomery on the same shelf with Nelson and Wellington. Make room for Alexander if he reaches the Anzio beachhead and flanks Kesselring on Highway Six across the Lepini Mountains. The Germans, at least, seem to think Alexander can do it, too.

This quiet, stuttering, handsome man seems to have disturbed the Nazis as thoroughly as any Englishman in this war. Oh, the howls in Berlin when the Canadians and French broke through the fortifications in the very center! Our own propaganda has

made good use of the great showing the French have made. Every Frenchman's heart must have leaped at the communiqué —every Frenchman except Laval, Pétain, Maurice Chevalier and all other well-fed collaborationists. (Yet, I know how many of our friends in Forest Hills would have been collaborationists if geography had interchanged us with France. I could almost name them. They start with the Jew-baiters and they include Navy, Army and church officers. The wonder is that the English were able to hold out at all against such a weight of ill will.)

Here comes Bob's footfall. I hope he brought a paper.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, May 25

This is the beginning of the end, not the end of the beginning. Kesselring has now thrown all his available forces into the great battle against encirclement, the battle for the approaches to Rome. Alexander's shroud has become his glory indeed. The English press is full of him. I don't wonder.

A great encircling movement by Alexander's forces now threatens Valmontone, the key German defense on Highway Six. The Anzio-Cassino handclasp gave us, in London, an inner feeling of triumph that is hard to describe. It is as though the news contained inside is too great and we must explode with it. I've never heard people so talkative in London. They even say hello to strangers on trams. What will the great invasion victory be like, then? I have never been surer than at this moment that it will be celebrated. It would be a religious triumph if Alexander and Mark Clark could take Rome by Whitsunday.

The Italian campaign was SNAFU for so long that it is hard to realize the Germans have been driven north once more.

SNAFU is a fine service (and extremely serviceable) word. It means, Situation Normal All Fouled Up—with, of course, an unprintable variation in the most common use. The superlative of SNAFU is FUBAR. To be FUBAR is much worse. It means, Fouled Up Beyond All Recognition. Well, Italy was beyond SNAFU; it was FUBAR. Now it is the hope of the world.

The Nazi radio seems convinced that this is the beginning of the invasion. The Frisian Islands north of the Netherlands, the German coast towns, the seaboard of Schleswig-Holstein and of Denmark have now been declared out of bounds for civilians. And tonight Germany was told that German soil will become a battlefield. Do you remember what you said, Herr Goebbels, ten years ago this month, and repeated and repeated and repeated? Do you, Herr Goebbels? I do. So do the German people. You said that Germany was now forever free from an invader. You told the people a lie—you and Goering, who boasted that no bombs would ever fall on Berlin, the heart's pump of Nazidom and the center of European hatred. And Berlin is now the most bombed city in the history of the world. And Germany *will* become a battleground, Herr Goebbels. We are coming.

I wish someone among our musical geniuses would write a stirring song out of this war. There's been none yet. Every American war has had an unforgettable war song. "Yankee Doodle," "Tenting Tonight," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Over There"—but none from the 1940's. Maybe this war is so serious, and we came so near to losing it, that it would be sacrilege to sing lustily about it. Perhaps the victorious invasion will engender one. At least, I hope it engenders a parade or two. No parades, no songs, everything bombed and rationed. This is a hell of a goddamn war.

LONDON, May 27

Of all the ugly war stories in London, the continued use by London's poor of London's deep underground stations as sleeping quarters night after night is undoubtedly high on the list. It is no secret that London has enormous new shelters, deep in earth, shelters that have never been used. Why they are not put into use, while several thousand people sleep night upon night along the noisy, filthy underground station platforms is something the Home Office has not explained. These new, modern, well-equipped London shelters are large enough to accommodate thousands, to provide bathing and bathroom facilities for them, and to take care of wounded or dead. It is suggested that these places of refuge are being held in reserve in case Hitler counterattacks at invasion time, counters with another blitz in order to throw British communications into bedlam, or by the use of gas, or a new weapon, such as a rocket.

At any rate, thousands of old men, old women, children and mothers move their belongings each sunset deep, deep down into London's transportation system, and there they climb up on wire cots that are fastened to the walls of each tube station platform. There, indeed, they sleep, they eat, they talk, and somehow live their nights in an atmosphere of smells, bad air, mosquitoes, infection and unending noise. It is not a very appetizing sight.

Tube sleepers reached a peak on September 27, 1940, at the pinnacle of the blitz. As many as 177,000 Londoners slept far below ground that night. They slept on the concrete floor, crowded up to, but not over, a white line. Tube sleepers are a thermometer of fear. When the blitz died, the number of persons sleeping on tube platforms dropped sharply. By November, 1940, it was down to 100,000, and by February, 1941, it was

down to 52,000 a night. Recently as few as 2,000 people were sleeping each night a hundred and ten feet underground, paying as little attention as possible to the American soldier and his girl, or to any other late travelers below stairs.

Fortunately for the unfortunate subway sleepers, London's Underground stops running about midnight. It reopens at 5:30 A.M. Between those hours, the thousands of old men, old women, children and mothers sleep an imprisoned sleep that only complete exhaustion produces. When daybreak comes, comes in the darkened depths only by the clock, the shelterers must fold their iron cots against the station wall, and take their belongings up to the gray light of the early street. It is as though the Times Square subways and stations, with rows of cots cluttering limited space, were inhabited afresh each night by unkempt, desperately tired people who thereupon began another hideous night among the odors and sounds and discomforts inevitable in the circumstances.

Why do so many still sleep on subway platforms in London? The answer seems to fall into five parts. First, these people have, for the most part, been bombed out. They prefer the safety of the lower depths. Next, they fear losing their place tickets, since each subway sleeper must get a government permit. Third, some of them like the community life of the underground, having been hardened to the ways and smells. Others have the shelter habit, as much of a disease as scarlet fever or syphilis. Lastly, there is a general disinclination to let go of something free of charge and steady, no matter how uncomfortable.

The old people find the shelter habit hard to break after nearly five years. There are shelter clubs, coteries of common misery. There are places where tea and sandwiches can be bought between rows of platform cots. No one especially seems to mind the noise, the filth, the bad air, or the absence of anything approaching adequate facilities—no one except a small,

frail girl of eight or nine whom I saw, whose whiteness of face and redness of eye were more than I could bear, so I walked on. Even in the recent revival of the blitz, the population of London stayed topside. I now know why.

I walked home tonight in the blackout, miles and miles in the blackout, getting so I could see, or at least know instinctively about corners and turns. I walked along Kensington and the Park so I would not lose my way. The blackout is black fog, no man-made mixture. There are no ship's bells to ding-ding the war's hours at sea. There are no lighted clocks to tell war hours here. This is a timeless world, this black world of mine, for I am the only one in it as I walk. The other shadows are in worlds of their own. I wish I had one of those red lightbulbs we fastened to our Mae Wests aboard the great ship, that went on when they were plugged into the dry cell at the shoulder. Those huge anti-aircraft guns in the gloom—their angle is terrifying, the terrifying angle of any long-range gun. A few squares along, a whole block of devastation, bombed out or burned out, or both. Only at night in the blackout am I afraid as a child is afraid, afraid of unknown things.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 1

Is this the month?

We were certain tonight that it was not only the month but the day. D Day. D Day stands for "The Day"—D for D. H for Hour and D for Day. A nice redundancy. Tonight we were absolutely sure it would start. One by one the correspondents had been quietly summoned away. Driscoll had been called by the Fleet, O'Reilly by the assault forces; Herb Clark and Mrs.

Clark had a dinner date with me, and it was canceled for military reasons. Jack Tait was absent with the air forces, and in fact every newsman we knew was missing suddenly.

Perhaps it is a feint, at which Eisenhower is master.

At any rate, most of them are gone, and there is a ban on American soldiers in the streets of London, except soldiers in transit or on official business. M.P.'s are stopping everyone, a general checkup for absents without leave and deserters, and also, of course, to uncover Nazi Intelligence masquerading in Yankee uniforms. London is filled with Nazi Intelligence men. The problem is to get the invasion started in so overwhelmingly mystifying a manner that not even the Nazis in Allied uniforms here in London, nor the fifth columnists, nor the Irish Republican Army, can give away the heaviest secret of our age.

The Irish neutrality business gets no clearer; if anything, it becomes more of a mystery day by day. DeValera has just won the new election; DeValera stood for neutrality, or whatever the Irish niceness can be called. But the fact continues that German and Japanese consuls all through Ireland have complete access to information about convoys; indeed, about the movement of any ship at all in the waters surrounding Ireland, which is the seagate to England and the invasion ports. No wonder the British have closed all traffic between Ireland and England and virtually blockaded the place. I feel ashamed of my paternal blood when I consider the Eire of today, the stubbornness, informing, stealth, selfishness, smallness, narrowness of the Irish.

What is the matter with the Irish anyway? What is the matter with the Irish Catholics, or with the Pope himself, that he and they never raised their voices against the despicable bombings of undefended Spanish towns, yet have become hysterical because Rome can hear the sound of Allied guns? Is there no moral distinction between Hitler and his devils, and the Allied cause?

A strong stand by the Pope against the shocking anti-Semitism

in Germany and Poland, a germ that turned into anti-Catholicism and anti-Protestantism, a strong stand by the head of that powerful church would have cut the war by years. Apparently the middle-grounders have never read St. Paul. One does not defeat evil by laissez-faire. Oh, well, why talk about it? Too many people don't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to them.

Day before yesterday I went with Jack Tait to the third oldest American bomber field in the U.K. It was an exciting, but not a pleasant thing to do. Three thousand boys are stationed there. In less than two years 1,000 or more American boys have taken off from green fields and have not come back. The ground crews wait for them as a mother for her children. And they suffer as much when the children do not come home. In such an atmosphere, is it any wonder that \$1,500 is won in a short crap game and lost in another the same afternoon by kids of twenty-two? It is impressive, and sad.

It is also funny in spots, irrepressibly funny in the best Yankee way. Above the fireplace is a picture of a fake fish, and the caption reads: "Caught in Public Air Raid Shelter No. 3." Over the outhouse near the parachute packing billet is a lovely sign: "Dames."

One of the parachute packers told me that Gertrude Lawrence was once entertaining troops in the field and, though she sang some of her best numbers, they all flopped. It shocked Gertie, who was used to being a hit. Then she sang "Jenny," feeling sure this would do it. There were mild ripples of applause when she gave out a few grinds and bumps, but "Jenny" laid an egg too. Afterward Miss Lawrence learned that the troops were all Fighting French. They hadn't understood a word of any song.

Another young soldier, standing at the bar, drinking a real Martini with me, tells me something I've heard before, but still like—that the European war is a Democratic war, and the Pacific war is a Republican war.

Still another ground-crew sergeant tells me a story, new to me, about the heavy-set young fellow who went to give blood. The volunteer nurse jabbed him in the arm half a dozen times without striking a vein. The volunteer called the head nurse, who jabbed the blood donor some more, finally striking blood. When the blood had been drained, the young fellow remained where he was. "You can get up now," the volunteer nurse told him. "I said you can get up now," said the nurse again. "What are you waiting for?" asked the nurse at last. "The Purple Heart," said the punctured blood donor.

And one more story from the men at X-operations base, where 1,000 men are already missing over Hitler's domain. This is the story of a troopship, and a voice. It seems that in the depths of the hold aboard a big troopship, early in the war, word came one afternoon that a submarine had been sighted and was bearing down upon the troopship. The loudspeaker system substantiated the rumor, and every man was on alert. But something had gone wrong with the hatch, and it would not open. There was no time anyway, no time to move from the crowded hold and the oppressive darkness up into the air and a chance to take to life rafts. For a few moments these young American boys deep in the hold were in very great danger of panic. Officers were rapidly losing control. The ship's speaker reported that the submarine had now launched a torpedo, and the advice was hurriedly given that anyone who could, must make for the boats at once. On the verge of screaming, tearing panic, these hundreds of young American boys in the hold began to give way. Military discipline was falling apart like a sand castle touched by surf. Hearts pounded, mouths were as dry as poker chips, and a few began to move. Suddenly, in the gloom and flicker of small hold lights, in the terrible tension that lays a carpet for disaster, came a Southern drawl, a voice that belied the name "Yankee," but was immediately recognized

by every ear as homespun American. The voice was saying: "Anyone want to buy a second-hand wallet?"

Complete silence, and then a burst of laughter that relieved everything, the panic, the shaken discipline, the nausea of fear, even the fear itself. And by some miracle, perhaps a miracle induced by this odd form of prayer from the lips of a Southern farm boy, the torpedo did not strike, and the hatch opened, and the loudspeaker soon announced: "Got her! Got the sub! Stand by to pick up survivors!"

I am one of that generation that called airplanes aeroplanes, with an umlaut. I don't take airplanes for granted, any more than I take radio for granted. I don't believe either one *really* works, and I tolerate the physics underlying each, no more. So the fact that hundreds of four-engined airplanes weighing several tons and carrying several tons of bombs could take off from a barley field in England and know where they were going and come back, some of them, to the right barley field, could not be believed even when experienced. Each man involved in such an operation must have, it seems to me, a brain like a Clipper control board. You don't realize how difficult it would be to make a force landing, even in flat country, until you're in a big plane. The plane is so heavy that if one engine fails, you begin to lose altitude several hundred feet a minute. If you lose your rudder, you steer by speeding up one engine or another. Or so I'm told. I can't say I believe it, any more than I believe that anything as big as this Flying Fortress could leave the ground.

And another thing. Our Flying Fortress crew has put the makings of ice cream in a container under the wings. When the Goodtime Charley lands, the ice cream is ready to eat, frozen solid at 22,000 feet over Germany. I can believe that, because I can eat it.

Back in the officers' club, a control-tower sergeant tells me that he comes from Forest Hills too, and it turns out that we both lived in the Gardens Apartments and, of course, he knows

Guyon L. C. Earle, the proprietor. Who doesn't in Forest Hills? So I buy the sergeant a return drink of those wonderful Martinis (everything the civilian hasn't got, I find on this bomber base).

After the second Martini the sergeant tells me a newspaper story. It seems that a workingman was looking for something and his neighbor said: "What you looking for?"

"I can't find my newspaper," said the workingman. "Do you know where it is?"

"I dunno," says his friend. "Do you really want it?"

"Yeh," says the workingman; "my lunch is in it."

Up in the control tower the sergeant shows me all the gadgets, and then he tells me another story. A man went into a tobacconist's, asking for his favorite brand. He noticed that there were salt bags on every shelf. Finally, the tobacconist found the tobacco that had been called for, behind a salt bag.

"Say," said the customer, "do you sell salt here too?"

"No," says the tobacconist, "but there's a fellow comes here every day. *He* does."

Is this the month?

If it is, this patch of heroes is ready, and so are hundreds of other patches in England. I can use the words "God speed" and know for once what they mean.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 4

This is Sunday. To St. Philip of Kensington for the noon service, having stayed up too late with Geoff Parsons, Ned Russell and Joe Barnes to have made the earlier services. Ned and Joe

fell to arguing whether London or Berlin would draw the greatest number of post-war tourists. Geoff tells me he hopes to get me to France eventually, though I'll have to await my turn. I'm already accredited to SHAEF and have my field equipment. But there's enough in London to keep me busy for a while.

No newspaper or news agency covers anything nearly as completely as it should; but after you've been in London for a while you begin to realize why. It is so difficult just living. We can cable only a smattering of truth and a good deal that is topical and often quite untrue. Yet we do the job infinitely better than the average British newspaperman, who is, I firmly believe, the laziest man on earth. He takes almost everything in handout form, asks few questions, has little initiative, and reflects a disturbing but very common manner among the middle-class Englishman—that there *are* classes and ranks, and they must not be transgressed. The English newspaperman is far better as an editorial writer than as a reporter. He is a fine analyst, writes beautifully (it cannot be said for most English newspaper reporting), has an average liberality that would be radical in the States, and performs a world service. So the laziness doesn't matter, I suppose, in ordinary news coverage. England is a strange anomaly, the most conservative nation on earth being at the same time the most liberal.

The news from outside Rome is astonishingly good. I could not come to believe that it would last, for Italy has been a disappointment so often. But it looks kosher this time. Kesselring's last defense line before Rome is shattered. Allied troops are sweeping down from the Alban Hills upon the city. The Vichy radio says: "Rome hears the thunder of Allied guns increasing hour by hour." A special announcement from General Alexander's headquarters says that troops of the Fifth Army have broken through enemy positions south of Rome in many places and have now taken 22,000 prisoners. When the prisoners start

to pour in, watch out. Prisoners are a measuring rod of military success, and military disaster.

Berlin calls this battle before Rome "the fiercest fighting ever known in history." Never before "have such gigantic forces been concentrated within so narrow a space. The number of Anglo-American tanks destroyed so far is over 1,400." A little hysterical, aren't you, Fritz?

Berlin announced earlier today that Rome was now clear of German troops. Swiss reports have it tonight that police inside Rome are wearing helmets inscribed: "Open City." General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean, has issued this warning: "If the Germans choose to defend Rome, the Allies will be obliged to take appropriate military measures to eject them." But the Pope and civil authorities of Rome need not fear about Allied attack or pillage of the Eternal City, as the picture-caption writers like to call it. If Rome has been evacuated, you can bet your bottom dollar that the decision was made only on political grounds, for the Nazis are now playing a game that is designed to lead to generosity by the Allies at peacetime. Not even Hitler would be such a fool as to sack the seat of Roman Catholicism at this point in the war.

Yes, Hitler *is* a fool. He was a lucky, wise fool until the Devil began working in him, to destroy him. And the Devil taketh him to a high place and showeth him England. And he turneth him in the other direction, and showeth him Russia. And Hitler chooseth to attack Russia instead, oh, mortal fool that he is! Nature, in her wonderful workings, gave Hitler all of the power, with no one to dissuade him. And so it was that when he was about to make the colossal mistake of attacking Russia, there was no one to keep him from it. A perfect argument for the democratic way. Hitler is a fool, but the Devil is not.

So to the opening of the new D'Oyly Carte opera season at

the King's Theater in Hammersmith, with Tex O'Reilly. *The Mikado*, appropriately; and never a better production, say I, who have seen it only thrice. The gentlemen of Japan from Titipu were as formal with their fans and gestures as ever they were in peacetime, except that when they said, "Chop, chop, chop," their fans struck their palms a little harder and more bitterly than before December 7, 1941. Isidore Godfrey, the precise, red-haired musical director, much beloved in New York, was just as precise and red-haired as at the Martin Beck. He believes in making the audience listen to music. He did not start the overture until he had got their attention. Just like old times. Although war has hurt the casting (no Martyn Green), some of the old faces and voices were there. Darrell Fancourt was an outrageous Mikado, looking like that enormous villain with the black eyebrows who used to haunt the Chaplin comedies. Grahame Clifford was a petit and very funny Ko-Ko, though I never thought Ko-Ko very funny, at best. Leslie Rands, as the noble Lord Go-To, was the most graceful person on the stage. Margery Abbott as Yum-Yum seldom sang her love songs more beautifully. The opening chorus was still "We are gentlemen of Japan," and not "We are gangsters of Japan," as other companies have it.

The D'Oyly Cartes stick to their traditions of sixty years in voice, gesture, speech and modulation. *The Mikado* continues to ridicule the mincing Japanese with Gilbert's satirical lines. For it is said that Gilbert wrote *The Mikado* in 1885 as propaganda because he thought war with Japan inevitable. *The Mikado* was first performed with considerable malice, and that quality has been retained, if not enhanced, to this day. Tonight the ensemble pieces had vitality and accuracy, and the whole production had a slickness and freshness that the delightful music deserves. There is something refreshingly ungeographic about Japanese-robed singers singing a merry madrigal. And the English choral work of ensembles and quartets alike is

about as Japanese as Buckingham Palace. Grahame Clifford had at least one topical gem in his song, "They Never Would Be Missed." He sang it bitterly, too, and the London audience loved it. The line is: "That singular anomaly, the clothing rationist. He never would be missed, he never would be missed." In other years it has been "that speeding motorist," and "that prohibitionist."

The D'Oyly Carte season lasts six weeks this year. Jack Buchanan, our old American friend, directs it. Besides *The Mikado*, they will produce for an adoring public *The Yeomen of the Guard*, *The Gondoliers*, *Patience*, *Iolanthe*, *The Pirates of Penzance* and *Trial by Jury*. But the repertoire of 1944 will be lacking *Ruddigore*, *Princess Ida*, *Cox and Box* and *H.M.S. Pinafore*, for all of the scenery, properties and wardrobe for these operas have been destroyed by enemy action.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 5

It was crazy Sunday.

Flowers, kisses, grenades, shellfire, snipers and many tears as our troops entered Rome—a welcome to our boys with all the emotion that can dwell in an Italian. There was the bride in a new gray costume, with white beaver hat and silk stockings. She gave a newspaperman in a jeep the rose from her hair, and the whole wedding party blew kisses on a doubly eventful day. The wedding had been arranged because the family had not expected the Yanks, French, Poles and English so soon. A special communiqué issued from Hitler's headquarters at one o'clock this morning said that Hitler had ordered a withdrawal to the northwest "in order to prevent the destruction

of one of the world's oldest cultural centers." Wanna bet?

General Alexander's dazzling victory came on the twenty-fourth day of the campaign. It was a direct result of a fierce all-day battle with the Germans, who fought with everything they had outside the city. And tonight, what is left of Kesselring's torn and weary remnants are fleeing, and the Allies, in their chase, have already pushed beyond the capital. The news of the fall of Rome was made official this afternoon with a brief communiqué from Alexander. General Mark Clark probably will pay the official visit to the Pope, Clark being a Roman Catholic.

The German people have not yet been told that Rome has fallen. Mussolini knows, though. Mussolini has broadcast an appeal to "all loyal Italians" to move on Rome and set the city free. What a character! He would be funny, as Hitler and his mustache would be funny, if there were not so much cruelty and torture mixed up in it. We laugh when someone falls down, but we stop laughing when we realize that he's broken his leg doing it.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 6

Invasion!

It is astonishing how easily it came, and how little London seemed to care. Was the A.P.'s teletypewriter girl just practicing, or was it inside information that went wrong at the last? Here's why the false flash of June 4 may not have been purely a mechanical mistake after all:

The invasion, it is said officially tonight, was scheduled for Sunday night. Weather postponed it. There were white horses

in the Channel, and a 35-mile wind that would have upset the small landing craft. The troops had been moved aboard ships at seaports in the south of England. There they waited, and the weather worsened. Finally Eisenhower called the whole thing off. The same thing happened Monday.

General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery strolled in folds of fields newly sown. He wore an old gray sweater, light corduroy trousers, and his famous black beret. This is his war costume, and since each general has the right to pick his costume in wartime, Montgomery's is not out of order. Montgomery waited too. Once again the invasion that he had planned so long was put off because the 100 or so miles between England and Cherbourg were heavy with sea. What had been D Day dreamed away into a quiet dusk and General Montgomery went back to his roses and rhododendron and privet.

Another night came on, and in a small room with one cheap mahogany desk flanked by deep bachelors' chairs, General Eisenhower sat with Montgomery and his senior generals. The Royal Navy was represented too, since it was the Royal Navy that was charged with the hardest job of all, the conquest of the white horses in the channel. The clock on the wall ticked and ticked, and no one said very much. What would the weather be? Would the clouds be so thick that Allied air superiority would mean nothing after all? Would the rain and wind stop and the sea be right for small boats, boats not much larger than a painter, crossing 100 miles of some of the worst water in the world?

The clock ticked. General Eisenhower kept silent and waited for weather reports that were coming in every five minutes now. Not weather for tonight alone, but weather for the next few days, days when, even if the landings were made, supplies would be a terrible problem. On one man's decision rested the freedom, the lives, the hopes, the plans of so many millions of civilized people that Eisenhower seemed chastened by the

weight of it. Already now, for many hours, great convoys from almost every port in Britain had been at sea converging from all points to the beaches chosen for the first assault on Hitler's Europe.

At 4:15 A.M. Eisenhower picked up his telephone and spoke the one word, the code word, for invasion, a word so mighty that the living world shook as it had not shaken since the Lord spoke to Moses on Sinai. It was a good word, a meaningful word, and a word that set into motion two years of military planning, planning for which 400,000 items had to be bought, wrapped, shipped and brought into action against the enemy. A simple listing of these items of logistics would have run to the length of four average novels. This fantastic merry-go-round was now beginning to move because one man had said one word, because the weather was lightening on a few miles of dirty water. A summary of the headquarters reaction to the first results of that one word must have been another single word—amazement. The invasion has gone so well these first hours that even the Germans are speechless.

I have been saying to myself all day, a day spilling over with backbreaking work, unending conferences, and notes, and handouts, and trans-Atlantic filings: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld its glory." Slightly irreligious, but persistent in the mind. Montgomery's new work now begins, as Eisenhower's is for the time being at an end. A general once said to his men: "I ceased being able to do anything when I became a major. From the rank of major upward, a military man is useless except for planning. He cannot carry out orders or see that they are carried out, and he can do none of the fighting himself. A captain is the upper limit of a fighting man, the last hope of victory on the field."

Our surge into France in mighty non-stop waves has been going on since dawn. We have now fought our way near Caen, ten miles inside the Normandy coast. Our first landings were

made between Cherbourg and Le Havre, as a few of us thought they would be. We were not as sure the landings would be at Cherbourg and Le Havre as that they would be somewhere along the north coast of France between Brest and the Belgian frontier. For to take Cherbourg, Le Havre or Brest means that our troops can be supplied direct from America, with no stop-overs, and no 100 miles of Channel small-boating.

The front has widened at midnight to sixty miles of beach. The first landings were extremely difficult because the wind was force five and coming from the northeastern quarter. This made the beach waves much higher than normal, upsetting most of the small craft at two landings. In the face of what the Germans had boasted they could present in the way of Channel defenses, their performance today was a four-star bust. Had the weather and the Nazis combined, we might well have lost these landings altogether.

The Stars and Stripes fly over French towns tonight, and the "Marseillaise" is booming out over the BBC, but De Gaulle is still the stepchild of President Roosevelt, though Churchill has accepted him. De Gaulle is France's only beacon now, and I cannot see who the President can offer as an alternate. As the Allies drive for Cherbourg, Le Havre (and possibly for Paris, too, since the landings are made as close as possible to the capital) we have this anomaly: that the man who considers himself another Jeanne d'Arc and is in truth a saint to many, is *persona non grata* with the leader of the largest democratic nation on earth.

LONDON, June 7

Let us start at the beginning.

The first Allied soldiers to land in France did not land on D Day, but on D minus one. They were the airborne troops—glider and parachute troops dropped behind the beaches to establish landing fields, botch German liaison, and cut the Cherbourg peninsula. Tonight at our briefing in Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF) a Colonel, who had decided to see for himself what his airborne troops were going through, told us a dramatic and appealing story, the first official account of this new art of war. At the end, the Colonel was applauded warmly, which is unprecedented at SHAEF briefings. Usually they are so stuffy, so careful, patronizing, and dull that it is all a man can do to sit there.

But not tonight.

The Colonel was obviously embarrassed at being set in front of so large and imposing a gathering of brass, and famous, worldly war correspondents. Well, a few of those present were as agrarian and naive as the Colonel, I among them; but the rest of the bi-linguists sat back and had to be shown. At the end of a half-hour of extempore, these sophisticates were tempted to stand on their feet and cheer the first officer to make the invasion of northwestern Europe come to life in SHAEF headquarters.

The Colonel told how he took his first parachute jump on D minus one; how he landed in a tree and couldn't get out of his chute; how he stopped wriggling and did *not* call to the man he saw crawling on the ground below him, because of those new-fangled American helmets that make a Yank look so much like a German you can't tell them apart in the half-light; how the town of St. Mere Eglise became the first French

town captured in the invasion of Europe, because an American glider landed on top of a French farmhouse there; and how the Jewish boy wanted to kill the German prisoner, but was dissuaded by the very practical Colonel.

The Colonel and his men took off at 11 o'clock Monday night, on D minus one. He was one of many hundreds of specialists carried in towed gliders, glider trains of forty to sixty planes. His glider train got a bit off its course in the dark, but on the whole the liaison was excellent. The specific point of attack for this airborne squadron was the Cherbourg peninsula, well behind the beaches which bristled with Nazis and Atlantic Wall fortifications, as yet virgin reinforced concrete. The Colonel, as I have said, was making his first parachute jump. He chose quite a time for it. The jerk of the chute gave him a hell of a jolt, but then he floated so gently that he did not realize he had come near French soil until he looked up and saw that he had fouled his chute above him in a tree.

"A parachutist is unsatisfied," said the Colonel, "unless his parachute is tight enough that you grunt three times. So I had the devil's own time getting out of the parachute and the tree. We knew we were in enemy territory, and that we were the first folks there."

(What a sentence that is—"We knew that we were in enemy territory, and that we were the first folks there." David Warfield could not have asked for more.)

"So when I saw a man crawling along the ground, I didn't shout at him and I did stop wriggling. I couldn't tell an American helmet from a German in the semi-dark. Finally I cut myself away, threw away my own helmet because I had a hard time hearing the parachutists with it on, and followed a trail of discarded parachutes to the rendezvous. The cows were mooing and chewing their cud just as if there wasn't any invasion going on."

The Colonel had seen 500 parachutes in the air at once from

his own landing force. As many of these men, and anti-tank guns, and jeeps, and arms of many calibers as had been landed in the area and could be brought together assembled their massive power these many miles behind the beachhead that was still untouched by Allied hobnails.

The moon was ripe and very bright at 3 A.M. But by 3:30, when other rendezvous were to be made with glider troops, the weather had deteriorated. Weather has been the leading fact required, observed, prayed for, and disappointing to the Allies so far in this invasion. In May we had twenty days of brilliant sunshine. We haven't had a single sunny day since the invasion began, as though the Lord were making it hardest of all for the proving time.

Well, the moon was ripe and bright at 3 A.M. but dark by 3:30. It was so dark that the newcomer gliders could not see signals placed below by the pathfinders. Scuddy clouds filled what had been a full moon sky. In spite of this handicap, gliders hit landings promptly on schedule, making remarkable noises when they piled up, as they almost invariably did. But the astonishing thing was how little damage was done to the men and war machinery inside. Five gliders in a row were smashed in landing, in the Colonel's sight. Yet not one man was hurt nor any piece of equipment put out of action. The parachutists, probably the toughest crew since Colonel Cody's, were disappointed that the Nazis in the neighborhood gave in so easily and were so few in number.

Thousands of big troop-carrying planes droned out from their bases in Great Britain in the hours before D Day officially began. They were hauled by airship tugs, pulled high over the choppy sea and the coasts of the Cherbourg peninsula where they were to drop, some of them, and turn the earth for sea-borne plantings at dawn. It was one of these troop gliders which, failing to find a landing that had been selected by advance parachutists, plopped directly on top of a French country

thatch at St. Mere Eglise, and led to the capture of this middle-peninsula village. Troops and jeeps and artillery spilled out of the broken glider as it quivered between the chimney and the side of a hill. The noises were so incredible and the amount of equipment and manpower so immense, that the Germans billeted inside came out with their hands up.

Thus it was that St. Mere Eglise became the first French town to fall into Allied hands, at 7 o'clock on D Day morning, even before the beaches had been stormed, or the shore batteries reduced by Allied battleships, Allied cruisers, and Allied bombing planes.

The Colonel saw hundreds of men in one field, ready to botch German coastal defenses from the rear, and to move toward the seashore to meet and guide incoming landing parties. The timing had to be minute. Of these airborne soldiers, only a small percentage were injured or killed getting there.

The Colonel and his boys began to move from place to place, gumming up German liaison and making a nuisance of themselves. Parachute troops play, then fight, and then play and then fight. They roam. They harass. They bedevil. They are like Confederate cavalry, and just as tough.

In one French farmhouse they asked for something to drink, and the happy Frenchman brought out his best white wine. It tasted good. He also brought milk fresh from his cows, but the Americans protested that the milk was warm. They liked their drinks iced.

Another French landsman told the Colonel that they ought to do something, while they were in the neighborhood, about a girl in the village who was engaged to a German occupation soldier. She was worse than the Boche, hiding with their 47-millimeter cannon in a farmhouse down the road a piece. The Frenchman and the Colonel got along very well. The Colonel promised to do something about the collaborationist, about *all* the collaborationists in Normandy.

The Frenchman and the Colonel got into a gentle argument over the right way to hitch a team, the French technique bothering the Colonel. They talked about farming and the new idea that the earth should not be turned each spring, but the seed planted in unmoved soil. The Frenchman hadn't heard of it but said he'd try it out in the southwest pasture. Then the Colonel went on to his fighting, and the Frenchman would take no money for what lodgement he had given.

As the sky broke into morning, the glider soldiers moved to meet their comrades wading ashore from England. The airborne soldiers directed the waders to places already seized by airborne arms, and maintained by the heavier weapons flown in with gliders, landed so fantastically.

The Colonel looked about the room of hardened newspapermen and he said: "I guess that's about all, except that you don't have to worry about the invasion any more."

It had been the greatest airborne operation in history. It had insured the invasion of Europe and the liberation of so many God-fearing little people. It was typically American, the way the Colonel told it to a hushed room in Supreme Headquarters, a room filled with men who could remember only yesterday when it was the Boche and the Devil that performed miracles to confound the enemy.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 8

Seven battleships and twenty-six cruisers are standing off the coast of France, covering the invasion. Twenty thousand first-line aircraft cover the sky, making what the newspapermen

constantly describe as an umbrella over the landings. It is just that. The battleships are the *Ramillies*, the *Nelson*, the *Rodney*, the *Arkansas*, the *Texas*, the *Nevada*, and old *Warspite* herself—old *Warspite* who came right up to the shore at Salerno and spat fifteen-inch venom into the last desperate counterattack the Germans were able to make, an attack that almost succeeded. The twenty-six cruisers include the *Augusta*, which was President Roosevelt's Atlantic Charter ship.

Tonight the Hun decided to attempt to challenge Allied sea power in the Channel. German destroyers, probably six of them in all, were intercepted by eight Allied destroyers before dawn, four Royal Navy destroyers, two Canadian and two Polish. The Germans came from Brest. They sought to cut off communications between the French coast and Southampton. What impudence!

When the enemy was sighted, *H.M.S. Tartar*, *H.M.S. Ashanti*, *H.M.S. Eskimo* and *H.M.S. Javelin* turned before opening fire, so they could bring all guns to bear. The enemy also turned, and, steaming on a parallel course, fired torpedoes. To avoid this attack, the Allied force, led by the *Tartar*, turned toward the enemy, closing to point-blank range. The *Tartar* passed through the enemy's line and fought the leading destroyer, which was repeatedly hit.

In the early action the Channel sea frothed and bubbled as a German destroyer was torpedoed and quickly blew up. Another German destroyer broke off, and the *Haida* and the *Huron*, both Canadian ships, gave chase, finally bringing her ashore in flames after a brisk gun action. She hit the shore at thirty knots, or close to thirty-five miles an hour. She was soon a total loss, not only from the impact ashore, but from Allied bombers which came up and over her within a few minutes. Two other enemy destroyers made away to the west, pursued by the *Javelin* and the *Eskimo*, and by the Polish ships, *Blyskawica* and *Piorun*. The Germans escaped into the lowering hori-

zon, but not before they had been badly hit. The *Tartar* suffered some damage and a few casualties, but she was the only Allied debit. Later tonight, one of the struck Nazi destroyers was found wounded in the sea. A torpedo finished her.

The loss of three destroyers out of six will hurt the enemy, since his total naval strength in the Bay of Biscay and the Brest area is only twelve destroyers and torpedo boats. Even a few destroyers could create havoc in the small water of the Channel, with all our naval strength. For the sea is immense, so large that the largest battleship is swallowed up in a few square miles of it. We think of the British Fleet as ruling the sea. But the British Fleet does not rule the sea; it simply rules other man-made navies *on* the sea. The sea is still master of mankind.

There were other naval heroes besides the battleships; and these, like the infantry, will not be finished in their task until Hitler is finished. In these same hours of darkness on D Day, and in every hour since, a flotilla of 10,000 men on several hundred minesweepers have swept channels through the large enemy minefields that had been intended surely to guard the coast of France, or at least to give a warning before assault. The procedure in most cases was to cut the mines loose from their moorings—the floating mines later were detonated by sharpshooters who were strapped to the masts of the ships. Then, when the path in the Channel was free and clear, the coasters began to come in.

No one can write adequately about the heroism of the coasters, because it defies description. They are afraid of nothing on earth. The variety of their ships, the dangers they went through, the difficulties of loading and discharging under fire in weather far from ideal for landing operations, the 24-hour delay in H Hour, the complexity of tongues among the United Nations crews, the misfitting cargoes that had to be carried, the under-water perils of mines and steel girders stuck in the sea by the

Nazis to break out the bottoms—a thousand irritations of weather and danger, yet the coasters did their part.

I think I know now what doing your part means; it means doing what the coasters did, a truckhorse job without uniforms, medals, publicity or peace, a job that simply had to be done expertly if the invasion were to succeed at all. The unloading is behind schedule tonight, because the wind and rains make going ashore from the larger ships as perilous as shooting the rapids of the Colorado River. But the coasters will beat it. They *are* British sea power, really, the sea power that rose up at Dunkirk and will yet provide a build-up of supplies on the coast of Normandy.

The town of Bayeux fell today, the first good-sized French town to fall in this invasion. Bayeux has a well-known cathedral and is situated on the main highway and the railroad running between Paris and Cherbourg, a railroad that in peaceful summers would be carrying thousands of swimmers and lovers to the Channel beaches between Le Havre and Cherbourg, the beaches where we are bleeding now. Bayeux is an important base because it provides an axle for Allied drives to the marshy ground to the southwest—ground that must be conquered before Cherbourg can be cut off—as well as in other directions inland into Normandy. Both Joe Driscoll and Tex O'Reilly have cabled today from the beachhead: "When it's apple-blossom time in Normandy . . ." The inner coasts of northern France are beautiful, even in war, perhaps more beautiful than at any other time.

I found out something new tonight: that in England a place is a town or a city, depending on whether it has a cathedral in it. That's very important when you're writing the air stories, for a misstep would tell the enemy whether he hit Cambridge or Smithtown in last night's air raids. I've been in only one air raid so far—the night I came. We heard the sirens aboard ship, but we did not know that bombs had been dropped until the

Army took us about in a squad car and showed us what had been demolished along the quays.

Speaking of water fighting again, Lieutenant Commander John D. Bulkley, who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for his exploits in PT (power torpedo) boats in the Philippines, is commanding a fleet of these speedy little fighters brought secretly to the E.T.O. to combat German E-boats that are bound to be a nuisance to our supply.

After all, our supply lanes are 100 miles of dirty water, and the matter of logistics is by no means automatic on a beach-head this size. That is the reason, I suspect, why there were many worried faces at the Ministry this morning. If the weather doesn't improve soon, the whole adventure will collapse. The margin is too close and the weather is too important. I doubt if any child in school or many men in business have the faintest notion how important meteorology and geography have been and always will be to history.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 11

There has been so much sensational news these past three days that I am ashamed to say I have not been able to keep my diary or journal, or what hodgepodge this is, up to the day. The Cherbourg campaign has taken the aspect of a double pincers movement. The Americans are on the right, or west, and the Canadians and British are on the left toward Le Havre. One crew of Yank engineers is draining the lands the Nazis flooded before invasion—500,000 acres of low French land normally kept in its place by sluices. The sluices now having been opened

and the land looks like Minnesota's Land o' Lakes in midsummer. Not very easy traveling for our boys, but since we have at least the second-best engineers in the world, we'll solve it.

The heaviest fighting is around Caen to the east and around Carentan to the northwest. The build-up of the beaches has been difficult. But we *are* going ahead, and at SHAEF tonight the faces were shortening. One liaison brigadier actually smiled, once. Things are, on the whole, mighty well along—so much so that Montgomery has gone ashore in a duck and set up his headquarters in France. Good luck to Monty, who first turned the tide.

Allied strategy prior to D Day is beginning to take shape through the mists of journalistic obscurity. We bombed hell out of Pas de Calais. By air bombing and reconnaissance we made the Nazis think we were going to cross at Dover or Dunkirk or Boulogne. They were so certain of it a week ago Sunday night that they began moving all their heavy armor that way. Then we sealed them off from the Cherbourg peninsula to the west by exploding all of the bridges along the Seine and the Loire, and they had no way of getting back to supply Normandy quickly. For the third time, Eisenhower has outmaneuvered the militaristic Prussians.

I ran across some remarkable sayings by Adolf Hitler today. On April 28, 1939, he said: "For years I have expressed my abhorrence of war. I am not aware for what purpose I should wage a war at all." On January 1, 1941, Hitler said: "The year 1941 will bring the completion of the greatest victory in our history." On November 8, 1942, Hitler said: "We shall actually hold on. One can rest assured that in this war no one else will ever get where we are standing [Stalingrad]."

Herr Goebbels said on April 11, 1943: "By means of the air war, England has us by the wrist, while we have England by the throat with the U-boat war. That is the difference. We shall see who will first lose his breath under these circumstances."

And Bismarck, in 1898: "There exists the disadvantage of the central and exposed position of the Reich with extensive fronts to defend on all sides, a condition favoring an anti-German coalition. A regard for the rights of other states is easy for the German Reich and its policy is due to the fact that we do not need an enlargement of our immediate territory, and could not accomplish it without strengthening the centrifugal elements in our land."

And Marshal Pétain on June 6, 1944: "France can only save herself by observing the most rigorous discipline. Therefore obey the orders of the government. Everyone must remain in his place. The trend of the battle may lead the German Army to take special measures in the battle areas. Accept this necessity. I implore you, Frenchmen, to think, above all, of the mortal danger to which our country would be exposed if this solemn warning were not heeded."

President Wilson said on April 2, 1917: "The right is more precious than the peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations."

I listened to General Eisenhower's agrarian, friendly voice on the morning of invasion, listened as though every word were to be memorized. "Soldiers," he said quietly, and without the exclamation point that appeared in print, "soldiers, you are about to embark on a great crusade. The eyes of the world are upon you and the hopes and prayers of all liberty-loving peoples go with you. You go with superior arms, security from the air, and incontestable right on your side. We will be victorious. Good luck, and may the blessings of God go with you."

And no one of us will ever forget his voice over the BBC at 9:22 A.M. "Stand by," cried the BBC announcer. "Stand by for an important announcement by the commander in chief of the

Allied Expeditionary Force." Then that friendly, familiar voice again, with the wonderful words beginning: "A landing was made this morning on the coast of France by troops of the Allied Expeditionary Force."

General Montgomery was speaking to one of my colleagues on the eve of invasion. This is what General Montgomery said: "It will be a terrific party, a real, first-class showdown. I think Rommel is too impulsive for the set-piece type of battle. I think his forte is disruption. I would say that Rommel would aim at defeating us on the beaches. Rommel is the sort of fellow who wants to get cracking in battle right away. Anyway, it will be very interesting to see what he will do." Said General Montgomery to his assault forces: "Good hunting."

What did General de Gaulle say—De Gaulle, who is still a man without a country—to France, a country without a man? No wonder French snipers as well as German snipers have already been taken prisoner. What did De Gaulle say on June 6, 1944? "France, submerged for four years, but not reduced, not vanquished, France stands up to take her part in this offensive. Behind the heavy cloud of our blood and our tears, the sun of our grandeur is appearing once again."

Eric Hawkins and I listened to them all, De Gaulle in French, the rest in English. Finally the King spoke, much more evenly and surely than on that September afternoon in 1939 when there was darkness over the face of the earth and bravery only in words. The King spoke on June 6, 1944, slowly and distinctly. "This time," he said, "the challenge is not to fight to survive, but to fight to win the final victory for the good cause. Once again what is demanded from us all is something more than courage, more than endurance; we need a revival of spirit, a new unconquerable resolve. That we may be worthily matched with this summons to destiny, I desire solemnly to call my people to prayer and dedication."

The invasion of Europe began in the last days of December,

1941, soon after Pearl Harbor had brought America not only into the Pacific war but into the war against Hitler too. Churchill had schemed for revenge since Dunkirk in 1940, but there was nothing on which to build the tremendous structure of invasion until Hitler invaded Russia, and Japan made the sneaky mistake of trying to sink the American fleet by stealth, very nearly succeeding.

But the first plans for invasion did not go well at all. It looked doubtful whether, even if a beachhead were established, it could be developed into a killing blow. Would Britain be strong enough, if denuded of men and supplies by overseas operations, including the Pacific, where Singapore had fallen and stung the British people as few Americans ever realized—would Britain be strong enough to ward off a counteroffensive should the Germans launch one? By the middle of 1942 Winston Churchill asked President Roosevelt if he could visit him in Washington. The upshot of the matter was that the President agreed it would be folly to invade in 1942, or even 1943, by direct assault across the Channel. But there *was* something that could be done in the interval of planning and tooling up. There was Africa.

In October, 1942 (not October, 1492, as a radio commentator said at the time), General Montgomery began his incredible offensive against Rommel in Egypt. Ned Russell, of the *Herald Tribune*, who covered that campaign, regards Montgomery as a mathematician. Montgomery never begins anything he does not know mathematically he cannot lose. He had been storing up tanks and supplies for months, and was ready in October. The world was ready to accept the probability that Hitler was going to be able to move all the way through Egypt and the Middle East, to join up with his forces in Russia, and then join the Japanese moving from Burma and India. Only Montgomery seemed to believe, and when Montgomery believes, there is no turning away from the magnetism of his belief. His Scotch-

Irish eyes pierce you and draw you into his belief, and you believe too.

Montgomery issued one of the most unusual orders ever issued in war. He gave, in writing, a blueprint of his campaign to throw Rommel out of Egypt. It was Montgomery's way of telling them what they were fighting for and how they were to fight for it, play by play. It worked. Ned tells me that the Scotch pipers followed the great artillery barrage at El Alamein walking as men possessed right over the tops of the hot sandy trenches that had turned freezing cold at midnight. The pipers did not stop until Rommel was licked and his men driven to the edge of the shore of the Gulf of Tunis.

Meanwhile there were St. Nazaire and Madagascar landings, and the terrible events at Dieppe, where so many brave youngsters lost their lives but gave the world what it had to know about the invasion coast of France. The West Wall was no longer a secret, because of Dieppe. I'm proud that Jimmy Palms, my brother-in-law, was one of the Essex Scottish at Dieppe, and that he died a brave man, as my cousin Jimmy Lardner died bravely, so the decent world could go on living. Spain and Dieppe were necessary and the two Jimmies were necessary, if God willed it, to show us the way.

By the end of 1942 the combined chiefs of staff had a good picture of what could happen in the West and how it could be made to happen. It was a work of imagination. It was a combined operation on a scale without precedent in the history of wars, an invasion against an enemy that had been fortified for years. It demanded special invasion ships, and boats, and amphibians, and waterproofed steel. It demanded specialized training. Above all, it demanded imagination, and in Roosevelt and Churchill it got imaginative treatment.

By early 1943 the U-boat began to destroy more than could be spared if an invasion were to be maintained. It was agreed that Italy must first be knocked out of the war and the Medi-

terranean opened free and clear. It would ease the shipping problem by making the short Mediterranean passage safe, and the Russian convoy system, desperately up against it in the north, would be relieved, thus relieving the whole question of supply. The Mediterranean fleet could be moved out into the Atlantic to help convoy invasion men and invasion supply. So when Churchill and Roosevelt met at Casablanca, early in 1943, they agreed that victory over Italy had to come first—yet a landing in Italy would fulfill their promise to Russia that Europe would be invaded during 1943. They realized, too, that the second front in the West could not be undertaken until at least 1944, and probably well along into it, at that. They were hard decisions, but in view of the titanic struggle tonight, a year and a half later, they were true and good.

But Casablanca did one thing at least. It gave specific instructions to the chiefs of staff to start the detailed story of invasion on its way to publication; the agony of authorship was no less than the agony of any extraordinary birth. In August, 1943, Churchill had the plan ready, the place selected along the Cherbourg seacoast, the men waiting, and all but a little of the goods of invasion on hand. Portugal was to give us sea and air bases to help lick the U-boat. Henry J. Kaiser, the simple genius whose creative mind reflects the next three or four generations of invention and mechanical adaptation, was to build and present to the United States no fewer than forty aircraft carriers from whose decks aircraft could spot the U-boat and help sink them. Churchill, in August, 1943, took the plans to Quebec with him and in the medieval splendor of the Frontenac they were finally approved. By autumn, the schedule was so far advanced that Churchill and Roosevelt had provisionally fixed the end of May or early June, 1944, as the time for great events. But would the Soviet be ready by May or June, 1944?

It had to be a two-way nutcracker or it would not be a nutcracker at all. So Stalin was invited to meet Churchill and

Roosevelt in Teheran in October. The time table was laid before Stalin in the heat and dust of the Persian border town, and he approved. He promised Russia's full co-operation and he promised that Russia would withhold her summer offensive until after the invasion across the Channel had begun. Stalin called the invasion tonight "the most imaginative, heroic military step in all history."

And tonight Eisenhower has severed the bridges across the Seine and the Loire, and Rommel and von Rundstedt are compelled to supply their troops in Normandy by temporary bridges, pontoons and ferryboats which have delayed a counterattack, that Montgomery saw coming quickly, by as much as two weeks. Yes, the days are filled with news, good news.

INVASION *Journal*

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, June 14

Since I have been covering the air story, I have got to know something about this Martian guest Admiral Thomson mentioned this morning. We have been bombing the Pas de Calais for several months, and in recent weeks the bombing has been stepped up to a point where whatever was on the Pas de Calais coast must have been damaged badly by now. An air adviser at the Ministry told me only last week that the Allied command expects Hitler to use a form of pilotless rocket-gun, a sort of winged bomb which may or may not be radio controlled, to be aimed at the general direction of London and to carry high explosive up to 2,000 pounds as an anti-invasion measure.

I know of my own knowledge that through espionage the Allied command has heard of quarrels in the German High Command over the timing of the pilotless plane's debut. This

was supposed to be Hitler's "decisive" anti-invasion weapon. Hitler, Goering and Field Marshal Milch urged adoption of the new weapon, but General Froelich, head of the Luftwaffe supply department, demanded fighters and bombers instead. He didn't want to bomb London when there are first-priority military targets at the left elbow of the Pas de Calais. Froelich said that pilotless planes were not worth while, owing to 100 per cent losses, inaccurate aim, and the production problems involved. For every pilotless plane the Germans put in the air, one Nazi fighter or a piece of a Nazi bomber would never see military action. Froelich said that the Allies would soon master the defense of the flying bomb, and even if there were a psychological blow to English morale in the interval, it would not be sufficiently strong to make a difference in the outcome of the war. Fighter planes and bombers with pilots *would* make a difference, Froelich told Hitler.

But Hitler and Goering prevailed and Froelich has resigned, refusing the responsibility. General Woerflin took his place, and General Woerflin resigned this week. His successor is not announced. Professor Messerschmitt has, meanwhile, demanded that Hitler rebuild the aircraft factories smashed by daylight precision bombing, rebuild places in which fighter planes can be produced. The Luftwaffe has, it seems from here, completely lost control of northwestern air. Why, I talked to a 23-year-old pilot from East Walpole, Mass., who had flown fifteen missions on D Day and did not see a single German plane over the beachhead. Joe Driscoll, on one of the advance Navy vessels, moved up and down with the tides and swells for two and a half days, so close to shore he could have shot it with an air rifle, and in that time not one Nazi plane ever came over the prime target on which he was a passenger. Joe thinks that, with the bad break on weather, the beachhead might well have been lost irrevocably had Hitler been making fighter planes instead of robots. Field Marshal Rommel's stock has, by the way, fallen

rapidly this week. He is said to be ill again. He was taken ill after the debacle in Africa. Losers' disease, I believe they call it.

Our progress is slow on the beachhead, slow but certain. Eisenhower says we are established and cannot be pushed off. We have come near to cutting the Cherbourg peninsula from northeast to southwest, and the American cost so far is 12,600 wounded and 3,082 dead, according to General Bradley. That's higher than they had expected, and the progress is slower. I think, though, that they have kept the Germans guessing, not knowing whether this landing was the real invasion or a feint. It has gone well enough to make it stick and to set off a double flanking movement, one side against Paris and the other against the Cherbourg peninsula.

Tex O'Reilly says there hasn't been June weather as bad as this June in two generations. We got a remarkable cable from him off the beachhead today. It said in part: "Have hit jackpot third straight time in hottest part fighting stop lost bedroll everything before got ashore stop unhave quote necessities life unquote slept first three nights beach foxhole stop froze balls offward oreilly."

Best news of this week is that only one bottle of wine was broken when the well-stocked wine cellar of the Officers Club in Pall Mall was blitzed. Expensive vintage wines collected for the opening of the new club next month were found buried intact under masonry and concrete. I wonder if New York realizes how much bombing there still is in southern England. The February blitz was almost as bad as in 1940. Yet we can cable or telephone nothing whatsoever overseas. It is the only censorship worthy of the name. I think that even this censorship is wrong, that without it America would feel sorrier for the English and would come back to that unselfish friendship that shone in 1940 and 1941, and has since faded as the English prospered at war. Americans are, very often, only foul-weather friends.

LONDON, June 16

Flying bombs came over all day and all night, probably from the Pas de Calais, since that is the target of our air attack against this hideous new weapon. I saw my first flying bomb tonight. There is something incongruous, ghastly and unnatural about seeing such a terrifying instrument in the countryside, which is usually a world at peace. The flying bomb I saw did indeed look like a ball of fire. The ack-ack was more frightening than the rocketlike swish of the bomb, its deep throbbing sound the sort of sound a heavy car makes when the muffler has dropped off. I heard a flying bomb land, too, and I shall never forget its detonation, nor the metallic overtone of the air caused by its blast. My heart was pounding, pounding. I had never known before what it meant to have your heart *pound*. I had been frightened before, but not so frightened that my heart felt as though it would break through my breast. But it pounded that way tonight. I was lying half asleep when the ack-ack became noise beyond anything I had ever heard before, or had ever imagined, or that I ever want to hear again. It reached that pitch where the explosion in the sky seems to become metallic, a torque, a twisting of noise that is indescribable. I think I would almost rather have no ack-ack and let the robots fall where they may.

This particular flying bomb was close. I knew by instinct and by the variety of sounds that were coming through the open windows. The sounds through the windows seemed to tell me, lying there alone in the dark, that this one was going to be close. The crescendo of noise moved into a region I had never known before. Noise frightens children, since they can stand just so much of it. Extraordinary noise also frightens an adult, when his capacity for noise is saturated, and beyond saturation.

So it seems to me, lying in the dark alone, that my capacity for absorbing and understanding the noise I was hearing through the windows had been overwhelmed, and that I could stand no more of it. That was when my heart began to move out of my body.

Then, beyond anything that I had yet listened to, I heard the rocket or jet propulsion of this eerie new thing of war coming through the pattern of noise already woven in my senses. It was a fresh design of noise, as a woman's shrill voice, no matter how softly she speaks, will startle a noisy male office. What I was hearing proved to be the robot plane, whose red glowing tail suddenly went away. Then I remembered the words of an airman at the bomber base: "When the light goes out and the sound stops, count five to fifteen and lie low. There's going to be an explosion."

I counted five, six, seven, eight, and at nine there came through the half-opened windows a blast of air that tossed me out of bed, turned over a chair and knocked over the old-fashioned high telephone on the desk. A noise amid noises followed the air into my room, or at any rate one noise came stumbling in on the heels of another until my room could hold no more. Yet still more noises came. When my ears began to ring with the aftermath of shock, I tried in the blackness to put on my clothes. My socks would not go on easily, and the more frantic I became the more persistently they refused to fit my feet. My dry mouth seemed somehow to have something to do with my inability to get dressed properly, and I stumbled into the bathroom for a glass of water.

I did not put the lights on, in spite of the blackout curtains. I cannot explain why I did not put the lights on, except that I seemed to want to hide from the noise I had just heard. The drink of water made the clothes fit better, and within a few seconds the man usually in charge was again in the driver's seat.

Only once before in my life had I felt that I was not in the

driver's seat and that I was at the mercy of something very much stronger than I. It had been during the first seconds of a plunge into Lake Superior in early summer, and I could remember now how the extreme shock of ice-cold water had all but stopped my breathing mechanism, and how I had felt panic inside me. I remembered then, and now, reading Harry Houdini's autobiography, in which he said that the conquest of fear was his greatest accomplishment, since, bound hand and foot, padlocked inside a trunk and thrown into the bay, a man must keep his head to survive at all. When he learned to control internal panic, to think clearly and rapidly, and to work normally under any conditions and pressures, Houdini was able to do what no other man had been able to do as an escape artist.

And so it seemed to me now that I kept shouting to myself, without saying a word, to keep my head and get my clothes on. As the clothes warmed me I began to realize that I had not been hit, and that probably the building had not been hit either. But that something close by had been struck by high explosive my intuition had not the slightest doubt.

People were already collecting outside in a maximum variety of clothes. They seemed much calmer than I appeared to myself. There had been screaming when the glider-bomb struck, but I was used to that, since several thousand refugee children from Gibraltar live in my London neighborhood. (Their screams outflank the siren when it wabbles to tell us of approaching planes, and they scream equally when its sustained tone tells us that all is clear.) There was a little screaming now, and some tears of hysteria among three old women who had been through the blitz four years ago. But I felt ashamed of myself that, as I approached the lobby, I seemed to myself to be one of the most thoroughly frightened of them all. A warden spoke to me and I jumped. Then I replied, and my voice was so calm and natural that its quality soothed me, and I knew once again the occupant of the driver's seat. I put on my tin hat; it made me

look like a German there in the half-light of a north-latitude early dawn.

Someone said that the flying bomb had struck some yards away, and when we heard the ambulances whine and speed by, we followed, in spite of the flak. I felt stronger now that there were others to share my thoughts and fears. We half-walked, half-ran in the general direction of the noise, and to a fire which was now brightening the black-out atmosphere. On the way one man said, in a broken accent: "It looks like the hospital." And indeed it was a hospital, less than 350 yards from my bedroom window. The maternity ward had been struck directly. There was glass everywhere in the adjacent streets; the plate-glass window of the store where I had made some purchases during the day had been minced and lay sharp in the streets. One of the wardens cut his foot, and there was thereafter a general disinclination to run.

The nurses' home had received a direct hit and the main hospital wards were badly damaged by blast. Half a dozen children in the maternity wards had been killed outright. A score of others lay somewhere in that uneven gray mass I could see before me in the dusky dawn. Some nurses had been killed and the digging had already begun under guarded light. Those entombed could be heard inside the debris, and the rescuers worked as only an Englishman can work, once he has been aroused.

A woman patient was still undergoing an appendectomy and the doctors were calmly carrying on in spite of the fire which had followed the explosion. When the appendectomy was over, the woman, still under anaesthetic, was removed by ambulance to another hospital. I don't see how she can live, but I suppose she will. I suppose we will live through this nightmare, most of us, but we will not be able to forget it.

The wards in the main hospital suffered most. Nurses had kept on working, without regard for their own safety. I talked

to one badly injured nurse, whose face had been burned and cut with glass, who had stayed and tended her patients and calmed them while her own life blood dripped away. Four people were very nearly drowned when they were trapped for six hours in a cellar under a shop wrecked by blast. Fire broke out in the debris and the firemen had to tackle the flames before the rescue squad could start digging. But this water began to fall into the cellar, and by the time the people below were released, they had waited for six hours in an ever-rising flood which, at the moment they were pulled away, had risen to their collars.

Hans Fritzsche, political director of the German radio, says tonight that if anyone in Germany believes that England can be blasted to pieces by the new robot bomb, "he is a fool"; but, says Fritzsche, "every German knows that the screw is now being applied to Britain, and is already being tightened up. This is only the beginning of retribution. It is ridiculous to state that the new weapons are being used because of a shortage of German pilots."

So, Hitler has played his card. It will not win the pot, but it will cost us chips to match it.

If the flying bomb would come over only by daylight! I do not like waiting for it alone in the dark.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 18

This was the third night and third day of continuous robot bombing. Jerry mixed flying bombs with real bombing planes. Somehow I can take the flesh-and-blood bombing planes much more in stride than the eerie flying bomb that doesn't care if it

crashes. A pilotless plane has one advantage over an ordinary bomber. It can be operated in the worst weather conditions—dispatched from across the straits in weather foul enough to ground almost all aircraft. When the combustion principle is developed further, New York is no safer than London, and San Francisco no safer than New York. Rocket planes that my generation read about in Jules Verne, Tom Swift and Buck Rogers are not just comic strips and imagination. They are *here*, though their military value is untried.

How does the flying bomb work? Here's the official description as the Air Ministry told it to us war correspondents tonight:

"The pilotless aircraft operated by the Germans from the French coast in their indiscriminate attacks on southern England is jet-propelled and launched from a ramp, probably with the aid of a take-off rocket. The fuselage is 21 feet, 10 inches long, with a maximum width of 2 feet, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, while the overall length of the missile is 25 feet, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the wing span 16 feet.

"The range of the type at present in use is about 150 miles, the speed in level flight between 300 and 350 miles an hour, and the explosive power equivalent to a 1,000-kilogram German bomb.

"The explosive is carried in the war-head, mounted in a thin casing in the front part of the fuselage. The engine is driven by petrol and the noise heard in flight is due to intermittent explosions within the jet-propulsion unit. Constructed almost entirely of steel, the projectile is colored with the usual type of German camouflage—dark green on top and light blue underneath.

"It is *not* radio-controlled, but operated by an automatic pilot, set before the take-off. Once the missile has been launched, therefore, the enemy has no control over its further movements.

"By their use of this unmilitary weapon of chance, the Germans acknowledge that the Luftwaffe is powerless to stem the

Allied offensive in Europe, or to be a serious menace to the air forces of the United Nations. The attacks, long prepared, have been launched in an attempt to console the people of the Nazi Reich and to halt a further deterioration of morale. Moreover, such attacks, on a massive scale, have been repeatedly promised by the Nazi leaders to the population of a Germany stricken by the blows of the Allied air fleets against German war industry and transport.

"These attacks were planned to take place many months ago, in order to divert the impact of the Allied Air Forces on German industry and communications, and to raise the morale of the German people. Nearly a year ago all German propaganda stated that it would be launched quite soon. Measures were promptly taken to counter this threat. The German experimental station at Peenemunde, for example, was attacked by the R.A.F. Bomber Command on August 17-18, 1943, and the serious damage and many casualties inflicted caused a severe setback to the highly important activities being undertaken there.

"Moreover, factories and plants manufacturing special weapons, notably works at Friederichshafen, were powerfully attacked and damaged. Heavy assaults were also made by the R.A.F. Bomber Command and by the United States Eighth and Ninth Air Forces on the enemy's war production centers where various kinds of weapons and component parts were being manufactured.

"Meanwhile, throughout the past year, thousands of air photographs of northern France—covering many hundreds of square miles and forming a photographic map—were taken by reconnaissance aircraft. The construction of discharge points for pilotless aircraft was detected and subsequently watched, and it was realized that, from these installations, each consisting of a launching ramp and scattered small buildings, formidable attacks on England would be possible.

"Heavy bombing attacks on the launching points were begun

in December, 1943, by the R.A.F., United States, Dominions and Allied Air Forces, and were continued as weather and other operational requirements permitted. These attacks were made in addition to the already numerous commitments which those forces had undertaken to ensure effective Allied invasion of Normandy and the subsequent penetration of the Allied armies into the mainland of Occupied France. Since the end of last year, tens of thousands of tons of bombs have been dropped on the launching points, and photographs show that most extensive damage was caused to them, despite the fact that sites were small and scattered and offered a difficult bombing target.

"As a result of this persistent offensive, there has been dislocation of the widespread effort which the Germans have been making to assail Britain with new types of missiles. A great number of the camouflaged sites and supply depots of the pilotless aircraft were destroyed or damaged, and the enemy's repair work on them was disrupted by renewed attacks from the air. This serious delay was imposed on the enemy, and when, therefore, he eventually launched his attack with pilotless aircraft it was on less than a quarter of the scale which he had originally planned.

"In the meantime, fighter aircraft and the anti-aircraft defenses have been making many successful attacks on the projectiles in flight during the past few days and large numbers of them have been shot down into the sea or in open country.

"Other offensive measures to frustrate the enemy's plans for attacking our cities from across the Channel are being adopted without detriment to the Allies' main purpose of relentless air assault on enemy military targets. The extent and character of these methods cannot be divulged without giving information to an enemy who is making strenuous attempts both to discover the steps being taken to defeat his latest form of attack and to learn how effective this assault has been."

Our best defense so far is from R.A.F. fighter planes and ack-ack.

Here are the main precautions to be taken when the threat of danger from a flying-bomb becomes "imminent."

Choose a room on the lowest floor—one which has the fewest outside walls and windows; keep away from any walls. If you can get under a staircase, do so.

Avoid making undue noise, so that your ears may give you warning.

If you judge the danger to be very imminent, go down on your knees and elbows, tuck your head in, and cover your face with your hands. Do *not* brace yourself stiffly.

If caught in the street, calculate where the nearest shelter—of a substantial building—is available.

What is "imminent" danger? The Home Security officers have no official definition of it. But it means, when you hear a flying bomb—however distant—and have reasonable grounds for supposing you are on its route.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 24

Under this hourly pressure of bombing, a man does and thinks some of the most remarkable things.

Because I am under Army jurisdiction and censorship, I cannot even write down the names of places where bombs have fallen. The Germans might get hold of the copy and then know exactly what damage had been done. They think they know now, and they would like to test their espionage. They won't test it through me.

But I *can* write down that I have come close to being struck

by a flying bomb a second time. The first was when the hospital was blasted in the night. Last night it was closer and more real.

I was waiting to be taken back to London and had the chance of a lift. The driver said he had to get someone, and I'd have to wait a few minutes. So I waited in the car, though the alert was on. It was a bright, star-filled night, a good English or Maine summer night. I even felt warm as I sat in the car, and the warmth made me sleepy. I guess I had almost fallen asleep when I heard the buzzing, low rumble that all of us, from babies and animals on up (or down) have come automatically to identify as Hitler's new secret weapon. The sound was quite clear and it seemed to be growing. I must have started back to sleep despite the warning sound and my now acute sense of self-preservation.

Suddenly I sat straight up in the car and began fumbling for the door. The sound that had stirred me before now began to frighten me with its volume and quality. It was the quality that I had heard only when the bomb fell in the night on the hospital, the bomb that had knocked me out of bed and made my heart pound as though it would come through my breast. This sound was beginning to go into that familiar new high pitch. It is a sound no man can describe with words, since the words, while they may spell out the sounds, cannot become loud or soft on the printed page. Even if they could, I doubt if any words could mushroom to the height of this sound that I was hearing now, sitting there in the car.

I began to get out of the car and then I realized that the sound had stopped. For a fraction of a second I thought I was completely safe, and had beaten the sound by some magical move of my brain. Then I remembered the words: "Count five to fifteen after the motor stops," and I knew instinctively that the explosion was coming. I knew that it was coming quickly, too. I can remember today that the only thing I said to myself

at that perilous moment was: "You damn fool, to have taken such a chance, to sit out there in the car."

It was not long before my legs were moving fast toward the open entry, a large entry in a large building that would normally be safe from blast. But I had not moved fast enough. I did not quite reach the open entry. With a noise that I hope I shall never hear again, and certainly I never imagined could come into the world (in spite of all the newspaper dispatches I've written and read about explosions and bombings), something straight ahead of me began to disintegrate into tiny particles of noise. The explosion was a shaking and rushing of all the air in the world straight at me, and at no other human being. It was a combination of sound and fury that made me think at the moment of a cork on water, the cork having just as much control over its destiny as I had at that fraction of life. I was not in the driver's seat at all. Something big and boisterous was in the driver's seat, pushing me around.

I had been knocked off my feet and slammed against the wall of the heavy building. Glass tinkled and sparkled and crashed with the menacing sound of sharpness that goes with breaking glass. The rush of noise and wind, the force of the vacuum, or whatever it is in blast that snaps you around and hurts your lungs and ears, were oppressive, and there was immediately a white dust in the air, as though all of the dust in England were afire and changed into white smoke that poured in through every opening. The lights went down with the jar and a few electrical crackles added to the terror of sound.

I just sat where I was, wondering what had been ripped and broken. I remembered a story in *Stars and Stripes* saying that when you were superficially hurt, it hurt right away, but when you were badly hurt you didn't feel it for a time. I guessed that I was either untouched or a serious casualty. I really don't think I thought about it much except to remember the sentence from *Stars and Stripes*. I remember trying to stand up in the cloud

of white dust and hearing people running in the pitch blackness near me. I couldn't get properly to my feet, either because the dust was too thick to breathe normally, or because of the shock of the blast and the fact of darkness, *complete* darkness, the kind of darkness one finds inside a closed barn on a moonless night.

There was shouting: "Where did it hit? That was a close one! Where's that torch?" There were other words and I don't remember very much except that I still wanted to get inside somewhere where I'd be safe from the blast that was coming, yet had already come. Past the large main double doors and into the incredibly bright lights of the building, I seemed to be the only person going my way.

I edged in and looked around, seeing the same people I had seen just before I had gone outside to sit in the car. I saw the doorman who was always there, and was still there, except that now he stood instead of sitting down, as I had always seen him before. The place was the same except for glass on the floors, and maps down from the walls. I appeared to myself to be the only person who had changed—to be, indeed, the only person who had gone through the blast at all. I wanted to tell these familiar people what they'd missed; and then I began to come around to normal.

The whole thing had taken perhaps twenty seconds.

In the flood of talk that emptied into the vacuum created by the blast, I began to laugh and feel terribly relieved. I was relaxing. Probably I was relaxing for the first time in a week, and it felt good. A man from the *Chicago Tribune* was with me and I told him, inanely, that I understood that Marshall Field had invented a new reaper.

For some reason, my thoughts kept going back to the city desk when the greatest problems I had were whether my copy was going to be rewritten and whether I'd get a by-line. I kept thinking of Bob Peck, the ancient and honorable rewrite star of

all newspapermen I ever knew. I somehow remembered Peck's saying that the sleep a man got before noon never did him any good. I laughed out loud at it, now. I also remembered Bob Peck's turning in a story about a man named Krmyczylmski, who had been found dead in Bryant Park, and Peck's writing it down in perfectly sober fashion: "Krmyczylmski died from contraction of the vowels." I could remember the look on Bob Peck's usually solemn face when I had, as night city editor, almost sent the piece along to the copy desk without reading it. It made me laugh now, in the relaxation from the blast. Don't ask me why.

I began to talk and talk, and so did everyone else. We actually jabbered. Ernie Byfield told me over the phone a story that seemed outrageously funny right then and right there. He said he had been to a staging area and had heard the public-address system precisely as he and I had heard it aboard ship. Everything had been repeated, often humorously. He said that as he sat at mess table a message came over the loud-speaker:

"Attention all personnel. Attention all personnel. Announcing a red alert. Announcing a red al—" But the sentence was never finished because right outside the mess-hall window came one of the loudest *booms* that Byfield had ever heard. Undaunted, the public address system went right on with: "*All clear,*" in a very cheery voice.

There was now an inspection of the damage that had been done in this present bombing. It had been a flying bomb again, and luckily it had clipped some trees before smashing into a building. Fractured glass lay around in an area about 400 yards square, but there seemed not much other damage. The flying bomb somehow was less formidable because it had not smashed anything completely. It had broken out every window in the neighborhood, and caved in many a wall, including one mighty close to our parked car. But it had not completely wrecked anything at all. I picked up a piece of the flying bomb for Mark

(or for me) and went back to the building to lie down until the all clear. I fell asleep and slept until 6:30—four hours of good sleep. I was awakened, and in the gray, dusty light I could see how much damage the enormous bomb had really done. Then I began to shake, and I could not sleep after I had got to bed in daylight.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 25

The third of what the Japanese like to call "incidents" happened to me tonight, and at the risk of offending the copyright of Negley Farson, I'll record this third event within too few days. I don't mind the flying bomb as much now that I've got to know it, and at the same time, I mind it a great deal more. One reason the flying bomb has psychological value in southern England is that most of southern England lived through the blitz. Having got this near the finish, they don't want to be killed or maimed now. Also, the nervous system can stand just so much consecutive wear and it seems to me that the British people have had their full share, and perhaps their fill, of dangerous living. Heaven knows we've taught the Germans in the large German cities what it is like to be nervously worn by overhead attack against a civilian population. And I cannot feel the slightest twinge of remorse when I read, as I read and wrote tonight, how 1,000 Forts and Libs with 1,200 fighter escorts gave Berlin a world-record retaliation plastering—eleven times anything ever dropped in one day on London during the worst of the blitz.

But to get back to incident number three, unrelated to the robot.

I had set out for Earl's Court quite early—that is to say, about 11:15—because I was desperately tired, and because my piece was finished. I intended to have a nightcap with Walter Kerr, who is staying with me in Moora's continued absence, and then to go to sleep. I have never, as far as one can remember such things, been as tired as I was at the moment of setting out for home. I did not even want to wait for Jimmy to drive me home. I simply went to the Underground, and I sat comfortably in the elegant Underground seats that have so little relationship to any other subways in the world.

We flew along our way, jolting the soldiers and their dates. The smokers tried to read, but the tube was going too fast. It seemed to be trying to get home, like a scared rabbit from hounds. Suddenly there was a grinding stop, with sparks, and the tube train settled back into silence. There are few silences quite like the first silence of a tube train suddenly stopped after great speed. This is especially true in London's Underground, where "tube" means *tube*. The train is round as you look at it from the front, a flying articulated pencil. It snakes through the terrific depths with just enough space to allow for swaying at high speeds. The caisson through which most London Underground trains roar is a close-fitting sleeve—as I have said, "tube" means *tube*. There's no looking out through the windows and seeing the stations at a distance, or watching other trains, or living in a sort of dark and widespread cave. In a London subway, the tubelike train moves through tubelike sheaths and you're there to stay, until your station shines in.

I was there to stay, it was soon apparent. It was about 11:30. By 11:45 the tube was beginning to get hot, and the lights were flickering. The air was stale and the passengers restless. We moved very suddenly, went five feet, then slammed to a stop. The moving made the air move, and it was less hot in the deep underground tube, where, of course, we could *not* have got out easily if we'd been forced by circumstances to abandon the

train. Had we opened the side doors we would have had only inches between our train and the steel casing of the tube. Our only exit would have been through the rear end of the train, walking back in the face of oncoming trains, along one side of the third rail which runs directly in the center of the roadbed. I shouldn't like to attempt it in daylight, much less in pitch darkness, 240 feet below the surface.

The hour grew to midnight, and our train moved a few feet and then stopped with heartbreaking suddenness. A woman began to cry and a drunken older man became abusive. Auxiliary fans were turned on for a few minutes to give us air and to cool the now steaming train. My mind began to go back over Commander Ellsberg's stories, and the movies I'd seen of the *S-51*, and the *Squalis*, and the gasping for breath, lying as near the floor as possible. I think I probably slumped down in my seat a little at that point, a little nearer the oxygen, which must surely have been almost normal. Why had I picked this particular night and this particular train to get home to Earl's Court, where I could worry all night about being hit by a flying bomb? It began to make me mad.

By 12:25 almost everyone in the train was nervous and silent. I think I was less nervous at 12:25 than I had been at midnight. I was thoroughly enraged at my luck. I was tired of having bombs drop near me, and of getting caught in a trapped underground train. It was plain bad luck, and I have always silently disliked bad luck and people who were unlucky.

Two more false starts cleared the air but got us nowhere. Then, suddenly, we were away like the wind, and with a great show of airbrakes, Hyde Park Corner Station swished into the right-hand windows. I was for the first time really mad at the circumstances of war, at the Germans for making it all so damned inconvenient, and at myself for having such a streak of ill luck—too mad to be very grateful about the Hyde Park platform. I decided to stop trying to be brave, and to get off here

and now, for I was acquiring a feeling of genuine claustrophobia that I had never experienced before in my life.

The air was excessively cool, and very cheerful. As I was brought up five flights of escalators and steps to the surface, into the darkness, I felt a tremendous relief that even the presence of the flying bomb could not alter. It was senseless to try to get to Earl's Court by foot, without a torch. So I walked to the Dorchester, phoned for Jimmy at the Ministry, waited for an hour while he was located, and at 2:50 I unlocked 23 Chatsworth Court. Walter Kerr was asleep. I was asleep myself in ten minutes.

All service between Hyde Park Corner and Hammersmith had been halted, I learned later. It had stranded a dozen trains, and probably 5,000 people had gone through precisely what I had gone through. But it didn't make any difference to me personally, for I was convinced that the Germans had it in for *me* especially, and it made my Scotch-Irish blood bubble.

This hasn't exactly been my week.

As to the front, Hitler's armies in Russia are taking a monumental fresh beating, defeat after defeat in the broken-through central sector. In the first six days of the Soviet summer offensive, the Reds have gone one-third of the distance to Germany —a swift 110-mile advance costing the defending Germans 20,000 men a day. Minsk, capital of White Russia, and Polotsk, an important communications town on the Riga railroad, are the targets of this new enormous Russian drive, which Joe Barnes seems to think outstrips anything the Russians have ever done before. Joe is a fine newspaperman and his judgment on most things is extremely sound. As though to commend his optimism in the East, the city of Bobruisk fell tonight.

In Italy, the Germans are fleeing headlong, with Allied patrols only eighteen miles south of Leghorn tonight. A drive to outflank Caen in the Normandy fighting is growing into serious attacks, and Cherbourg will be put into shape as one of the

finest harbors Allied supply could possibly ask. One job I would *not* want tonight—planning, as a member of the German High Command, which German troops to reinforce, and which to leave to their own resources.

Ten German generals have died or been taken prisoner since the Normandy campaign began. The morale of German prisoners we have talked to is desperately low. Larry Lesueur, CBS commentator, says tonight in a broadcast from Normandy that, with the fortifications and heavy gun emplacements available in well-fortified Cherbourg, he is willing to bet that it would not have fallen for weeks or months, garrisoned with Allied troops.

So the wheel turns, and Hitler loses on every side. His flying bomb against civilians is the illogical weapon of an emotionally unstable being who has already lost the cause, and brought a generation of disgrace to the very name "German."

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 26

I saw tonight the invasion landings, in privately shown motion pictures; they substantiate eye-witness accounts that on D Day the English Channel was no mill pond. The Channel had, in fact, been smoother during almost any day in May than it was on June 6. How was the invasion made despite white caps that turned into white horses and, in the motion pictures of the landings, appear to have come near drowning every Allied soldier as he struggled ashore? The best way to understand it is to sum up what the United States Navy had in the way of landing ships and landing craft on D Day.

Broadly speaking, landing vessels are divided into three classes: "Landing Ships," which are the largest models designed for landing; "Landing Craft," which are vessels smaller than ships; and "Landing Vehicles," which are vehicles that are actually amphibious.

The Landing Ships are always designated by the initials "L.S." One of the largest is the "LST" or "Landing Ship, Tank." The LST is more than 300 feet long and 50 feet abeam. It ranges from 4,000 tons upward. Tanks of all sizes are transported and landed through swinging doors and ramps in the bows of the LST's. Besides tanks, the LST's transport and land bulldozers that can cut, trim and level almost any piece of ground into an airfield or an encampment within one day. So, the LST's cannot go in to shore until a beachhead is relatively secure. All LST's are ocean-going. One remarkable feature of an LST is that she has ballast tanks that not only list the ship for landings of smaller craft (which she carries on her deck and slides off), but which also reduce her draft and permit her to run up on the beach.

The largest Landing Ship, indeed the only one larger than an LST, is the less frequently seen LSD, or Landing Ship, Dock. She's an adaptation of the floating drydock, is designed to transport and launch smaller landing craft and, after an assault has secured beaches, she is used as a floating dock for all manner of boats needing repair or storage. The LSD looks from the front like a destroyer, with her numerous anti-aircraft guns forward. But she's all drydock in her last two-thirds of length. She is nearly 500 feet long.

The largest Landing Craft is the Landing Craft Infantry, or LCI, which is 158 feet long and can carry about 200 soldiers in troop compartments, with bunks for each. The first model was tested in October, 1942. The British wanted larger troop-landing craft than the small ferryboats then in use. So, the LCI was designed for troops alone. An LCI looks like a square merchant

ship, except that one end has two gangways which can be dropped into the water close to the beach, one on either side, down which fully armed soldiers have no great difficulty getting ashore in decent weather. On D Day the weather was anything but decent.

Another vessel of this size is the small cousin of the LST. This one is called a Landing Craft, Tank, or LCT. It is transported aboard LST's, or in sections on other larger ships. The landing craft for tanks can go into waters where the LST's cannot go—very shallow beaches, for example. The LCT is an intermediate craft, and can carry five medium or 30-ton tanks. The LCT looks like an iron-ore or grain boat on the Great Lakes.

Yet another Landing Craft is known as a Landing Craft, Mechanized, or an LCM. This 50-foot boat looks like a harbor barge with a big nose. It can carry a medium tank, a half-track or a heavy truck from one of the larger landing ships right up to the shore, where the medium tank, half-track or heavy truck can move onto the beach under its own power. All Allied armor used in invasions is completely waterproofed, mainly against such things as surf and deep water along a pitted shore line.

Next there is a vessel that looks like a sea sled or a rectangular block of wood; it is called Landing Craft, Personnel. The LCP used to be known as the Higgins boat. It can carry 36 men and a total cargo of 8,000 pounds. Sometimes a whole fleet of LCP's will be brought over on a larger ship and then dumped into the invasion shore water on their own. Sometimes an LCP will tow a fleet of LCR's (Landing Craft, Rubber). An LCR looks like an overgrown rubber boat of the type used by aviators in emergency ocean landings. An LCR holds 10 men and can be paddled by hand, if silence is required.

Another version of the Landing Craft, Personnel, is called Landing Craft, Vehicle-Personnel, or LCVP. It carries 36 troops or a one-ton truck, or 8,000 pounds of cargo. As is true with

landing craft and landing ships of all kinds, this small floating bridge to a beachhead has been well armed against aircraft or firepower ashore. All of the landing ships, craft and vehicles bristle with machine guns and cannon.

Now we come to Landing Vehicles—that is to say, vehicles that are actually amphibious, floating on the water, or able to move on land with equal facility. The first of these is a Landing Vehicle, Tracked, or LVT. It is better known as the alligator. The alligator gained fame at Tarawa, sweeping over reefs and onto the shore of the island when other landing craft had difficulty. This armored monster looks like an enormous and high-waisted tank, and it can carry 20 men. It is 25 feet long and fierce with machine guns. The fact that the men inside come ashore behind armor protection makes the LVT one of the most formidable weapons in the world.

The best-known amphibious vehicle in the United States Army is the Duck. Basically, a Duck is a heavy truck with a steel hull, a propeller and navigation equipment added. It can carry supplies or troops. It is both sea-going and land-going. As the Duck comes ashore, the power that drives the propeller in the stern when afloat is smoothly applied to the wheels, and the Duck looks exactly as a Long Island duck looks waddling out of the water onto the beaches. Forward motion from water to land is continuous. A Duck looks like a large cabin cruiser or a small, inland-lake ferryboat, without the fringe on the awning. Out of water, it looks like a motorboat being wheeled overland from one body of water to another. But the Duck has the great advantage of moving under its own power, in the water or out of it.

The amphibious jeep is yet another version of the amphibious family born in this war and without which there would have been no invasion at all. It is precisely what the name suggests.

These wonderments of Allied invention have had considerable publicity from time to time, and individually. But never had

so many of them or so many variations of them been used as were used on D Day, and will continue to be used to cross the Channel with men and supplies until the end of the European war. Seeing them together, a man begins to comprehend what imagination and work, what extraordinary planning went on almost in silence in the two years between American entry into the war and the invasion of France. It makes one wonder at the depth of patience of a man like Roosevelt, who knew it all along, but had to keep his heavy secret and hold his tongue while the "Chicago Tribunes" of my country reviled him.

INVASION *Journal*

LONDON, June 27

Joe Driscoll and I couldn't sleep with all the racket going on, so we sought a poker game at the Savoy. The way to find a poker game is to find William Saroyan. So we found William Saroyan and, with Betty Knox and Ken Crawford, began a stud game with a ten-shilling limit about 2 o'clock in the morning. The black-eyed Saroyan was in form—talkative, friendly, interesting, and hating the Turks.

"For a while," said Saroyan, "I began to think, the Turks are great people—they are going to be great people after all. They are going to stop being Orientals and be great people. Then what do they do? They accept Messerschmitts from the Nazis, Spitfires from the British, Churchills from the Americans. You can see them from any train window in Turkey. Then they start taxing minorities out of existence. What kind of business is that? That's what we're fighting against, isn't it? The Turks are too clever. Cleverness kills itself in scheming. The Americans are naive. They trust people. They have faith

in people. That's why they're the greatest people on earth. What else can you run the world on but faith? The Turks were too clever. Now they're in the soup, and I'm glad of it. I thought they were going to be a great people this winter, but they were only being clever. Who raised?"

Joe Driscoll said he didn't like the Swedes much for the same reason he didn't like the Turks much. The Swedes and Turks were getting too much out of the war and were not being fair to the nations doing the fighting. Saroyan said he didn't think the Swedes were nearly as bad as the Turks, because the Swedes upheld labor unions and minorities weren't persecuted in Sweden. That was what we were fighting for, said Saroyan, for the rights of minorities. He thought Sweden would come out well at the peace table in spite of the fact that Swedes had no great statesman now. But he didn't like the Turks for taking all they could get from both sides and then hedging on their promises to Great Britain.

"You're Armenian, aren't you?" said Driscoll, straight-faced.

"Yes," said Saroyan. "I'm Armenian. Spell it Saro-ian. All Armenians have "ian" at the end of their names. I hate the Turks. Who dealt?"

The talk got around to Irish playwrights. Ken Crawford thought there was nothing in modern literature better than *The Plough and the Stars* and Saroyan liked *A Village Wooing*. So did I, along with *The Playboy of the Western World*. Saroyan dropped his cards, stood up and made a speech and we all listened. The speech could have been heard in Piccadilly, booming out of him in the dead night. He said he had just spent some time with George Bernard Shaw and he wanted to tell us about Shaw. He didn't like Shaw's quip that "a massacre is a good thing for a people every now and then," but he had to admit that being Armenian made him touchy about Turks, and massacres.

Driscoll said Shaw had made his name on just such impu-

dences, and was still one of the greatest writers of all time. I said I thought the preface to *Saint Joan* was Shaw's greatest writing. Saroyan shouted: "Why, I wrote a preface on the same subject and it was just as good. It was better than Shaw's. Yes, better. I mean it. Shaw is a great man. You can see the light shining out from inside him. You can tell he's a vegetarian. He'll live to be a hundred unless his wife's death brings him down. They tell me it may. I saw a lot of him. He's a man in control. He's everything he was twenty, forty years ago. Crackles and sparks when you talk to him. I couldn't get a word in edge-ways. Me, imagine it."

Ken Crawford said he wished Mickey Rooney hadn't been cast in *The Human Comedy*, because Rooney spoiled it. But Saroyan said it was another million dollars with Rooney in it, and that kind of money couldn't be ignored.

"I wanted them to cast *The Human Comedy* with new people, new faces you'd never seen before. It would be like seeing a French movie where you don't know any of the people, and the picture is twice as real. But they put Fay Bainter in as a mother type, and so on, and you knew before you sat down what all the characters looked like. Is that literature? I thought it wasn't a very good movie, but I liked two things—the little kid running out to see the train go by, and the dates at the movie and afterward. Shaw liked it. I asked him."

The talk shifted to flying bombs, and Ken Crawford said you could sit in a restaurant or a saloon and just *watch* what people were saying. They zoomed with their hands, made funny noises with their mouths, talked in gestures that could be understood across the room. All of them were telling personal experiences and not listening when the other person talked.

Two or three loud noises made us jump, but they turned out to be genuine thunderclaps, and when we looked out it was hailing. I said that Mark Twain said the English didn't have weather, they had samples of it. Saroyan said: "Did you make

that up?" He said he made up a lot of things when he couldn't think of the *mot juste*.

Someone pulled back the curtains, and since it was breakfast time we played one more hand and split up. Driscoll and Saroyan lost, and I held every card in the deck and came home with a hundred bucks.

The first act of the Battle of France is near the curtain line.

Besides naval shelling, artillery and heavy air bombing, our flyers dropped German leaflets in Cherbourg. The leaflets say:

"The bombs of the Allied heavies have been raining down on you, and you have been lying there defenseless.

"Those bombs were a foretaste; nothing to what the total Allied air fleets in the West could shower upon you should the necessity arise.

"Flight by sea? The guns of the Allied navies forbid.

"Flight by land? The Allied armies solidly bar the way, and even if they did not, Allied fighter bombers would turn your lines of retreat into roads of hell, as your comrades in Italy are experiencing.

"Now—as in those other fatal peninsulas, Cap Bon and the Crimea, there is only one question—

"How many must die uselessly before the inevitable end? Do not forget that many of your commanders and many thousands of your comrades before you have chosen wisely.

"They live to rebuild their country."

At 7 o'clock this morning, the following communiqué was issued by General Eisenhower: "Cherbourg was liberated by Allied troops last night." Three weeks of fighting, and we have one of the finest and largest ports in the world into which to funnel millions of troops and their ammunition and supplies. No more dependence on rocky beaches and capsizing small boats. War keeps following nature's pattern of geometric advance and geometric decline.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 28

At the end of two weeks of being bombed by robot planes it is possible to come to some conclusions that bring the latest war weapon into some sort of perspective.

First, it is clear now that Hitler meant to send over 1,000 pilotless planes each day shortly after D Day, and was prevented from this diabolical scheme only by the heavy and accurate bombing of the Pas de Calais prior to D Day. Hitler's motive may well have been that after three or four days of intense panic bombing by pilotless bombing planes, the English might be ready to listen to a bargain in which Germany would not be bombed in return for calling off the robot.

It is possible, of course, that Hitler is using the robot as a card with which to win a negotiated peace before the time falls due militarily for complete and unconditional surrender by German arms.

Second, there is no gainsaying the damage and nuisance as well as the loss of life resulting from indiscriminate firing of a flying bomb into populated areas. Since they are pilotless, flying bombs don't have to worry about weather. The defense against them varies, quite naturally, with the degree of visibility, and the time of day or night.

Third, it is quite obvious that the destructive limits of the flying bomb have not been approached, and the future of their bomb-carrying capacity and distance of flight is not a pleasant matter for the civilized world to contemplate.

Fourth, flying-bomb launching platforms are apparently very difficult to bomb effectively, being extremely small from bombing height, and being capable of maximum reinforced concrete protection. Defense against the flying bomb is, therefore, largely

a matter so far of waiting for them to be launched along the Channel shore, and then be chased and shot at by fighter planes and anti-aircraft between the Channel and their maximum flight range.

Fifth, German claims of damage, casualties and panic are patently ridiculous and it appears that the Germans have once again underestimated the British people—the non-military and non-political householders and business folk who *are* England. If Hitler thought that any of these heroic, unruffled civilians would cry out against the Churchill government, demanding a bargain calling off the bombing of Germany in return, Hitler was an even greater fool than when he invaded Russia.

Last, it is clear that the principles of the flying bomb are now well known to Allied military science, and that for all the bumbling, defenses can be found against such an eerie weapon, as there is a defense for every weapon of war ever invented.

The Russians seem to have given birth to the best suggestion of all for halting robot raids in the southern half of England. The Russians say: "Take northern France, and the Germans will have no place from which to fire the flying bomb at Britain." It is such a simple, logical comment on the robot that it has had great appeal for the people of southern England.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 29

Twenty-five-year-old Gordon Thring, now a Flight Lieutenant, but in peacetime a teacher from Guelph, Ontario, told me tonight how he crash-landed behind enemy lines, shot down in flames, and yet brought back sixty German prisoners—the men who had been his jailers.

He and the crew of a heavy bomber, from one of the Royal Air Force airborne squadrons, were hit by flak over the French coast at the end of a supply-dropping run. With port engines on fire, Lieutenant Thring crash-landed in a wheat field, somewhere in Normandy, behind the enemy.

The enemy didn't know whether these Canadians sitting in the field were French workingmen or enemy troopers. The Canadians had only one revolver among them, and when some German soldiers came along toward them on bicycles, there was some question among the Allies whether to open fire against a sea of tommy-guns, or lie low.

Caution seemed to be the better part of valor, and the airborne visitors dropped back in the grass. But it was too late. The cyclists swung in and covered the Allied soldiers with tommy-guns and marched them off to their commanding officer. The Germans were on their way back from the coastal area and they took the new prisoners along, making the prisoners carry German wounded. It was a rather unpleasant day or two.

Soon most of the Allied prisoners were pretty well all in. Lieutenant Thring didn't know how far they'd walked, carrying German wounded. They seemed to be going around in circles and the Germans seemed to have no definite plan of retreating from the Normandy beachhead. The young German commandant finally stopped outside a French chateau that had been well hit and the prisoners were put up in the stable. Hans, a Norwegian, had had hay fever all along and the dry straw dust in the stable nearly drove him mad. He sneezed his head off.

A non-commissioned German officer came in soon after and tossed the prisoners a loaf of bread, strong-tasting stuff. The Lieutenant asked for water and the Germans brought a bottle of port wine and a bottle of champagne. Then the Germans brought some coffee, or what passed for coffee. It was brown and hot. There was plenty of real butter too. It was a fine meal.

Allied mortars were soon getting the range of the chateau,

however, and the prisoners didn't like the idea of being sent West by the accuracy of their own guns. The Germans and the prisoners fell into a slit trench, and waited.

"It got crazier and crazier," said the Lieutenant from Ontario. "We just sat there under our own mortar fire, and as the Huns passed back and forward along the slit trench, they would say 'Excuse please, British soldier,' and give us a little bow. We were pretty glad we were in the trench when our mortars found the stable. It went up in flames in the middle of the night."

The Canadians had some bad moments as the Germans began to get out a white flag and insisted that an Allied soldier wave it. There was a feeling all night that the Allied soldiers advancing toward the ruined chateau were about to make a bayonet charge and would be unable to tell friend from foe in the heavy dark of the French countryside. The Germans fixed the white flag to the wall, and waited.

Finally an old Frenchman came along and the Canadians dispatched him to tell the advancing Allied troops that there were friendly soldiers in the slit trench, as well as German. An Allied patrol soon came up. The Germans were lined up—sixty of them. The handful of men in blue uniforms who had once been prisoners were now in charge of the proceedings. The last thing that happened there was that the German non-commissioned officer brought out another bottle of champagne and, with tears in his eyes, said: "Sister, London. The guerre, nicht bon."

Lieutenant Thring somehow got the sixty Germans back to the coast, and on their way to prison camps. The plane had crashed five miles northwest of Caen. There wasn't much fight left in the Germans, even while they were taking the young Allied airmen prisoner. They said the Allied naval bombardment had shaken them beyond redemption. All of Lieutenant Thring's associates in the crash landing are back in the air tonight, and so is Lieutenant Thring. I liked his story.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
June 30

We watch the hated enemy in many ways, through espionage, through interpretation of his propaganda, through aerial reconnaissance, questioning of prisoners, and other devices that are not for publication. One of the divisions of aerial reconnaissance is called the Target Section.

The Target Section plans, procures and keeps track of operations from the air. The planning is as complicated as anything in the Army, for it requires thousands of aerial photograph-maps, and the bombers, for instance, bomb by use of photographic maps on a scale of one inch to the mile. Precision daylight bombers (heavyweights, that is) bomb on a scale twice as detailed. Medium bombers, low-level and dive bombers are handed photographic maps so detailed as to show one to sixteen thousand, or less than a quarter of a mile to every inch of map.

Every kind of map must be provided—shaded maps, terrain maps, water maps, forest maps, military installation maps, road and rail maps and political maps. The Target Section of Intelligence must get all this information, and somehow get it printed and in the hands of the right bombardier and the right navigator at the right airfield at the right time. An information sheet goes with each map.

This information sheet shows, for instance, the history of railroad bombing in that particular part of France, or Germany, or Belgium. Photo interpreters allot categories to each target—"total destruction," "destruction B," "C" and "D," and untouched targets. The maps make it instantly clear, by colors, what has been smashed and what hasn't been damaged at all.

Take railroad bombing, which goes on all the time, now that

supply is the Germans' major headache in France. One target on the north French map reads: "Totally destroyed." It looks like a railroad crossing another railroad. It won't have to be bombed again for quite a while, because it is at a geographical point difficult of repair. This point—"totally destroyed"—will not, moreover, ever be visited again by heavy bombers unless Intelligence finds wholesale rebuilding on subsequent aerial photographic maps. Mapping goes on every day, rain or shine, all over Europe.

Area "B" has been smashed but may be capable of restoration. Heavy bombers won't go back there, but mediums will, if necessary. Area "C" shows insufficient results, and four-engined bombers, such as Fortresses and Lancasters, will be sent back when weather and timing make it proper. Area "D" shows no appreciable damage after bombing, and must be revisited at once.

Here's a sample bombing by an American mission. Let's say that certain French railroads are the target for today. The railroad bridges on the Seine are also to be bombed. The idea behind both ventures is dislocation of Nazi transport and supply into northwest France.

Our heavy bombers start out against bridges over the Seine—dozens of them, big bridges that make crossing of the Seine a simple matter, but the absence of which make it virtually impossible. By smashing the bridges over the Seine and the Loire, we will keep Nazi armor out of northwestern France, or at least slow it down sharply for a few days. Our mediums and lights will bomb from low altitudes on railroad targets at the same time, railroads leading up to these Seine and Loire bridges, with special attention to the area about Paris, which is a spiderweb of rails.

Next day our reconnaissance planes will be out, and the maps will change. Certain bridges will have fallen into the rivers, virtually useless bridges now. Others will have been hit or sub-

jected to deadly near-misses, and will need a lot of repairing. Others will have been missed completely and will remain on the maps in the same color. They'll be bombed tomorrow, or the next day.

What does our reconnaissance see after a good raid of this sort? It finds that half as much Nazi supply traffic can get through to northwestern France as could get through twenty-four hours ago, because many crossings of the Seine and the Loire must now be made by pontoon bridges or ferryboat. Since several of the main line railroads leading into the upper right-hand corner of France are temporarily out of commission, rail traffic on the remaining rail lines is not only off schedule but on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Having been in badly flooded country back home, I know what extemporaneous railroad schedules can mean in hours, days and nights of standing completely stationary.

Locomotives in this bombed area are not where they ought to be. They are stuck on railroad tracks bitten off at both ends. Coal is in dumps, but the dumps are now inaccessible except by overland hauling. Since some bridges are down, the remaining bridges are overloaded and the congestion is geometric. The best of our strategy is that the enemy doesn't know if we want to keep him in or out of an area whose bridges have been bombed. It is logical either way. He must guess. And he can be wholly wrong, as he was wholly wrong about Normandy. Apparently he brought his armor out of one area and into another area, and was promptly cut off in the rear from supplying the Normandy defenders.

Railroads are difficult targets, not very easy to keep out of action. They can be repaired in a few hours, except the biggest marshaling yards. Even direct hits on yards such as the enormous Pennsylvania Railroad yards in Long Island City wouldn't stop all the traffic, and new rails can be laid almost at once.

Bridges are something else again. A big bridge across a big

river takes years to build; it cannot be replaced at all in wartime, very likely. Pontoon bridges have limitations as to speed of current, depth of water, rock formations in the river, distance to be spanned, and availability of pontoon-bridge material, which may very well be locked up on a railroad line bombed at both ends. Thus, if our raid has been a good one, we have sealed off a corner of France, into which enemy armor will have the devil's own time moving to supply the defenders of what was once humorously known as the "Impregnable West Wall."

Inside this sealed-off sector, our fighter-bombers strafe and harass continuously. Transport on roadways is dive-bombed. Roads and small interior bridges are scuttled, and must be repaired quickly by the enemy to relieve the congestion already apparent here and there from the air. That's where the Target Section of Intelligence comes into its third function—it keeps track of what's to be done now. One hundred sorties by heavy bombers will, on an average, destroy a big bridge. Three thousand sorties by heavies will destroy a big German industrial plant. The enemy's routes of movement are kept up to date by the hour. This means new maps to be printed and new colors painted on them. It means keeping up with the new points of delay, where fifty German tanks wait in an inviting line to cross a small fording near a ruined French bridge.

But it takes good weather to keep the maps and the bombing up to date. The worst June in the memory of Channel residents isn't making the labor of the Target Section of U.S. Army Intelligence any easier, nor is our invasion program up to schedule, either.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 1

I went to General Eisenhower's headquarters today to get a piece for the paper on a day with General Ike. The soldiers really call him that. It isn't Rotarian publicity stuff, but fact. We all swear by him. A private from Abilene, Kansas, went in to see the General and stayed half an hour. He told General Ike he'd never make his buddies believe he'd really talked with General Eisenhower for half an hour, and would the General write him a note to that effect? The General did so.

Item number two: An American private soldier, a Negro, had been convicted of raping an Englishwoman and had been sentenced by the courtmartial to be hanged for the offense. We got hold of the testimony, as did the *Daily Herald*, and it seemed to us that the Negro was being unfairly handled. There was no question about his adventure with the white woman. But there was little question, either, that she had not only consented, but had been with the boy several times in the past. He admitted everything except the one important legal fact—that he had forced her. At any rate, we decided—Geoff, Joe Barnes, Ned Russell and I—to do something about it. It appeared that the case was now in Eisenhower's hands, so we thought we'd wait and see how the appeal came out. Sure enough, Eisenhower overruled the courtmartial and the hanging sentence was eliminated. The woman is known as the village tart among her townspeople. So, General Ike has saved us from a Scottsboro case at a time when we are invading Europe to liberate slaves and defend minorities. Good stuff.

I like Eisenhower. He reminds me of what one might honestly call "a typical American." He speaks with a Texas-Kansas accent, dropping endings, leaving out a few r's, being very col-

loquial and friendly in his speech. He works as only Americans can work. He has none of the European inhibitions of failure, which is another American trademark. He's willing to chance things. He is tow-haired, or was, being now mostly bald, stands about 5 feet 11 inches, weighs about 180, and smokes one cigarette after another. He likes Scotch and rye, but not much of either. He likes to eat and he doesn't like wartime diet. The *Stars and Stripes* calls him General Ike, and his aides call him General Ike when stuffed brass isn't too near. I don't know what stuffed brass is, but stuffiness and brass seem to go together quite often in the American Army. Not with Eisenhower, however. I do believe he's the least stuffy man in high place I've ever met, except for Ambassador Winant, who thinks he's Lincoln, and overdoes it.

We had lunch quickly and neatly. The lunch was pea soup, Southern fried steak, peas, potatoes, salad, and fruit and coffee. Best lunch I've had since I ate at the bomber base.

Eisenhower has been going to the beachhead again and again, though his visits usually are unpublished. He has seen Monty half a dozen times since D Day, has had Churchill as a headquarters guest, and has been in London to see Churchill, has seen the King and, indeed, almost all of the men who have most to say about the war. The King is supposed to be only a state figure, a sort of national flag; but I know of my own knowledge that King George and Churchill lunch several times a week and plan each political step, as Monty and Ike plan each military step.

The First Army under General Bradley is announced tonight as being in France. Good Lord, that secret has been kept a long time. Nearly three years ago the first soldiers with "A" on their shoulders came to England to mix the concrete for the foundations for invasion. Only tonight is it told. The Fifth Army in Italy; the First Army in Normandy. I wish I could write down what else I know, but I can't.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, July 4

A German prisoner told me: "The most terrifying thing I have ever known in battle is that new plane of yours." He was talking about the rocket-firing Typhoon, now operating with the Second Tactical Air Force in Normandy. The prisoner had seen service on the Russian front, and was now a captured tanker. His tank, with twenty-four others, was sheltering in an orchard and preparing to go into battle when British artillery sent over indicator shells and we attacked by the low-flying Typhoons. The prisoner told us that after the attack many of the tanks were in flames and seventeen of the twenty-five were damaged beyond repair. He said these low-flying raiders were extremely accurate. What he could not stand, apparently, was the feeling of helplessness against aerial rocket-guns, a feeling akin to that experienced by the British and French in the Battle of the Bulge, when German aviators first dive-bombed, with screaming devices on their stabilizers. I know something about that now, listening constantly to the flying bomb as it begins its awful descent.

What of the next war?

The rocket and pilotless plane undoubtedly will be high on the register of weapons. I hope I never live to see these two diabolical torments brought to the perfection of power and accuracy summoned up in my imagination at this moment. The rocket-firing plane first came into prominence a day or two before the invasion, when the Typhoons carried out a series of daring attacks against enemy radio installations along the coast between Le Havre and Cherbourg. Destruction of these listening posts deprived the enemy of warning of the arrival of the great airborne force which took off for France on the night of June 5—D minus one.

The pilotless plane we know only too well by now. A man would be a fool to underestimate it, even in its present kindergarten clothes. Sitting in the control tower of the future, a large nation can dictate almost any political move it wishes, under threat of demolition of a smaller neighbor whose rocket-firing facilities are not comparable, or whose geography is vulnerable. Rockets and robots—the same weapon, actually.

I think the English pub proprietor gave me the best definition of the flying bomb and its psychological power. He said he hadn't minded the blitz because you got to feeling that if it had your name on it you were done for, and if it didn't you were all right. "But this bloody thing," he said, "this bloody thing's got a sign on it: 'To whom it may concern.' "

The English still are able to take the flying bomb with humor, humorless as it appears even to them. One newspaper cartoonist drew a panel today showing a window washer disconsolately looking about him in a struck area, and with only one word beneath the cartoon: "Blast!"

So farewell to hero England; the orders came through this evening. The Fourth of July is an appropriate day to sail for France. I'll be glad to get to the front—where it's quiet.

INVASION *Journal*

AN EVACUATION TRAIN FROM LONDON, *July 5*

It was dreadful in the London terminus at noon. The children screamed; the whistles added a piercing shrill, the noises all seeming to rise to the high arch of the roof and to rebound, covered with the soot of fifty years. I had bought a first-class ticket, hoping for a seat, but the evacuation of London children from robots eliminated any such hope. Half an hour be-

fore the train was to leave there were no more seats in either first class or third class, and already the smaller children were crying and wet at the nose for their gray, disheveled mothers who stood in forlorn queues outside the gate, straining to see them. The government had made no travel provision for the children, had learned absolutely nothing from the great evacuation of the blitz, had no plans for the children after they arrived in the safe towns, and generally botched the proceedings.

In my compartment, where I stood for eight hours on a trip that normally takes four, even on wartime schedules, the screaming was almost hysterical at times. What it must have cost their small nervous systems! I know what it cost mine. Two nondescript middle-aged male Cockneys were in the compartment, celebrating St. Swithin's day ten days ahead. They knew that this St. Swithin's it would rain, so they were already bemoaning four more rainy weeks, or six more weeks, or whatever succession of rainy days suited the moment, and to drown their sorrow they resorted to some of the foulest gin I have ever been near. After a while they were offering it to me, then to other adults, and then to the children, who might well have done with some. This nightmare continued until 8:15 P.M., with no food, no toilet, and nothing to drink except the proffered gin. This was one day that never ended, and never will.

INVASION *Journal*

A BRITISH INVASION PORT, *July 7*

The dusty mirror of my room in the hotel has initials on it. S.M.W. above, in great masculine letters; D.B.B. below in small feminine letters. Ah, dearest, you and I would do well here, looking out past the balcony to the diamond bay, blue

and sparkling in the first good sun since D Day, the ships all pointing the same way as the tides and currents move them around their anchorages, like cattle facing the wind. The quiet of the port after the blitz in London and the hideous train is so loud a quiet that I am having trouble getting settled down for the night. And the town—an overgrown Gloucester, full of fish and sailor folk, mostly blue sailors, and not the non-descript Gloucester sort. A man in Gloucester dresses up by putting on a blue naval cap. Everyone in this port wears cap and uniform now, for the beachhead is only ninety-eight miles past my window. Yet this is not the front, while London is. Churchill's speech made it plain, and Churchill himself, leaning forward, his knuckles white with his pressure on the blue lectern, was speaking seriously. I heard him and I know.

But here there is no front—it is a sort of summer yacht club in which each young yachtsman has his destroyer, or LCT, or MTB, or battleship to play with—and he plays with it all the time. The only people I've seen who were more intense about what they were doing were six-day bicycle riders, chess players and outboard motorboat enthusiasts.

On the way down from the station, which showed the ravages of war in its fractured skylights, I saw many grand things, not the least of them being a local law firm staring at me through a platform aperture: "Dim, Good and Brown."

I liked a story a soldier told me on the train, a true story. Camouflage has come into ripe manhood in this war, and the Germans have, of course, outdone everyone. On a captured headquarters, the Canadians near Caen found a wire netting filled with green-painted gunny sacks that were made to look from the air like a golf course. Not only were there greens and fairways, but a German prisoner admitted that it was an assignment every day for a Nazi private to dress in golf clothes and move back and forth across the headquarters camouflage, driving and putting imaginary golf balls!

Outside my window here there are two American soldiers playing catch—another relaxing circumstance after noisy, dangerous London. One of the Yanks is a good ball player, but the other one is like Babe Herman—he catches the ball in self-defense. Beyond the ball players there are two glandular Americans, one male, one female, who have done everything but undress in the swinging gondola. It was embarrassing at first, but then it was fun, and even the ball players forgot about it. Paris in the spring—London subways any time. I wish those motorcycles with their cutouts open would stop reminding me that one day soon, after the beachhead excursion, I shall have to go back there and face it again.

You never really relax in war. Perhaps that's why so many generals are so spry after retirement, and seem to outlive everyone else. Pershing was a dead man, but he refused to die, and now he's walking about on borrowed time, to the defiance of medicine.

That man beyond the spooning couple—he's stuffy even from here. I'll bet he sends his children telegrams signed "Mr. —." Beyond Mr. Stuffy are some English boys playing Indian, growing up to be Dillingers, and taking turns being German troops. Nobody ever wants to be the Germans. I never did. It was Germans then, too.

At dinner tonight with half a dozen British naval correspondents who wanted to know all about Dewey. How can you tell them all about Dewey in a few sentences? I did say one true thing that bubbled out as I talked—that the Middle West is naturally conservative because all the progressive young blood moves away to both coasts. What's left is conservative, and grows into reaction. The distances to each ocean make considerable difference, too. In New York, the next stops are London and Paris. In San Francisco, Hawaii and Honshu are neighbors to the west. In Chicago, 1,500 miles of United States are neighbors east and west and the oceans are things to reach, not cross.

A BRITISH INVASION PORT, *July 8*

The head porter at the Regina Hotel goes about as though someone were following him; his eyes are so close together that they seem to be hiding behind his nose, afraid of being found out. I wonder what secrets he contains, secrets worth printing? There is a story in everyone, if only a man takes the time to get it. The little people, and the little boats, still run the works, just as the head porter of the Regina Hotel runs his own small bailiwick, more or less surreptitiously. Each body contains secrets from the other bodies; a wonderment of the Lord, that secrets can be so well kept in such a small package as a human being.

So I stopped to talk to the head porter today and I learned a good deal about England and Winston Churchill from him. Churchill started off in the nineteenth century when he recalled his great ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, and compared Hitler to the futile Napoleon; Churchill went back to the eighteenth century when he began to plan for a crossing of the Channel to defeat a great continental power; he went back to the seventeenth century when he said: "I have not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire"; and now he's gone back to the Middle Ages in social planning—in spite of such a brave beginning.

The head porter at the Regina Hotel has a keen mind behind his narrow eyes. He says that the hardest thing in the world is to know when to quit, and he remembers Lloyd George saying it too, about himself as well as Churchill. He thinks Churchill could quit very soon after war ends and be an everlasting British hero—another Wellington, living a pleasant life writing a history of these (his own) times as only Churchill could write it.

The head porter reminds me of a significant fact about England and the war—that in virtually no English games are substitutes allowed. The teams start and they finish, and if one player is lost, the side goes on one short. It is a definition of the way the war is being won—and of the way other wars have been won, too.

The head porter thinks the greatness of the British is their inconsistency and, at the same time, their constancy. They are inconsistent about the way they live—the greatest people and force on earth live more poorly, eat worse, have less fun, even in peacetime, than any other major nation, except China. Of all the absurdities, British coinage is the silliest. A pound, for instance, is worth twenty shillings; but there is another coin or paper, the guinea, that's worth twenty-one shillings. Why have two major coins so nearly alike? The head porter says it goes back (and who am I to disbelieve this misplaced Dr. Johnson?) to the law courts of other days, when a lawyer got a pound and his clerk one shilling—together a guinea. To this day, lawyers, doctors and most fancy stores use the guinea instead of the pound to state prices. The idea is that the people concerned can afford the luxury of a currency all their own—can, indeed, enjoy guineas instead of pounds. I said that there was a pound and that there was a guinea, but actually there is no coin or note of twenty-one shillings—it's just a price. What a country!

And it is this inconsistency, this fluidity of logic, that makes the English so resilient, and therefore so unbeatable and long-lived. The British will fight—all of them, every class and profession—suffer, starve, be humiliated and finally win, at terrible cost, for the sake of preserving their House of Commons and their free speech. Yet they will allow such gross distinctions between class—common soldier and commissioned officer, one living like a pig, the other in complete comfort on the same troop transport—that even the German caste system is liberal-

ism by comparison. The English who work for newspapers as tradesmen, printers, office helpers, union laborers, get three or four pounds a week, and are barely able to live on what they earn by working seven days a week; yet the earnings of British newspapers rarely fall below 11 per cent in the back pages of *The Times*. The same families get the money that have always got the money. Yet, somehow, there is no revolution, for all the poor food, bad housing, absurdly antiquated educational system, and reverence for royalty and class.

Yes, people are bags of secrets, and each secret walks about by itself, and will never be fully discovered. If I had only looked at and not talked to the head porter of the *Regina*, I should have thought him a low mean fellow, a human refrigerator looking narrowly out at the world between close, hiding eyes. If I had not spoken to him he might never have shown me a side of Churchill that I had never seen before—the beginning of the end of an era, in which a great man lived, and is now beginning to struggle from the weight of too much history.

And I might never have gone close enough to the unhandsome head porter at the hotel to observe that he had, at some younger and less inhibited time of life, won the Victoria Cross. Now that I've known it, I have seen every British soldier in the hotel, from Brigadier to foot-slogger, salute the man with the narrow eyes who doesn't look like much of anyone, taken at a glance.

The Russians began to invest Vilna tonight. These incredible soldiers are only sixty miles from East Prussia, the first German soil to be a battleground in this war, not counting the early hours when the Nazis were in Danzig and Austria. We have taken Caen and push past Caen to the Orne and Odon, toward Paris. Our troops in Italy have reached the Florence-Rimini line.

Is it any wonder, then, that Goebbels is making a tour of

Eastern Germany, drumming up spirits, threatening and warning? We have Germany precisely where we want her, for the first time since October, 1918. She won the peace between November, 1918, and September, 1939, and we lost it. We are tonight in a better strategical position than at any hour in twenty-five and a half years—and the Germans know it, too. We are in what the stockmarket boys would call "a strong technical position."

That the German higher-ups know this is clear enough from the fact that Goebbels now talks of guerilla warfare within the frontiers of the Reich. That must be powerful and disturbing news for the German home front. I hope they *do* go in for guerilla fighting inside Germany. It will mean that the problem of handling Germany after the war will be simplified by that much, for the longer Germany fights now, the longer it will be before Europe has to give up its peace for another German war. They have had three in a lifetime.

Zooommm!

That one was close, directly over the hotel, and hell-bent for leather. Everyone is running down into the lobby, for flying bombs are something to be curious about down here. After three weeks in London, I'm going to let them look, and then tell me.

They report excitedly that it missed the top of the hotel by 150 feet, and flew directly over it. I should guess, from experience in London, qualifying as at least a minor-league expert, that it cleared the hotel by at least 400 feet. Even at that height it sounded as though it were coming right through my bedroom window, on the next to the top floor. Every bedroom sounded the same, for I was quickly out of bed and the last to reach the lobby. The English wear or do not wear some of the damnedest things to bed.

AT A BRITISH INVASION PORT, *July 11*

I made my first remote recording today. Richard North of the BBC drove me out toward the inlet where the BBC has a relay and transcription station, a structure with a one-story flat roof that makes it look like an air-raid shelter. A very tall man, probably 6 feet 8 inches, and so very kind and gentle, as most very tall people are, helped me get my stuff ready and sent it to London for re-broadcast in New York over WOR—Mutual, on the *Herald Tribune's* spot. I've been doing this spot for eight weeks, and I must say I'd rather broadcast from the calm, unruffled studios of the BBC in London than the mad-houses at 1440 Broadway or 385 Madison Avenue in New York.

The remote went well enough. The Very Tall Man introduced me to the unseen recorder in London, who took down our instructions as to the time and place of re-broadcast, and the message to all concerned in New York. Then I waited ten seconds and began my stint, chiefly on the availability of Cherbourg as a port to be supplied direct from the United States. It's a new angle, and the censor may kill it. I hope not. British censors are so much more liberal and intelligent than U.S. censors. I hate to go back to U.S. censorship in New York. A British censor will let you tell the news but you may have to be subtle about it. The British have a veneration for the printed word that we in America don't have, en masse. A writer is just a bloke who had the original idea in Hollywood and never got so much as a screen credit; but in England (and in Russia) he's a powerful man with a powerful weapon—which is a solid picture of the situation.

I think the Middle West is adolescent mainly because it is unable to understand the power of the spoken and printed

word. Adolescence declines to accept the potency of words because words are subtle swords that pierce and stab and thrust deeply—yet they make no sound. Adolescence likes the 155-millimeter howitzer that speaks loud. Yet rifles and swords do more. So do words, eating into the souls of people the world around.

Yes, the English are right. They respect words, and the power of words. A book must, indeed, be limited to certain maximum printings here in England, the demand for the printed word is so great. The spoken word is powerful too. But it evaporates. The printed word remains, and that is why the English queue up for their newspapers enough to make glad the heart of every writer, every newshawk, every distraught publisher, every suicide-bent circulation manager, every soul on earth who loves the printed word, and the English commoner's reverence for it. It is more than reverence. It is veneration.

So, the remote went well. I had not finished my script by the time we pulled up at the squat, shelterlike building. I finished it under the benign eye of an assistant to the Very Tall Man. This young assistant waited until the blotting stage, and then he ceased to be still. He had been very still indeed, until the blotting stage. The assistant had, moreover, a strange sort of stain upon his fingers, looking like rust, which he proceeded to suck, failing to rub off the stain on the left and right sides of his shirt. It seemed sanitary enough to him, since they were his own fingers he was sucking. The stain seemed to be from tobacco, and the sucking did nothing to change its color upon the fingers.

The broadcast completed, Richard North and I went back to the port in a Navy auto, had some drinks at the hotel, and then I went to bed early, being very tired, and having a date with *H.M.S. Ramillies* late tonight.

I feel I should record here an incredible story I heard tonight which has now been verified over the radio—a cold-blooded

offer to barter Jewish lives for lorries, medical supplies and other items of war, an offer that could only be set forth by a German.

It is so fantastic that it is hard to believe. Yet it is true. Hitler was hard to believe. Yet he was true. The bombing of undefended Rotterdam was hard to believe. But it was true. This is the story in brief:

To a Turkish city there came recently a prominent Hungarian Jew, accompanied by a German watchdog, both of whom made contact with British officials, established their identity and produced this offer. The 400,000 Hungarian Jews still remaining would be handed over to the Allies in exchange for 10,000 lorries, medical supplies and certain specified foodstuffs. In a naive belief that it would make the proposed bargain more attractive to the Anglo-Americans, it was strongly hinted that the lorries and medical supplies would be used only on the Russian front. If refused, the 400,000 Jews would be executed.

The reply by Britain was at once to inform the Russians of the offer, to refuse point-blank to have anything to do with such a blackmail, and to publicize the whole bloody, indecent barter to the world.

INVASION *Journal*

ABOARD THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP *Ramillies*,
July 11 (later)

No warship of any size in either the British or American fleets has seen as much action since D Day as this great old ship of the line. The *Ramillies* is twenty-eight years old, but at that ripe age she was able to pour more than 1,000 rounds of 15-inch shells into German troops and guns before her services in this regard were no longer necessary. The *Ramillies* is a

29,000-ton battlewagon, carrying eight 15-inch rifles, four forward and four aft; twelve 6-inch rifles, and more overhead smaller-caliber firepower than can be mentioned in detail. You get a pretty good idea of what one battleship can do in a combined operation when you check back through the *Ramillies'* actions during those 1,000 rounds of 15-inchers that weighed so heavily in the balance of making the invasion stick.

In the ward room of *H.M.S. Ramillies*, Commander A. A. E. Wheeler, Chief gunnery officer, told me the *Ramillies'* story. First we had whiskey, then we had more whiskey, then we had an excellent lunch with more butter than I've seen before in England, and with apple pie and snappy cheese for dessert. Then we had cigarettes and coffee, and then we had the *Ramillies'* story. It begins about the first week in June.

Ramillies was assigned to support and destroy the shore batteries in the area west of Deauville, France. Her first specific objective was Benerville, where a heavy German shore battery was making landing quite impossible. *Ramillies* began firing 15-inch shells into Benerville battery at 5:45 A.M. on June 6.

The range was 24,000 yards and the battery wasn't so very wide. Yet out of 23 rounds of 15-inch, *Ramillies* made three direct hits, and eight within 100 yards. Armor-piercing shells were used, of course, since almost all German shore batteries are encased in reinforced concrete, which often defies high explosive.

Assignment two came soon after, when the Army ashore signaled that the airborne divisions ashore needed help repelling a counterattack. This was fulfilled. The counterattack was repelled, and the airborne blokes stuck it until real infantry came along. This secured the beach at least one point.

Benerville battery was kicking up again, so, with spotting aircraft, *Ramillies* went back to the shore. The aircraft spotters reported smoke every once in a while, and the *Ramillies* knew that her shells were hitting the enemy.

But still Benerville was troublesome, for the Boche had moved up mobile guns, where others lay broken and useless. *Ramillies* was soon ordered to destroy the Benerville emplacements. It was the most successful shoot of two weeks, and Benerville never spoke German again.

For two days, *Ramillies* was ordered to shell enemy guns in a wood, an enemy battery, enemy tanks and petrol installations, mechanical transport and artillery at a crossroads, a marshaling yard, and a part of Caen that has been mentioned as shelled from the sea despite its depth inland. The Army radioed back: "Shooting effective, German guns ceased firing, nice work, all 24 counterattacks stopped."

There was a lull in the proceedings, and everyone slept when he could, for sleep had been at a premium. But soon again the mobile forts that are the British and American battleships in these waters were summoned for a specific task. It made the story of the week.

Our ship had been assigned to put out a certain railroad junction near Caen. It was vitally important, with Montgomery starting his push into Caen. But at the vital moment the aircraft spotter was shot down, or somehow wasn't there. A weaver plane, which was sent to protect the spotter, was called upon to spot.

"Sir," radioed the weaver plane, "I know nothing about spotting. I've never spotted before."

"Who are you?" asked *Ramillies*.

"I'm a Canadian sergeant pilot," said the weaver, hovering amid the flak over Caen. "If you'll tell me what you want, maybe I can perform this appendectomy by remote control."

Ramillies decided to chance it, for the railroad simply had to be bashed. She stood off and, from 24,000 yards, she lobbed one shell in the general direction of the target.

"Bloody good shot!" came the answer from the Canadian plane.

"But *where?*?" *Ramillies* wanted to know. "Where did it land?"

"Direct hit on the railroad crossing," the Canadian pilot continued ecstatically.

"Thank you very much," said *Ramillies*, "but *where* did we hit? East, west, north, south? How can we shoot if you won't tell us where we've hit?"

"East, I should say from here," said the Canadian, dodging flak. "Try another one."

Ramillies tried another, and the answer came back: "Bad shot, you blokes. Missed it by a mile. Move it west a bit." *Ramillies* shot a bit west. Then a bit further west still. The amateur spotter suddenly became excited again, and his flow of praise for Royal Naval gunnery flowed in through the transmission. In his amateur way he kept *Ramillies* informed all afternoon, until he began to run out of petrol, and had to say good-bye. *Ramillies* would mention him in dispatches if he hadn't forgotten, in his exuberance, to give his name.

Our ship was called upon to help stop the counterattack at Caen after Montgomery began to charge. Suddenly there was an "Emergency cease fire." It turned out that British troops had moved ahead so fast that the last salvo from *Ramillies* landed less than 100 yards ahead of our troops. The spotter had sat it all out, and his calm voice had never betrayed to us the fact that our salvos of 15-inch destruction were coming closer, closer, finally landing so close they blew the microphone out of his hand. Spotters and sappers—they're real men.

Three days of firing and one night of 300 rounds had worn the big guns, and they and other parts of the royal sovereign class ships needed fixing. On the way back, Houlgate battery needing attending to, and despite enemy subterfuge, the *Ramillies* made 41 hits within 100 yards out of 49 rounds. It was the finest shooting ever made by the *Ramillies* in twenty-eight eventful years. The enemy subterfuge consisted of putting out

dummy splashes to confuse our gunners. It's not a new trick, but a smart one. Commander Wheeler caught on quickly, and soon Houlgate battery was a mess.

INVASION *Journal*

ABOARD THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP *Ramillies*, July 12

The Germans are using dummy gun emplacements along the invasion coast, fake splashes to throw our fire off, wooden bullets with a sort of poison dye that could be very nasty inside a man, and fake aircraft-spotter signals designed to make our ships fire on our own troops.

These and many other items of interest have come to light in a series of interviews with officers and men busily engaged in odd nooks and crannies of my 29,000-ton hotel. A British battleship is an enormously newsy place, actually, although the men aboard don't seem to consider it interesting, but indeed quite routine. From a visitor's point of view there is nothing routine about anything that floats carrying eight 15-inch rifles and "lesser" armament.

First, the German dummy guns. They were discovered by shore parties, and they looked like the real thing from far out at sea or from the flak-filled air. They were complete, to a miniature railroad running up through the limestone projections, and to the German swastika at the door. But they were fake inside. They had never been intended for serious occupancy, and the guns were wooden, or plastic.

The fake splashes I have already described, but, briefly, they did what they sound as though they might do—throw off our spotting until we caught on. It is a military secret how the splashes were made, but the British know it and call it ingenious. It isn't so very new, either, since the French used it against

Lord Nelson, who didn't have any spotting aircraft to help him overhead.

The wooden bullets have been mentioned in dispatches from the front, but these specimens were the first I'd seen, and the fact that poisonous dye covered their tips isn't generally known. The wooden bullets were found by millions all along the shore. They might have caused ghastly wounds among our troops, for a wooden bullet of this kind is designed to splinter, once it gets into a man.

Ship's doctor tells me that a wooden bullet could cause even more harm than a dum-dum, now outlawed and rarely seen in this war despite the use of other barbarous implements. Because it is extremely light, a wooden bullet cannot be very accurate at even twenty yards, and certainly can have no accuracy at all at 100 yards. Its chief attributes are ease of manufacture in a nation short of metal, and whatever grim satisfaction a German can have in tearing a man's insides open with wooden splinters when a clean wound will put him out of action just as long.

Almost every ship in the British and American fleets has by now encountered the fake aircraft spotter. One was so good, his Morse was so excellent, and his phraseology so text-bookish that the gunnery officer suspected him immediately. The gunnery officer asked a question or two about men and things that the fake spotter ought to have known off-hand, and the spotter's signals suddenly ceased. Had the ships fired where these spotters suggested, Allied shells would have fallen on Allied troops, and not, I may say, for the first time.

One of the British cruisers in our sector was *H.M.S. Diadem*, whose armament and tonnage are so new as to be still secret. The *Diadem* had a typical cruiser's log, which is well worth relating.

In three weeks she stayed in virtually the same spot off Bayeux and lobbed shell after shell into such a variety of targets as no Navy has ever been called upon to attack in the history

of sea warfare. Her shells went in twelve miles, and they smashed every conceivable object of war from railroad sidings to hangars. In three weeks of lobbing she fired several thousand rounds, which did her guns no good. The thousand rounds of 15-inch shells that the *Ramillies* shot off to cover the invasion, and the thousands of rounds of smaller shells that the *Diadem* fired into German areas are totals that in peacetime would not be required of a ship's guns in fifteen to twenty years. They were fired here in fifteen to twenty days.

Five flying bombs came within sight and sound of the *Diadem*. All were coming from the north, patently curving back toward the Germans' own lines, where they landed, and patently mistaken. The gadget hadn't worked right. *Diadem* took a few shots, but the bombs weren't close enough to hit. The Nazis must have been surprised at the boomerang.

One shore party found a letter from a German soldier to his wife in Aachen, a letter unsent because other events came suddenly upon the composer. The letter ended: "I must go down to the cellar again." Evidently the German had meant shelter and not wine cellar, for there was an elaborate bomb shelter below decks, à la Maginot Line.

The *Diadem*'s crew were pretty sore about one thing. A cocky Oberleutnant from the Luftwaffe was taken prisoner, and brought aboard the *Diadem* for eventual transportation home. Instead of putting him in irons, as the crew would have liked, British fair play got the upper hand and international law was observed and all that sort of thing. So a tired young British naval lieutenant was pitched out of his comfortable bunk, and the smirking Nazi climbed in, to stay in ease and comfort until he was delivered, by motor, to an equally comfortable prison camp in England. Jolly sporting, and slightly nauseating too.

Commander T. L. Eddison, executive officer on the *Diadem*, has a family on East 83rd Street in New York, and he's embarrassed about saying hello to them through the press. Captain

E. G. A. Clifford, in command of the *Diadem*, isn't sure of his crew's average age, but he suspects that it's twenty-one, including some oldsters of the Royal Navy.

That reminds me of something I've run across ever since I began covering the British fleet. There are two kinds of officers —Royal Navy, or R.N., and Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve, or R.N.V.R. Naturally, there's a great deal of rivalry. The Royal Navy are usually older and steadier, and the R.N.V.R.'s are more apt to be dashing and young. The R.N.V.R.'s call the R.N.'s "peacetime sailors," and the R.N.'s regard the volunteers as Johnny-come-latelies. So, when you write to a British naval officer be sure you know whether he's R.N. or R.N.V.R. It's as bad to mistake them as to mistake A.U.S. and U.S.A.

To get back to the shore party, the boys drank champagne in a French village for twelve shillings sixpence a bottle (\$3.10), which was such a profitable price that it caused a scandal among the villagers and was used against the restaurateur, who should have known better than to up the price on his liberators. But the British didn't mind, since a bottle of champagne in London costs \$18 and up.

Tonight I get transferred by small-boat (the picket boat is out of operation) from the *Ramillies* to *H.M.S. Rodney*, for a trip through the Channel. At last I am going to hear naval fire from the sending side, and see why the British fleets constitute the greatest naval power on earth.

(*Later*) I spoke too soon. An Army flyer has offered me a ride to France tomorrow, and I'm going to take it. It will be for only a few days, but a few days are better than no days at all. It was beginning to look as though this facility was going to begin and end in "a British invasion port." I'll have to get word to the *Rodney*'s master, somehow, that I won't be aboard for a few days and maybe I can get picked up on the way. I fly at dawn, so I think I'll just stay up.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, *July 13*

The Army flew me over to the battlefield early this morning, and for a while I thought I had mistakenly come back to the United States. I heard no guns, saw no great armor, few troops and less war damage than I had been used to in London. The French fields inside the beaches were green and brown, squared and hedged, looking more like New England than the edge of battle. This state of affairs might have gone on indefinitely if a jeep ahead of us in the line had not suddenly got off the rutted road and run over an anti-personnel mine. The explosion violently shattered my dream of New England and did not do the jeep nor its occupants much good. One man lost a hand; another was, apparently, ruptured, or his masculine organs were badly damaged, which is one of the commonest results of stepping on German anti-personnel mines. Later in a hospital I saw several men, Germans and Americans alike, who were lying on their stomachs in temporary hospital cots, whose buttocks had been torn off by anti-personnel mines, at which no nation has gone to such fantastic lengths of perfection as the Germans. After the jeep exploded, we stayed as close to the premeditated road as the driver was able.

The very presence of mines is a shocking thing to one more or less used to human kindness. It is diabolical, for one looks about him at the gorgeous countryside and is tempted by it, as Snow White was tempted by the beautiful red apple. But the countryside is as deadly as the red apple. As in the Oz books, you must stay on the carpet of road, and never touch the Deadly Desert on both sides of it.

There are mines everywhere on the beachhead, anti-personnel mines that contain hundreds of small steel pellets or shrapnel which are said to be dangerous at 100 yards; and blast that

tears holes in human bodies, the force of which no one in the first World War ever imagined; and high explosive so powerful that a small mine that will go off with thirty-five pounds of weight on it will tear a jeep apart and take a man's leg off, or arm off, or testicles off as a starter. Since the mine blast comes almost always from the underside, where a man is most vulnerable, I suspect that the mine is Hitler's most formidable weapon of the war, used with German thoroughness and inhumanity.

Then there is the booby trap, that first cousin to the foot mine, which has cost the Allies, especially trusting, curious American boys, thousands of casualties. Booby traps may be fence posts, teacups, doorbells, jackknives, purses, drawers, light switches, automobile starters, window curtains, inkwells, fountain pens, logs of wood, boxes of mystery, pieces of food, souvenirs, "discarded" German booty, clothing, tools, strings, wires, electric-light bulbs, horns, bells, bottles of wine (corked), water faucets, door handles or about anything else that might be picked up or touched by an inquisitive or relaxed conqueror. These booby traps usually explode on a higher physical plane, and their damage is apt to consist chiefly of head wounds and stomach wounds. Yet, in spite of the powerful new anti-personnel mines (of which the booby trap is the *chef d'oeuvre*), a far greater percentage of our American casualties will live than lived in the first World War. There will be almost no gangrene (which was last war's great killer) because of sulfa and penicillin. There will be fewer deaths because blood transfusions and plasma are given immediately, and in great quantities, right there on the agonized field of first disability. In some cases, a wounded American will be in an American hospital on Staten Island within twenty-three hours of his stepping on one of these mines, or of his picking up that intriguing pen-and-pencil set that lay open and inviting on the hotel secretary.

We did not go very far inland before we could hear the front; somehow the sound of artillery made it all right, and

the mines were no longer incongruous in a setting of rural quiet and peace. The nearer we got to the front, the more nature seemed to have been subdued, and naturally, the more debris cluttered fields and roads and towns.

How were the G.I.'s faring in Normandy? That was what I wanted to know chiefly, and why I had come on this mission. It was not long in being answered.

Back in London we had met the G.I.'s in the streets, in the pubs, in the movies, in English homes—back in London where life seemed so generous to them. Food, clothes, equipment, money (particularly money) led many Londoners, who remembered the filth and discomfort of the trenches in the last war, to wonder how these bumpkin American cousins of theirs, with their fondness for creased clothes and what seemed in London to be luxuries, would face up to the war.

I think in truth that London would never know the G.I. now. The first thing that has happened to him is that he has stopped talking. He is a hard fighter and a quiet one. I may say I scarcely recognized the G.I. whom I had met in such loquacious quantities aboard my troop transport, or of whom it had been said that he was "overdecorated, overpaid and oversexed." Here in Normandy he was a hard and a quiet fighter, who did not often look up or say anything at all, in spite of the great victory at Cherbourg by American arms.

There was little of that man-to-man friendliness and casualness between officer and man, the lack of military courtesy (or any courtesy at all, sometimes) that shocked the Englishman. Here in the front there were smart salutes, and "Yes, sirs"; in the foxholes, behind the French hedgerows and inevitable poplar trees that defined every road, there was a cognizance of military code and the seriousness of war that only close living with death can produce in a military man.

And these boys had been living with death. Never forget these first soldiers in Normandy, O ye of little memory. They

have bled and died and agonized as no American troops have bled and died and agonized since our own Civil War. Indeed, the casualties have been like our own Civil War, a Château Thierry on an enormous scale; a Belleau Wood stretching into months instead of days; a Chancellorsville in which the power of high explosive was incredibly increased, and the casualties matched the ascending curve.

Back in London we had been thinking that everything in Normandy was abnormally quiet, that our advances were small, and that we were bogged down. Over here we realized that the Yanks (and the British, Canadians, Poles and French) have been fighting and dying at a usurious rate, each yard of advance costing a standard measure of blood and pain, or the end of a certain number of lives, as though there were a ratebook on the subject. I wondered if the people back in the States realized how many Americans lay newly dead or freshly maimed in this rough, bosky terrain. Dead men look strange indeed lying in a fertile field, especially the young dead. They are not the boisterous, generous G.I.'s of Piccadilly, but quiet dead who do not boast.

At home in London, some of the English thought these boys had too much self-confidence. They swaggered and boasted, and they seemed to underrate the German, or the horrors of war. England was a holiday away from home. But out here in Normandy, where the guns never stop, where the rain never ceases to fall, this damp summer of 1944, where death and pain are the condiments of living, Yankee self-confidence is winning the war, and Yankee courage is matching up to the actuality of having your foot or hand torn off by a mine, or your capacity for ecstasy forever severed and gone.

General Montgomery read the lesson at an open-air service, joining fervently in singing a hymn especially chosen as a prayer for the troops he had sent into battle in the big push southwest of Caen. As he read the lesson his voice was drowned

once or twice by the roar of Spitfires detailed to patrol beneath low-flying clouds while the service was on.

I learned tonight that Queen Mary had paid a surprise visit to an R.A.F. Transport Command airfield back across the Channel and talked to wounded soldiers just home from France. One of the soldiers said afterward: "It was getting dark when I was hit. Now here I am in bed in Old England, a day later, on a Sunday afternoon, all quiet, and peaceful, and Queen Mary standing there smiling at me."

INVASION *Journal*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, July 14, 1944

Stiffly, with an acute sense of retroactive discomfort, we got up out of our foxholes and began the day. I missed brushing my teeth, and having a bath. I wanted a clean shirt, and a hot breakfast. I wanted all the other things a man at the front wants and cannot have—simple things, things he thought came automatically until now. But since our stay in these parts is limited because of my assignment to the Royal Navy, I at least was able to say to myself that this was only something to be borne for a few hours. The real soldiers had no such imminent alleviation.

I saw this morning a faked edition of *Le Soir*, which was printed and sold by underground patriots—mostly Maquis—for some time right under the noses of the Nazis before they realized it was not their own publication. These underground papers have been the life of the freedom movement, for in its worst days it must have come close to being snuffed out by the cyclone of German propaganda and the reality of German vic-

tory. There's something definite about the printed word, however, something reassuring, as though, since it has been printed and cannot be torn from the paper, except the paper itself be destroyed, its words are there to stay. This is not true of the spoken word. Radio news commentators have told me that they got the most fantastic letters from people who have thought they heard something said over the radio that was not even closely related to what actually was in the script. But the paper is there, and it cannot be erased, except the paper itself be destroyed. That is not an easy thing to do. The Germans have, it seems, been like Lady Macbeth, crying, "Out, out, damned spot! Out, I say!" And the spot has remained, for all the wringing of their hands, and the purging of their unarmed adversaries.

Later this morning I saw several French women whose heads had been shaved. They looked like young men, some of them very handsome in spite of the absence of hair, and the patchy darks and lights that go with shaved heads. They had been driven through the streets of Cherbourg by loyal French women, Resistance fighters, who had suffered physically as well as in all the other ways a loyal man or woman suffers when all that is worth while in the world seems irrevocably gone, and the Devil is high.

A Madame Lucie Aubrac, young French Resistance fighter, told us she thought shaving a woman's head was at once perfect punishment and perfect identification.

"What would you have us do with these collaborators?" said the tall, dark-haired woman, who seemed never to be still as she talked or listened. She went on in half French: "What would you have us do, Monsieur, put them in prison? For one thing, the prisons are full. For another, the women who have had their heads shaved do not merit prison. They are the women who 'consoled' the Boche soldiers. They have not betrayed any-

one to their death—traitors like that will be shot or will go to prison. But these women who have betrayed in the spirit, we treat them more lightly. We shave their heads. We do not write across their papers and preserve their crime. In a few weeks or a few months their hair will grow again and all will be forgotten.

"For the women to whom this has been done are the women of the town, almost all of them. In the old days they were whipped. We are not whipping today. For us in France, ridicule is a mortal weapon. It kills. These petty collaborators, therefore, we ridicule. They are not worth more, and they don't deserve less. Try to imagine to yourself, the feelings, Monsieur, of the men of the Maquis who have fought for years in secret, when they meet a woman who has made friends with the enemy. Do you wonder they explode?

"Let me tell you a story." The dark eyes and dark hair seemed to burn with the energy of the telling of some great thing, kept locked so long inside her tongue. "Let me tell you about Armistice Day.

"On Armistice Day last year the men of the Maquis announced that they would hold a parade in a certain town. The Germans occupied the town, as we knew they would. And the parade was held in another town. One of these collaboration flirts of the Germans tried to telephone to advise the Boche of the change of plan. The message was intercepted. The Germans did not arrive. Two days later the informer was taken from her house by men of the Maquis and stripped naked. A word was painted across her backside and she was turned out of doors; she was not killed. The word, Monsieur, was "Traitor." Do you think that was too severe? Me—I marvel at their mercy.

"Monsieur, the Anglo-Saxons are strange to a Latin. You are brave. You will face anything, except the shocking, and

what shocks you and what shocks us are different things. There are things *I* find shocking, Monsieur. I cannot talk about—I do not talk about atrocity stories. But I cannot weep over these petty traitors with their shaven hair. I have seen too many women who have had their eyelashes plucked one by one, or their fingernails torn out to make them speak. And I have seen them refrain from speaking though they would not have believed they could stand such slow pain.

"Besides, Monsieur, today I have heard the English say that this shaving of heads is a German way to treat women. I will not say that it is just that they should be treated like Germans, for they have chosen to become half-Germans. I will say that if you here knew the Germans as we have had to know them, you would not say that to shave the head is German. Those gentry have worse things in their repertoire, especially for a woman. Did you ever hear of venereal disease, Monsieur, and did you ever hear of a decent, fine young housewife being threatened with its infection if she did not tell what she knew about the Maquis, and did you hear her say, Monsieur, that even if she were so mistreated she would not tell? And of course, she was then purposefully infected upon the spot? No, Monsieur, I doubt if you Anglo-Saxons could know. But I know, for I have seen such things in my own village. Supposing it had been your wife, Monsieur; now, how do you feel about it?"

The French woman stood up and began to walk away, for there was much to do in preparation for a visit by General de Gaulle, or so it had been rumored. She turned to say a last word: "I would say that we of the Resistance who have lived the life we have had to live for the past four years now have the right to punish those who comforted our enemies. And if we punish them with ridicule in the French way—why not? For we are French and—thanks largely to you—Normandy be-

gins to be France again. It will be a happy Fourteenth of July for some of us, Monsieur."

I wondered for a time, as our jeep moved up the beachhead, staying well within the defined mine clearance, why Madame Aubrac should have defended such an obvious act of revenge, and such a comparatively kind one, as head shaving. But I was soon to understand her defense. A British war correspondent with me said he knew dozens of men and women in London who were not only against any retribution whatsoever, but were willing even to forgive Hitler and Himmler what they had done without provocation to almost every being on earth. I said I didn't understand it, being Scotch-Irish, for I thought the German had it coming to him this time if anyone ever had had it coming in history. Moreover, I thought the German would do it all over again if he were not set down and subdivided after this war. But the English correspondent shrugged his shoulders.

"We English are strange people," he said. "We are kind to a point of idiocy sometimes. Perhaps you can call it Christlike, for if we follow the Bible we will repay brutality with kindness. I only wonder if the world is ready for such reality."

I suggested that the flying bomb might change all that, for I had noted a distinct rising rage against the Germans after a number of hospitals had been leveled. I had thought up to that time that Hitler was in a fair way to getting off scot-free. But the flying bomb had been his mistake.

"Take the flying bomb away from London for a month," said the English journalist, lighting his pipe with his cigarette lighter, "and I'll warrant a majority of the population would be willing to forgive and forget all over again."

I said I thought the Russians might have something to say about it. I said I hoped, if this were the case with the English (and Americans, too, being of short memory), I hoped sincerely that the Russians beat us into Berlin.

"It looks as though you'll get your wish," said the Englishman with a smile. The jeep turned in to a field hospital and we all got out, gingerly. Later we were told that two jeeps had backed up too far turning around in the driveway, and had been blown apart by mines planted in a hedge. I was glad to get inside the hospital, away from nature.

The hospital was a secondary receiving hospital in which there were, in the main, no desperate cases. Mostly there lay here anti-personnel mine victims, men with hands blown off, or feet blown off, or parts of their lower anatomy torn away. But in no case was a hospitalization listed as potentially fatal. Almost all would be maimed for life, and few would ever see action again. They were, therefore, most cheerful in spite of their infirmities.

A boy from Battle Creek, Michigan, told me with a grin that he'd have to sleep on his stomach for the rest of his life, and he'd never be able to sit down for very long, especially on his left tail. I tried to be polite and humorous too, and the nurse asked me if I wanted to see his wound.

I said it was up to the boy, but apparently it was up to the nurse to show the visitors whatever they wanted to see and the hell with conventions. The parted coverlet disclosed a normal right buttock, but no left buttock at all. Had the mine exploded nearer the center, said the nurse, it would have been a bad case, since it might well have deprived the young man of three of his bodily functions. As it was, said the nurse, a girl had to watch out, especially on the night shift.

"He's a lucky boy," said the nurse, patting the good buttock.

The boy from Battle Creek grinned and waved good-bye as the party went along. Out in the corridor the nurse told me there was no such assurance that the youth's erectile tissues had not been completely torn, and so she tried to keep his spirits up with small talk.

The missing hands and feet were less pitiful than I had im-

agined they would be. When one realized what *could* happen from anti-personnel mines, and high explosive of the vintage of 1944, the loss of a hand, especially a left hand, seemed comparatively slight, almost fortunate, indeed, since the maimed was soon to be on his way back to Blighty. Blighty, in most cases, meant New York. The time required to transport the badly wounded and maimed from this field hospital to a hospital in the States varied from twenty-three hours to about a week. It was done entirely by airplane, we were told, except in the case of ambulatory but rather permanent disability, where the patient often went for a holiday in middle England and then shipped with a returning troop transport, virtually empty on its westward crossing.

Another boy, from Hackensack, New Jersey, said he had read the *Herald Tribune* all his life, and he wondered if I knew Stanley Woodward or Harry Cross. I said I knew them well, or at least I pointed out their houses to visiting firemen as the abodes of famous people. The boy said Harry Cross's baseball stuff had made him laugh so many times he had always wanted to thank Harry, but never got around to writing a letter. I said I'd tell Cross when I saw him, and Woodward too, though I was pretty sure that Woodward would be overseas himself any week now. The boy said he thought Woodward's "Overseas Sports Letter" was the best thing he got from home.

The nurse was equally carefree with her words concerning the disabilities of the kid from Hackensack. He had a small shrapnel wound in his side, and it seemed unlikely that he would be going back home to stay. He would be taken to northern England for a long recuperation. They had not told him where he was going, and by no means dissuaded him of hope of home. But the nurse was pretty sure he'd be sent back to France with his company within six months—if there was still a war in six months. I told her I was afraid there would be.

In one section of the barnlike hospital shelter were half a

dozen nurses and other women wounded in action, usually by mines. They, too, had suffered chiefly below the waist, and with them it was a more difficult job of reconstruction, or of finding out at all what had happened to their insides. They seemed to have suffered from shock to a far greater degree than the men wounded. They seemed sicker, too, though none of them had lost an extremity. The nurse was all for showing us the details, but the British newspaperman and I begged off, which proves something or other about male modesty. I'll admit that by that time, and after three weeks of flying bombs in London, I had seen all the death and disability I wanted for a while.

One thing we did begin to realize, even in this small hospital in Normandy, was the tremendous advance in automatic use of medical devices once regarded as last resorts and given sparsely, even in battle. They began with anti-tetanus, of course. Sulfa, we were told, was given by mouth and also dusted into the wound in great quantities. Penicillin had practically wiped out gangrene, unless the wounded man lay unseen in bush or weeds or muddy cattails for several days, when nothing on earth could save him. Plasma was poured into a man's veins as regularly as his three meals a day. I saw faces change from bluish gray to pink as the life-giving plasma dripped—dripped—dripped down through the glass and rubber. Whole blood was by no means a holdover from an era when the phrase "blood transfusion" meant that a person was at death's door. Every case was kept under drugs, too, and there was a merciful calm and an absence of the ozone of pain in that low, temporary hospital shelter in Normandy, where the guns and bombs thudded spasmodically through the jagged openings which were windows, and the hedges were filled with mines—a sort of Teutonic blue aloes.

On a road near Isigny, later in the morning, we came upon a large sign which read:

YOU ARE NOW IN ARMY AREA!

Our courts have imposed fines and forfeitures below.

Can you afford these luxuries or practices?

	<i>Enlisted Men</i>	<i>Officers</i>
1. Stocking cap without liner.....	\$ 2.00	\$ 5.00
2. No helmet or liner.....	2.00	5.00
3. Excessive speed	15.00	25.00
4. Not maintaining prescribed intervals.....	3.00	5.00
5. Failure to obey MP signal instructions.....	25.00	50.00
6. Unnecessary parking on roadway.....	5.00	10.00
7. Overcrowding vehicles	3.00	5.00
8. Failure to comply with blackout requirements	10.00	25.00
9. Covers for AA guns and/or guns not prepared for firing.....	5.00	10.00
10. Failing to salute a superior officer.....	2.00	5.00

Beyond the sign and the hospital and the foxholes was a town, or what was left of it, which was rubble. That is a good word, rubble. It looks precisely what it sounds like—dusty, crumbling, exploded, and a general ruin. The destruction from Bayeux to Cherbourg seemed to me to be beyond describing. It was in the manner of the destruction near Cassino. Only an isolated farmhouse or two remained standing, and none I saw was not shell-marked from the naval barrage (which I was soon to understand at its source) or torn by artillery or aerial bombing. The towns were rubble—dust. I was told it was the same all the way up the peninsula—Carentan, Pont l'Abbe, St. Mere Eglise, Montebourg, and Valognes. They were dump heaps of gray nothingness.

A peasant who had lived his whole life in this area had been playing a game of hide-and-seek with the Germans ever since 1940. The Germans would steal his cattle and horses, and he'd swipe them back; then they'd be stolen, then he'd return them, in the dead of night. He was still living in a near-by farm—not his own, his own being burned down—and now he helped at the American hospital we had just visited, for he was a doc-

tor, though long since retired. His job was to care for the French civilian wounded brought to the hospital, and he had his busy moments.

Without exception, the French we talked to disliked the Germans and everything about the occupation. They were especially bitter about deportation of their sons and husbands to German war factories, or labor camps, or their soldiers' continued incarceration in German prison camps. Almost everyone had had something valuable stolen by the Heinies, and now, as the civilian drifted back to his forlorn and broken hamlet, he blamed whatever he saw on the German, rather than on Allied fire-power, or Allied bombing planes, or British battleships lying offshore, lobbing tremendous salvos of destruction into these very towns that the Germans had sought as shelter. One feeling prevailed, too, and it was, I think, the one thing that made it all seem right to the French peasant, despite his material losses—he knew that for him, at least, the war was about over. It made a tremendous difference to his way of looking at things. The sun shone for us as it shone for him, but all I could see and all the Allied soldier could see were months of dangerous living, complete discomfort, possible maiming, and even death ahead of us; but to the Frenchman who had just lost everything he owned, the sun was warm and the world ahead by no means impossible, as it seemed sometimes to us who had to go on.

These past three weeks have been, I discover over here in Normandy, the beginning of something very new in the war—the beginning of a hope. Due to increasing demoralization of the German Army on the Eastern front, where Russian troops are into or nearly into East Prussia, Latvia, Lithuania and, indeed, almost to Warsaw, and to our successes in Italy and France (and the obvious fact that the impregnable West Wall did not hold), I am told that Marshal Stalin is about to ask for a forward revision of the plans made at Teheran. Stalin thinks

that if we set our schedules ahead we can beat The Bastard in 1944—beat him completely.

So, it appears, Stalin has ordered a total revision of his own nation's military planning with a view to capitalizing on Germany's now obvious weakness in manpower and armor. The Germans, even in Normandy, are being rationed on ammunition. Their divisions of, let us say, 15,000 men are now reduced to a maximum of 9,000 men. The quality of the manpower is disintegrating. Once the prisoners were in their twenties and thirties. Now they are in their teens and forties. The teen-agers fight like demons, but they don't have much sense. They aren't clever, and they become confused. I cannot imagine it, but it is true that most of the younger prisoners are not much older than Mark, who was a baby yesterday afternoon. The Marks of the world can be dangerous with loaded guns, but they cannot win any wars.

The greatest thing about the magnificent Russian campaign is that the terrain over which they've sped this past ten days (averaging twenty miles advance a day) is some of the worst in the world for military operation. If they can fold back the German Army on five fronts at an average rate of twenty miles a day—or about as fast as a front can move and remain a front at all—there is indeed a need for revision of schedules. It may not be very loyal, but I should say the Russian effort in this war so far is about five times the Anglo-American effort. We seem to be going through the mechanical acts, and keeping up at least an appearance of fighting. But in comparison to the Russians, even our great Italian campaign and all its impressive victories is so far badly overshadowed. We Anglo-Saxons seem inhibited, or overcareful, somehow, while the Red Army has that dash and lack of inhibition that makes an army great.

It made the Germans of 1940 and 1941 one of the most magnificent fighting machines the world has ever seen; it was a characteristic of Napoleon (obvious to anyone reading *War*

and Peace) that dash and vigor went with greatness on the battlefield. I think our trouble so far is that we have not yet allowed ourselves to fight a total war. I know we were not fighting it back in Forest Hills—there was not even a pretense of that. But in London I have been shocked to find the same thing, a sort of long-week-end mental state in which the primary element seems to be to let someone else do the fighting, rather than face up to the terrible fact that if it is to be done at all, it must be done by us ourselves.

I have never been a communist, because I thought we in America had a much more practical political and social idea. But I must admit here in Normandy that—so far—we democrats have shown a pastel pigment where the picture calls for vermillion. We *have* made good our landings. But even Montgomery seems bogged down. We at SHAEF back in London trace our gains each day in yards. The Russians have been gaining daily by dozens of miles, on a front eight times as large. Oh, I suppose we'll come to it, and it will be jolly well time we got around to it when it does come. We can no more go back to the 1920's than we can go back to an era without the internal combustion engine. We can no more fight total war without a National Service Act, for example, or an uninhibited western war plan than we can fight it with Civil War grape. I must say we Americans have shown in the Pacific that same spark that the Russian has shown in Poland, that Monty showed in Africa and Alexander at Cassino. But in Normandy we're bogged down, and everyone over here knows it. It can't *all* be the weather.

A sign of the greatness of Germany's disaster on the Eastern front comes in a little news item I picked up at lunch in the field today. Thousands of German economic experts have been recalled from the Eastern front and their absence is quite dramatic. They were the men who were going to create the new and greater Germany. They were going to change the world's

ethnic lines, fusing them under a Teutonic leadership. They were going to impregnate the women of these unenlightened countries with the sperm of German heroes, extracted and flown from the heart of Germany. They were called "The Golden Pheasants" because of their golden-striped brown uniforms and their incredible arrogance—a super-colossal Germanic arrogance that appalled even the Wehrmacht's brass. They once strutted like birds of fine feather in their gorgeous uniforms, strutted and patronized in the small Russian and Baltic villages where they could begin their plans for the greater Reich. Now the last of them have gone back to Germany to exchange their brown and gold appointments for field gray in order to fill the manpower barrel, which is scraping splinters at the bottom. They took back to Germany everything they could carry—loot that will help them or their families keep alive for just one day longer the dream of world domination. Soon they, too, will be killed, wounded or prisoners on the Eastern front, on in the West, or in the South—and wherever else we've established "second" fronts by then. No regrets.

The bad war news throughout Europe is also having a tremendous effect on German discipline in Italy. There is a rumor that a clique of German officers is sick of losing the war and is getting ready to throw Hitler out. Naturally, it will take nothing short of Hitler's assassination or a successful coup, as in 1918, to fulfill this impossibly beautiful dream. But even the rumors are comforting. In Italy, Field Marshal Kesselring has been awarded the Knight's Cross with Swords and Diamonds, which usually precedes the final retirement of a German officer. In spite of Kesselring's condemnation of looting, the individual German soldier in Italy is now beginning to grab and hold what he can. It is a sign of deterioration, as peeling paint and raveling wallpaper are signs of the beginning of disintegration in a house. The house will stand for quite a time thereafter, but the signposts of collapse have been tacked up.

So it is with the German Army in Italy—there is nothing to indicate a general cracking up, but there is something in the air and no mistaking it. The Nazi Party has noticed it too. The Nazis have put political “commissars” in the German Army, while the Russians have been so successful they’ve been able to take their commissars out of Russian armed forces. These Germans are known as “Training and Liaison Officers,” but their job has greater affinity for the Gestapo than for the Wehrmacht.

Here on the Western front (Western looking at it from Berlin) the sacking of General von Rundstedt is a tremendously important act. Von Rundstedt is deeply aware of the shortage of men, and the decline of quality. Von Rundstedt is a long-range strategist, while Marshal Rommel is a tactician—and the strategist knows that without good men and without good armor or reserves, the Normandy line below Caen cannot be held for long. So von Rundstedt wants to go back toward Germany—to shorten his lines on a strategical basis. Rommel likes to fight where he is, and to fall back when he has to. It was this outlook that broke Rommel in two in Egypt, and licked the Afrika Korps in Hitler’s first great military defeat—or at least one of the first two, Stalingrad coming at almost the same time.

Von Rundstedt, sixty-seven, has been replaced by von Kluge, sixty-one. The boys over here seem to have more respect for von Kluge, and his Eastern-front record is indeed more brilliant. I think I can summarize the situation in Normandy tonight with a quotation from men of the three sectors I’ve talked to these past two days. The Americans on the west say that the Krauts are finished. The Canadians in the center say that the going is rough but the Krauts aren’t all they’re cracked up to be. The English on the east are convinced that the Krauts are tough as ever—and that means that the Krauts still have the bulk of the special S.S. Armored Divisions (Panzers) below Caen and that in order to get anywhere in this Normandy business we shall have to make a break-through at Caen, which is one of those

familiar German hubs of defense omnipresent in Russia. Bradley, Dempsey and Monty—they have everything on their side, including time. They have a bridgehead, they have the men, the ammunition, the armor and the unlimited power and good will of the free people of the earth behind them. I only wish they'd drop the inhibitions that can strangle any army and any campaign, and play this one last match as though the world depended upon it, since it does.

INVASION *Journal*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, July 15

At breakfast the jeep driver told us that Dewey and Bricker will beat Roosevelt and Wallace because the war will be over by Election Day and the people will want to have a middle-roader in the White House. I asked him how he knew it would be Roosevelt and Wallace, since the nominations hadn't been made. The jeep driver just looked at me, as if to say, "Who else?" Naturally, I agreed that Roosevelt would be renominated, in view of his letter accepting the nomination in advance. But I wasn't so sure about Wallace. I said he'd made a lot of enemies among the conservative Democrats, who wanted a less volatile and more practical man in office, in case anything should happen to the President in his fourth term. The jeep driver said he'd bet it would be Wallace again, but if it weren't it would be Jimmy Byrnes. I said I thought the Democrats would lose a great deal of the Negro vote if Byrnes were nominated. The jeep driver said that might be so, but Byrnes would keep the South solid, and it was more important politically.

Another Yank, who was pouring our coffee, said he'd heard that Barkley had a good chance, and I said I thought it might

be Truman. The jeep driver and the coffee pouer hadn't heard of Truman, except that he ran some sort of committee in the Senate. Anyway, they disagreed over the outcome of the election, the K.P. being convinced that Roosevelt could win even if he died before Election Day and only his name was up for election.

The jeep driver said he had heard that once in Mississippi the Democrats put up a mule for election, and he won hands down from a Republican Ph.D. It turned out that the jeep driver was from New England and the K.P. from Arkansas. The K.P. ended the conversation with a story about a woman from Boston:

"There was this woman from Boston," said the K.P., putting down his coffeepot. "She had a guy to dinner and she said to the guy, 'Where do *you* come from?' He said, 'I come from Iowa.' 'Oh,' said the lady from Boston, 'I've heard of it. But in Boston we pronounce it O-hi-o.'"

The jeep pulled away, and off we bumped in the general direction of Cherbourg. We never got to Cherbourg, though, because some important new traffic was blocking the road and there wouldn't be time to reach Cherbourg and make it back to our rendezvous with transportation to the *Rodney*.

Our jeep driver was a remarkable talker. He had been a taxicab driver in Brooklyn for about a year, and he combined a flat New England A with slight Brooklynesia that sounded so familiar it actually made me homesick. The jeep driver was Swedish two or three generations back, and he had an upper lip like a ski jump. I was fascinated by it, and I watched it so intently that the jeep driver thought I wanted him to go on talking. So he went on talking.

He said that Montgomery was exceedingly well liked by Americans and British alike, because Monty made a man toe the line in camp and on the parade ground, but the man could wear and do just about anything he wanted to in battle so long as the

battle was won, as it usually was. It was not the first time I had heard this about Monty.

The jeep driver had overheard a general and a colonel talking about a German prisoner who had been taken at Cherbourg and had convinced the two officers, apparently, that something was dreadfully wrong inside the German Army. Hitler was blamed in the Army for the German disaster in White Russia. Hitler's strategy had led to the Stalingrad defeat, and this had shaken Germany's faith in Hitler's military leadership. This faith had been further shaken by the removal of General Halder, one of the best of the Prussian minds, and also by an obvious disaffection of Colonel General Beck. The Beck business was, indeed, a German Army scandal. And Beck had plenty of friends.

Stalingrad should have been a lesson, a good lesson, the prisoner had said. But Hitler went on making mistakes. Only the younger generals such as Rommel, Scherner, Keitel and Dietl (recently killed in a mysterious plane crash and later eulogized by Hitler as a stalwart type of Teuton blindly following the Nazi code) could not see that Hitler was no military genius. Strangely enough, Rommel, Scherner, Keitel and Dietl were rising fast in the German High Command, and Halder, Beck, von Rundstedt and their sort were, for all their military talents, sitting this one out.

One major mistake had been the Orel-Kursk offensive in July of last year. Another had been the attempt to hold the Lower Dnieper; and now there was the disaster in White Russia—worse than any of the rest except Stalingrad, and incalculable at home. In May of this year, 150 generals and admirals, including Lieutenant General Hoffmeister, now a Russian prisoner, had been received by Goebbels, Himmler, Grose and Keitel. It had been a sort of pep meeting, a desperate injection of German faith to revive the notion that the war *could* be won. Keitel had said that Hitler would win the war, but he did not say how.

The generals listened, all 150 of them, but they could not say a word. They did not say a word. Then they were taken to Berchtesgaden, where Hitler saw some of them. Hitler said: "We shall win the war in the end, we shall win in the end!" But he did not say how. Some of the younger generals were as delighted and pepped up as Goebbels had hoped they would be. But the older and more experienced generals were skeptical.

Hoffmeister, among others, went back to the Eastern front and earnestly tried to revive the morale of his decimated troops. But the day he got back, Stalin began his summer offensive in the north, and within a week Hoffmeister was a prisoner and half his legions were dead or prisoners at Russian hands. Hoffmeister told the Russians later that Hitler's generals were in constant disagreement about the tactics employed on the Eastern front, and that the officers of the German Army had been warned that any premature surrender—indeed, any surrender at all in most circumstances—would mean reprisals on the wives, mothers, sisters and children of the German officers involved.

Later in the morning, and as we waited for transportation to *H.M.S. Rodney*, another Yank told me he had heard German soldiers say, on capture, that not one German in ten believed the war could now be won, but that there was nothing to do but fight on, since everyone was watched, and checked up on, and informed upon, and threatened with everything up to and including summary execution for so much as suggesting that things were not going as well as they might with the Third Reich. The Germans, he said, were apparently making a big evacuation of troops and equipment out of Norway, on such a scale that passenger services on the Trondheim-Oslo line had been canceled to make room for trains filled with soldiers. In the last few days, he'd heard, five troop trains a day had been leaving Trondheim, going south to fill up the gaps of the 60,000 captured in Normandy.

Another soldier—an officer—told us that a German prisoner who had recently been to Vienna called it a vast army camp now, and little else. All civilians not employed in war factories or other essential work had left the city of dreamy waltzes and were making what livelihood they could in the farms near by. The few hotels still open were monopolized by the military. Even bathrooms were required as bedrooms. There were no fashionable restaurants in Vienna any more, and no more pastry shops. The German prisoner said that Paris was the only city in occupied Europe that faintly resembled 1934, and Paris and France would be the first post-war city and nation to revive.

Vienna, said the German, was a city without taxicabs or music, except the music of the theaters open for essential workers and German troops, in which the music usually was Wagner, but never Mendelssohn. Since the recent Allied air raids, Vienna had been without tram service except for military use. As in every other city in the Third Reich, including Berlin, the shop windows were empty, and business, as the civilized world knew the word between wars, simply did not exist.

Of the Viennese, he said: "He has changed. His quiet sense of humor and *gemütlichkeit* have deserted him. He has become silent and serious. His fine old parks, including the Prater, are barred to civilians and it is prohibited to walk along the banks of the Danube. Signs everywhere read: 'Danger beware. Mines.' Many well-known health resorts and pleasure palaces near Vienna are jammed with wounded German soldiers. In the streets march Bulgarian, Serbian, Rumanian, Slovakian and even Greecian troops in an incredible variety of costume. They 'volunteered' to join S.S. groups and they are being drilled and trained in the city. The streets of Vienna are dirty and the buildings neglected." This is the Vienna of Greater Germany.

Another report coming our way, as we proceeded toward the beach, concerned the robot sites discovered on the American drive to Cherbourg. We did not see them ourselves, since there

wasn't time. But they were described by two soldiers who had seen them, and they presented a pretty formidable picture of what might have happened to London and southern England had the invasion been postponed, let us say, until July 1.

The largest site was several hundred feet long, either for launching rockets or larger flying bombs (which are, of course, rockets in every sense of the word, using jet propulsion). How large a bomb these larger flying-bomb sites might have engendered is sheer guessing, but it was obvious that instead of carrying one ton in its warhead the enlarged flying bomb might well have carried three or four tons of high explosive. With such a weight, the ordinary slingshot apparatus used to eject the first flying bomb—V-1—had to be discarded and a long runway substituted.

It was possible, of course, that the long emplacement could also hurl true rockets into the air—rockets that might go for several hundred miles, through the stratosphere, and then dive precipitately upon their target, or in the general direction of their target. They would be used as long-range artillery, and would be much harder to shoot down than a flying bomb, since a flying bomb went in a steady course more or less as does an airplane, and could be aimed at in much the same way. The fact that the rocket or robot emplacements found near Cherbourg were not aimed in the direction of England produced all manner of rumors that the United States was in for a taste of real war. But this, we were told, seemed unlikely at the present stage of rocket development.

I could only think about the future as these appetizing items came to us, moving back toward England. I could see, since it was not very difficult to see, how this one invention would one day revolutionize the way wars were fought. I could see that one day wars would be fought without armies, in the very best Wellsian manner. Nations would dominate other nations simply by threatening to turn their robot or rocket guns in the

direction of these other nations, threatening indeed to wipe out every living thing if certain political concessions were not made.

I had seen the V-1 in operation in London and southern England, and I knew what a great weapon the Germans had come upon, potentially the greatest weapon of them all. I could see how clearly it was now necessary to wipe out German heavy industry at the end of this war, and to avoid a compromise peace. For if the V-1 could do what it had done within my sight and hearing, German science, perverted to war-making, would mean the end of civilization when next the German people set out to rule the world. And I had to admit that only in the Russian realist could I see signs that the Allies realized how important it would be to remove all German heavy industry and break up the dreadful potentialities of rockets and flying bombs given twenty years' additional testing.

I listened to the radio this afternoon and felt a relief I could not express in words that the Allied air force had spent the morning giving robot plane sites in the Pas de Calais a plastering. What the flying bomb might have meant as a weapon in 1940 and 1941, given the Luftwaffe to defend its sites and to prevent Allied fighter planes from shooting down flying bombs after they had been launched, was something no votary of England could care to imagine. Apparently Allied air power came into the dominating position just in time; without it, the flying bomb might have turned the tide of the war against the Anglo-Americans before they could ever have launched their great invasion of June 6, 1944. Apparently it was Allied air blows at Peenemunde, the great robot experimental depot on the Baltic—British air blows—that set back the flying bomb and the rocket (chiefly by killing most of the leading scientists) to such a point that nothing could be done in time to interfere with the invasion. The flying bomb became, therefore, a weapon of revenge and retaliation, not of military value.

What it might have meant militarily had it been used upon

troop, ship and supply concentrations in southern England prior to the invasion was reflected in the relieved faces at SHAEF headquarters on June 10, when it became certain that the invasion was going to stick. We at SHAEF were, in fact, told as much, and I think the slowness to realize the worth of the flying bomb and rocket shell as military weapons was due in part to this relief at having so narrowly missed the attack by robot while the invasion was still only a paper mark.

Our jeep having reached a temporary landing strip, I got out and thanked everyone concerned. I was a sort of extra guest, since my visit had been extempore, sandwiched into a naval facility, and I would not go on with the party, which was bound for the British-Canadian front near Caen. There were rumors of a big smash soon to be made near Caen, and the British correspondents were especially anxious to be in on it. They were overripe to tell a story of British conquest in arms, following the quick and brilliant American success at Cherbourg. They did not resent the Cherbourg victory, any more than they resented the tremendous things the Russians were doing in the East. But they wanted their own troops to play a proper part. Militarily, it had been a wonderful thing that the British and Canadians had held at Caen while the Yanks took Cherbourg—had held off five to seven élite Panzer divisions that might have kept the Yanks from Cherbourg for quite some time. But holding actions were not the kind of news the people back home liked to read. They were sick of holding and waiting and deferring. They wanted to read more stories like Monty's breakthrough at El Alamein and his spectacular chase across the desert. They wanted especially to read stories of offensive action on the soil of France, where, for all its heroics, the memory of Dunkirk still burned and chafed.

I waited for some time, and then an Army plane came along that was going back to my invasion port. It was possible that the *Rodney* would still be around, and that my interval would

not have botched the original assignment. We took off in a cloud of unevenness and I almost fell asleep. The trip was soon over, and it seemed as though I had never been away when I got back to the seaside hotel, with the head porter who had won a V.C. and was such a philosopher.

INVASION *Journal*

ABOARD THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP *Rodney*, AT SEA, July 15
(later)

Lying in a comfortable bunk deep inside the biggest British battleship of them all, I tried to think what had impressed me most ashore, and three things came to mind at once. I remembered the jeep ahead of us running into a mine; I remembered the unbelievable ack-ack on the beachhead, and the sleepless hours I had listened to it in my damp foxhole; and I remembered the vivid description of the flying bomb or rocket emplacement that had been taken near Cherbourg. It was much too near to be anything but jumbled, and I decided to sleep on it.

I am writing this actually on July 16, since there was no time to write it amid all the excitement of leaving the beachhead and moving aboard the *Rodney*. I have been looking up some statistics on this battleship, and I am beginning to realize what is afloat above and below me. It is frightening, and it is also one of the most secure feelings I've had since I entered the war zone. I slept last night the sort of sleep possible only under the complete security of armor plate. I knew I wouldn't be hit by flying bombs, or ack-ack shrapnel (one piece of which landed near me in Normandy and took a chunk out of the mess table). I just lay back and slept—seven solid hours. We were well at sea when I awoke.

Although the battleship *Rodney* is listed in "Jane's" at 38,000 tons, she actually tops 41,000 tons with added armor and whatever late gadgets of war are tacked on year after year. Both the *Rodney* and the *Nelson* were laid down under 1922-1923 estimates, being the last battleships designed by Sir E. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. They are reduced editions of the 48,000-ton battle cruisers ordered in 1921, and then canceled under the senseless Washington Naval Treaty. Since a battleship is never finished; every new device in twenty-one years had been added, and simply walking about a ship like the *Rodney* is quite a hazard.

As a result of the Washington treaty, the silhouettes of the *Rodney* and the *Nelson* are completely unique. I know the word unique isn't supposed to be qualified, but I think the phrase is justified here. For these vessels are all forward, as though the designer lost interest when he came to the middle. He did not lose interest, but he was forced to abandon the rear third of his design under the Washington limitation. So, when you see the *Rodney* or the *Nelson* from away off, they seem to be all nose, like Cyrano.

Indeed, when *H.M.S. Rodney* plows through heavy water—and I mean *plows*, since few seas on earth can lift her—her first two-thirds of deck may appear to stand up as though she were a racing motorboat designed by Gar Wood or H. O. D. Seagrave. To put it mildly, she looks pretty formidable, and to answer right back, she *is*. For no battleship afloat in the Royal Navy has the firepower of the *Rodney*, not even the *Nelson*, her twin. The *Nelson* is a lighter ship by 4,000 tons, a difference undoubtedly stemming from the Washington Naval Conference. A great many things, including a share of the blame for this war, stemmed from the Washington Naval Conference.

The *Rodney*'s high freeboard proved its value long ago when Atlantic gales made little difference to the efficiency of the *Rodney* and the *Nelson*, as compared with the *Royal Sovereign* and *Queen Elizabeth* class British battlewagons. These two

ships, the *Rodney* and the *Nelson*, were the first British battleships to mount 16-inch guns. These enormous weapons—nine on each ship—have a range of 35,000 yards, or close to twenty miles (in the books). They'll do better than that if urged.

The best description of a 16-inch gun, or rifle, as the American Navy calls it, is that it hurls a shell weighing as much as a Buick sedan as far through the air as from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to Yonkers. At the end of that fearful aerial journey, the 16-incher explodes with the force of a three-ton blockbuster, and it is many times as accurate. It is very accurate.

Most firing is done by mathematics and radio-active signals in which the gunnery officer rarely is able to see the target he's hitting, yet will guarantee to drop one of these tremendous shells within 200 yards on the first whack, and the second within 75 yards. Most often he does far better than that. German prisoners taken since the invasion began, uniformly say that their worst enemy was the British and American battleship, standing miles off shore, virtually immune to Nazi attack, and able to break up any concentration of German armor that could be brought within eighteen miles of the beach.

If the *Bismarck* were still afloat, and could report on her actions, she would declare the same, since it was *H.M.S. Rodney* whose 16-inch turrets first made direct hits on the *Bismarck* after she had sunk *H.M.S. Hood* with one lucky salvo, straight down the *Hood's* funnels at fourteen miles range. "Jane's" says that the *Rodney* has a range of 35,000 yards, but the German sailors picked up from the *Bismarck* told reporters it could not have been less than 40,000 yards and was probably nearer 45,000. That's even further than from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to Yonkers. A direct hit on the first salvo stopped the *Bismarck* in the cold north water and she was then a doomed ship. But though the *Rodney* made the first hit, *H.M.S. Dorsetshire*, a cruiser, gave the *Bismarck* the *coup de grace* and she, not the *Rodney*, was therefore privileged to raise the victory ball.

Admiral Ramsay tells us that the Navies of the next war will concentrate on amphibious power, and that the battleship will be trained to take her part in this "modern" warfare that goes back to William the Conqueror. Admiral Ramsay made a long speech to the officers and men aboard the *Rodney*, standing there in his mackintosh, we and the crew and officers dripping rain. Montgomery made more of an impression, I am told, and it struck me that anyone of Ramsay's obvious intelligence should know better than to keep talking after a rain set in. If he had been reading the Sermon on the Mount, or the Gettysburg Address, he couldn't have been appreciated, or even listened to, in these circumstances.

Sometimes I think a man loses his sense at the age of forty, as though to prove the rule about being old and a fool simultaneously. G. B. Shaw seems to be a lonely exception (though many a literary critic would say that Shaw is a foremost example of the foolishly old and vocative). At any rate, we soon got tired of listening, and wished we could have some tea below.

INVASION *Journal*

ABOARD THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP *Rodney*, July 16

H.M.S. *Rodney*, largest British battleship afloat, moves through the water like a canawl boat between Albany and Utica. She's so big even the ocean is afraid of her. A man would be pretentious indeed to try to tell all there is to tell in wartime about a 41,000-ton battleship with the heaviest armament in the Royal Navy. These are just some notes.

There are certain general facts about H.M.S. *Rodney* that are possible of telling, and one of them is a general picture of a day aboard such a monster of the sea. The day begins at

5:30 A.M., which is pretty early for anyone, and humbling to a man who has worked on a morning paper all his life. Five-thirty used to be his bedtime.

The only seamen who must arise at the 5:30 bugle, however, are those under punishment. At 6:30 there's the call to hands, and fifteen minutes later the call to cooks. At 6:50 is what the British call "breakfast and clean," when the dress of the day is piped. At 7:45 hands fall in and the details begin, with an interruption for prayers on the quarterdeck at 9 o'clock. Training goes on until 10:20 and at 11 is a wonderful order of the day that goes under the name of "Up Spirits." I think we'll pause at "Up Spirits."

"Up Spirits" sets off one of the grandest of all British naval customs, the issue of rum. The petty officers get it first, at eleven o'clock. Then all hands get it, in order of rank. Each man gets his tot of rum every day at midday, two parts water and one part rum. It is not the kind of rum I've ever tasted before. It's Navy rum.

The rum comes out of a heavy cask bound in copper and silver hoops, and bearing the words: "THE KING—GOD BLESS HIM." If a seaman is younger than twenty, or if he does not want his daily issue of rum, he may draw about six cents a day in lieu thereof. That's more than \$21.00 a year, and five pounds five shillings is five pounds five shillings to any youngster making his first livelihood. Navy rum is slightly sweet, and very strong—110 proof. It tastes like rum you get on cruises when someone takes you through a distillery in Kingston or Port au Prince (or used to, at any rate). When the King comes aboard, there's a double ration, and the King's health is drunk. That brings up another topic.

The Royal Navy are the only folk in the British Empire who may drink the King's health while sitting down. It goes back to a visit aboard one of His Majesty's ancient ships of the line early in the nineteenth century, when the King came aboard,

stood for the toast, cracked his head sharply against a low-hanging beam in those wooden confinements of George IV, and made it a rule henceforth that the King's toast was to be drunk sitting down by the Royal Navy. As a guest aboard *H.M.S. Rodney*, I too have had the privilege, though I stood for the President.

Well, that's "Up Spirits," oh, happy time of day! Dinner follows at noon, and men under punishment are mustered half an hour later. They are being punished, by varying degrees of severity, for disobedience, failure to report on time, missing the liberty party boat, getting drunk and being unable to attend to their duties, being insolent or unquiet, or stealing, maiming and killing shipmates. The commander takes care of "defaulters" at a morning hearing near the wardroom.

The afternoon begins with training, work, cleaning and general toil until 1430, or 2:30 P.M., when the ship stands easy. At 3:40 there's more training and cleaning of decks (no Dutch floor ever was scrubbed as a battleship's decks are scrubbed). And at 1600 hours—4 o'clock to us landlubbers—there's tea. There's tea everywhere in the British Empire, even in the trenches of Caen, at 4 to 5 P.M. Nothing takes its place, and nothing on earth tastes as good at that time of day, except maybe iced tea with lemon, but where can you get ice or lemons in England now? At 4:45 men under punishment are mustered, and at 6:45 there is supper, though officers dress and eat their meal at 7:45 instead. The interval is consumed largely in the wardroom where, if there is a shortage of any kind of liquor or wine known to the trade, I have not been aware of it.

Men under punishment are mustered at 8 P.M., and forty minutes later the boys turn in for the night. Ship is darkened at 2130, or 9:30 P.M., and at 2200 comes the original order: "Pipe down."

These events and embroideries go on more or less the same, day after day, with three exceptions. Saturdays, Sundays, holidays

and special events constitute one exception, and the amount of work done on these days is strictly in line with the event the day celebrates. Exception number two is when the ship is being refitted, and has almost no one aboard; and exception number three is when the ship's in action, or ready for action, or just finished with action. Then all rules change, according to the mood of battle. In the tremendous barrage against the Germans in Normandy, *H.M.S. Rodney*'s crew did not even sling hammocks for three days and four nights, flopping down for a few moment's exhausted repose when and where they could.

The food on the queen battleship of the Royal Navy is what one might expect. It's like the food at a Flying Fortress base. It has everything the civilian has given up for the rest of the war. All the butter a man can eat, all the cheese he wants, steak, fresh vegetables, milk, unlimited tea, fruit, bacon and egg (not eggs), porridge, kippers, toast and marmalade, and coffee with all the sugar and milk one wants; cocktails of incredible variety; salad dressing and fresh tomatoes and crisp lettuce and green onions; brandy, port, sherry, any sort of cigar, any sort of American or British cigarette, Turkish, plain tip or cork tip, clean linen, and flickering candles on the mahogany tables, candles gleaming in the finest silver candlesticks—all this within sight and sound of Hitler's Europe.

After the toasts to the King and the President and Monty and Ike, come the regulation toasts by days. Monday night we toast "Our ships at sea"; Tuesday—"Our Men"; Wednesday—"Ourselves (as no one is likely to concern themselves with our welfare)"; Thursday—"A bloody war or a sickly season"; Friday—"A willing foe and sea room"; Saturday—"Sweethearts and wives"; and Sunday—"Absent friends." These go back to Nelson, as what doesn't in the Royal Navy? The hero of all British seafaring people would be astonished and slightly embarrassed if he could witness all he had engendered in an island race.

Over yonder lies the coast of Normandy. I wonder where the next landing will be, and when? Thank you, Mr. President, for recognizing De Gaulle, even if it did take you a while to get around to it. Happy retroactive Quatorze Juillet!

INVASION *Journal*

ABOARD THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP *Rodney* OFF FRANCE, July 17

I find that the Chief Boatswain's Mate is the oldest man in point of service aboard this magnificent ship of the line. Bo's'n's mates have a way of being friendly folks, the naval counterpart of a proprietor of a pub in London or Liverpool. I'll admit I like them as much as any people in England, and a sight more than the black-marketing, five-servant, English country week end that infests this country even now. The Bo's'n's Mate told me this morning, as we watched the coast of Hitler's France, that the old cry for calling the hands comes down to this in British naval talk:

"Out or down there, out or down there, all hands rouse out, rouse out, rouse out, rouse out. Lash and carry, lash and carry, show a leg or else a Pursuer's stockings. Rouse and shine, rouse and shine. Lash up and stow, lash up and stow, lash up and stow. It's tomorrow morning and the sun's a-scorching your bloody eyes out."

Then, with all hands astir, the more imaginative boatswain's mate will conclude his rousing remarks with the informative: "Off the cloudy coast of Cornwall," or "Off the sunny coast of Spain," since in olden time nobody in the hold could see out except through the gun openings, which were limited to gunnery officers and crew who were jealous of their sunlight.

As to food, the Bo's'n's Mate likes his kipper, which he

refers to as "a Spithead pheasant" or a "one-eye." The British love breakfast, which is a reason for loving the British, and kipper is by no means the least of that delightful meal. You still have kippers aboard a battleship the size of the *Rodney*, moreover, though you fare less well inland. When passing a dish at table, a man helps himself; leaving the person passing it to hold the dish is, at sea, considered so inexcusable as to warrant dropping it, the charge for breakage being made against the one who helps himself from the dish without holding it.

In this connection, I may say that the expression "a long ship" means that the hospitality of the seas is somewhat meager, and presumably originated with the idea that it was a far cry from the wardroom pantry to mess.

Sooner or later everyone "swallows the anchor," or leaves the sea for good. It implies that a man will have no further use for one of the most trustworthy implements of the sea. Another phrase I like is "touch and go," meaning that a ship "touches ground, and goes clear."

The Bo's'n's Mate says no people on earth are as superstitious as seamen, and I believe him. If a fisherman or seaman sees a hare on the way down to the ship it's bad luck. A fisherman wears earrings to improve his sight. The inhibition against sailing on Friday the thirteenth is strictly observed, except when the *Scharnhorst* or *Gneisenau* makes it essential, and even then nobody likes it.

In the West Country of England, where most of this ship's crew of 1,700 come from, I am told that the souls of old sailors inhabit sea gulls. *The Ancient Mariner* is well known to the English reading world and this has a counterpart in the north of Russia, where the soul is supposed to depart into a pigeon after three weeks, or so Dostoevski tells us.

Another Navy word, not very pretty but common to both Britain and to us at home, is a "snotty," a slang term for a midshipman. It comes from a young midshipman's age-old habit of

making his sleeve do duty as handkerchief. To obviate the practice, buttons were placed on the cuffs. A midshipman aboard the *Rodney* is also a "wart," to demonstrate the fact that a midshipman is an excrescence on the face of nature. If a sailor tells you you're a "Dover Court," you talk too much. You are all mouth and no ears. A "smart nipper" is a boy with his wits about him. Another phrase is: "The Devil to pay and no pitch hot." "The Devil" is one of the hardest seams to pay, or fill, being the upper outboard seam. If the pitch was not hot, the job was rendered even more difficult. The first part of the phrase is now so common I won't remark on it.

"Between the Devil and the deep sea" does not refer to his Satanic majesty, but to the aforementioned plank or seam, meaning a person who was in this position had nothing between him and a watery grave. It isn't the only job on a ship the size of the *Rodney* in which a man takes his life in his hands every time he's assigned to it.

There are, of course, hundreds of other Navy traditions, such as not touching a sailor's collar, taking off your hat before you cross the wardroom threshold, holding out your hat to be paid, the money being planted on the top of the hat, and your hand holding the money down on the windblown deck. And they're all observed, too, especially on the ship where the late King George V stood in the very bow when, with Queen Mary, he made his last visit to one of his ships, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, Sunday, August 11, 1935.

There is danger every hour aboard a battleship in wartime. A visitor is shown into the bowels of the magazine, completely surrounded by 16-inch shells and explosive cordite, the trap door closed and bolted above him, five decks down below the 16-inch rifles. But the Royal Navy has a saying that means a great deal to everyone in the free world these days, and I'd like to pass it on: "What do you want to do, live forever?"

Of all the sights we've seen on *H.M.S. Rodney* since I came aboard, the beautiful picture of flying bombs, flying straight and true toward German troops, has been the most rewarding. Sailors stood and cheered as the flying bombs went unmistakably from north to south, straight over the Allied beachhead, and on into Hitler-held Europe. Sailors made signs as though they were traffic cops, pointing to Berlin.

Since I have no word at this outpost of Allied use of the flying bomb, it must be assumed that the flying bombs we saw heading for Hitler were of German origin, far off their directed path, and patently damaging to their inventor. Further proof of this turn of events comes from front-line troops we have talked to who told us that they shouted with joy as flying bombs droned over their very heads, bound south, and then crashed in the German lines with the usual great columns of dusty smoke. There are other instances one hears of all the time in this area.

Bombs in these circumstances patently have been launched in the general direction of England, or on the slim chance that they would fall within the Allied beachhead. But this seems unlikely, since the control of the flying bomb is still hit-or-miss, and the weapon is of value only against a target as large as London—that is, twenty miles wide and eighteen miles deep, closely packed. The gyroscope control apparently went wrong as these flying bombs swept over the Channel, and they made a great circle back toward their own Frankenstein. High wind might also account for the bombs we saw on their way back to Germany.

Reconnaissance photographs I have seen lately show craters within a few yards of some of the launching platforms, craters never made by Allied bombs, but shallow dishlike craters that I have seen in southern England, the sort that come only from the horizontal blast of the robot. The flying bomb is, then, an instrument of warfare dangerous to the user, since it cannot be

tested before its first and only flight, and must, occasionally, explode almost at the point of origin.

Weather has a great deal to do with the success or failure of flying bombs, as has been said in print many times before. Naturally, if the sky is overcast, flying bombs are difficult to see, and fighter planes and anti-aircraft shoot down fewer of them than on decent days. But this has not been a summer of decent days. The barometer has gone up and down so fast it made you dizzy. Even when the barometer has been up in the neighborhood of thirty, which ought to mean good weather anywhere in the world, even in England, this summer it has failed us. But large numbers of the flying bombs have fallen into the Channel, many of them being brought down by Allied fighters. One fighter pilot already has twenty to his credit in less than a month.

We used our guns tonight. But I have been unable to find out whether it was a shore target, or a sea target. My ears still ring with the reflection.

INVASION *Journal*

ABOARD THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP *Rodney*, AT SEA, July 17

I was climbing up a gangway and nearly tripped over a young British Marine who was washing the steps vigorously with a brown bristle brush. Naturally, I said, "Excuse me," and gingerly stepped up the rest of the hatch on my toes. The Marine said to me from the bottom of the stairs: "You're the first one who's said that. Thank you."

Then I thought of other ways in which the rating in the Royal Navy is made constantly aware that officers are officers and crew are crew, and never the twain shall meet. And I remembered the British troop transport, and how galling it had

been there too. And, somehow, I was suddenly glad that this was my last night in the *Rodney*'s wardroom, and I remembered Dick Watt's words: "If you're looking for democracy, don't go to Singapore."

INVASION *Journal*

BACK AT A BRITISH INVASION PORT, *July 18*

I sat in an English garden, and there was no war—a wanderer returned from the shellfire and the noise of war, here to the quietness and sun. There was thick grass newly cut, and there were larks in a corn field over the hedge. The sun shone. There was an apple tree, the tree light speckling the room through my window as I looked in at it. I sat in the garden and there was no war.

The gardener, a smallish old man with trousers tight to his spindly legs, pruned a pale red rambler rose along the pale red brick wall between the garden and the field. His hands were old hands, as though after so many years of working in the ground his hands had become his tools. His fingers were sharp and rooty. He used them with the dexterity of an old woman seamstress. They fairly flew through the thorny vine, like a bobbin on a hand loom.

Each path was graveled, for this was a formal garden. Grass grew down straight to the paths, and was then clipped off neatly to show a small patch of brown earth between the grass and the gravel paths. Above the paths, following them accurately, was a form of hedge, probably privet, but looking unlike most American privet I had seen. Whatever it was, the hedge was cut and trimmed to the accuracy of a T-square despite the obvious fact that this was not a large nor expensive garden, nor

was the gardener large or expensive. He was just an old man who knew about gardens in a small port town.

Inside the border trim were what the English call mossy phloxes, a reliable standby to any rock gardener. We call them moss pinks in America. They are hardy, easy-going flowers and few plants present a brighter show of color at the very height of the rock-garden season. This was not precisely a rock garden, but it had rocks in it, and it had mossy phloxes.

As moss pinks offer a number of varieties, which differ considerably, apart from colors, phloxes here were low and cushiony, and also shaggy in a larger size. The gardener told me his best were called Camla, a soft, salmon-pink of exquisite bloom. He also had Vivid, warm salmon-rose in color; Daisy Hill; Sprite; the silverlike Fairy, with its rug of unusual density; and three whites of singular loveliness called Little Dot, Nelsonii, and the Bride. Little Dot is blue-eyed, and the other two pink. They have woolly leaves.

The little old gardener was now trimming lower branches of the apple tree, laying them up to hiss on the autumn fire. Since almost no English home has central heating, the fireplace is still a reverent thing. Many a fireplace has been used every night this cold, wet summer of 1944. Dried applewood sparks and hisses here just as it does at home.

Beyond the border phloxes were brown-backed lilies, looking much more purple than brown under their white openings. The glistening whiteness of the flower was accentuated by the purple-red of the exterior and the dark chocolate anthers. The phloxes were feminine, and the lilies dignified and churchlike. They did well in the loamy soil of this seaside garden, at the edge of the war. Sheltered behind the pale red brick wall, the flower went unharmed by an occasional onshore wind of good proportion, an uprooting, violent sea wind.

The old gardener told me that, cold as it had been, this was by no means an unheard-of English summer. He said he had a

friend in Scotland who had lost his entire potato crop last summer by frost—in July. Porridge, whisky, plaid, thrift, bagpipes, and the courage to outlive frost in July—what people they are!

There were other flowers in a circle at the center of the garden—primroses of sulphur yellow and wood anemones almost magenta. Usually they do not grow well so far south, at least not these colors of them. I believed that anything could grow here on this peaceful, sunny day so close to other days of almost constant gunfire and danger.

Along other small brick walls in this garden were every shade of rose I had ever seen or imagined. They did not smell as sweet as some of our roses do, but they looked beautiful indeed against the variety of brick color which made up the garden wall, and the bright green of the fresh-cut grass, thriving on the wet summer. One grand old rose turned out to be of the name of Château de Clos Vougeot, one of the darkest of old-fashioned roses. I told the gardener I knew a great burgundy of that name, but he knew only the rose.

We fell to talking about humus, and the gardener said he'd wager I didn't know the derivation of the word. I said I did, that it was Latin for "the ground." Not to be beaten, he said he'd wager I did not know what a "shillibeer" was. I didn't, and he said triumphantly: "It was the name of the first London bus more than 100 years ago." Then he smiled and said: "That was before your time."

The other roses were Ophelia and Antoine Rivoire. Evidently the garden had been planted and kept by French people, or it was possible that the proximity to France influenced the planter.

The gardener's cat wandered out from under the hedge in front of the wooden bench on which I sat, put out both paws in front of it, as though it were trying slowly to stop short. The cat stretched and yawned in the sunshine, a great, long yawn that felt good even to me, and shook one paw and then the other front paw, and made off slowly toward the gardener, who

was on his hands and knees tacking ivy to a wall. The cat rubbed its head, then its side, and then its chin, on the gardener's upturned heel. It was soon asleep, stretched full out in the grass, its mouth half open and small red tongue partly exposed.

This garden still kept some of the Victorian starchiness of geranium, alyssum, lupin and nasturtium, and the hedges were indeed privet and laurel, among other sorts. A near-by orchard had in it apple trees, flowering crabs, peaches, almonds and cherries, with a sycamore background, as old-fashioned as the alyssum and geranium. If this garden had a fault, it was a Victorian fault that it had too much in it—terrace, rose garden, rockery, pool, and all the features of a very large garden, ridiculous in a small one.

But after days of bombardment and being bombed, I at least could find no fault with such a place. I was as content as the cat, sitting there in the sun. Delphiniums, pinks, calendulas, cornflowers and roses made me think of home, especially of a place I had known in Maine. There was lavender and the first real rosemary I had ever seen. In the autumn, if I am here, the gardener promises to show me Michaelmas daisies and dahlias which will grow right up to the first frost. I can't promise the gardener that I will be here, or anywhere, by autumn to see his dahlias, but I know I will try, for this has been a happy day.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 20

The first story I ran into when I got back to Supreme Headquarters was a story about Normandy.

It seems that the Germans have been abandoning tanks intact because the tanks have run out of oil. It appears that oil is the first product the Nazis are really short of; Sonia Tomara tells me it was lack of oil, ammunition and other supplies for making war that made possible the by-passing of Cassino and the fall of Rome, after so many months of inhibited slogging. If one considers the limited sources of natural oil at Hitler's command, it is surprising the shortage hasn't hit the German Army before this in France. Certainly it has left its mark in Russia and Italy; it may be a reason why the Luftwaffe hasn't been able to put up any air defense against the invasion. Robots take less oil than fighter planes. During the recent heavy air offensive by the Allies, I am told, about 90 per cent of the total refining capacity of Yugoslavia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Rumania was under severe bombing with maximum-weight high explosive. The air people say privately that one-third to one-half of Hitler's oil supply was broken off. Unless it can be quickly repaired, more and more Nazi tanks will be abandoned in the lush Normandy fields and the deadly hedgerows.

If this is so, and if Allied superiority is beginning to make itself felt, why hasn't Montgomery's big breakthrough come off? It *hasn't* come off, that's certain. For all the talk, and despite the tremendous air assault that broke the ground at Caen, it is no *breakthrough* in the accurate sense of the word. It is a small gain. Perhaps Monty has caught the American disease of overcautious campaigning to "save lives." But in the end more lives are frittered away, and for nothing; a big, smashing, uninhibited campaign costs less eventually than a stalwart defense or piecemeal attack. It is the same with other things in this world; one can save up and spend a great deal of money for something worth while, something to be kept for many years, a fine thing, to be used or worn for years; or one can fritter away the same amount of money on things that have no

value, and leave little to show for the expenditure. I do not mean that Monty has adopted these tactics. I hope he hasn't. But it seems possible that the American infection is spreading. We lose by it in the end. I don't like the expression, "middle of the road," for it was middle-grounding that got us where we are today—in the worst world mess since the Thirty Years' War.

I think, too, from what I have learned in these months at Supreme Headquarters, that air power can be given too much credit, and can be taken too easily as a cure-all. Air power failed at Cassino. It has now failed at Caen. Personally, I think the war is going to be won, as all wars have been won, by the infantry and the rest of the ground troops, with naval and air support. Joe Barnes and Walter Kerr talked to me about it one Sunday at Geoff Parsons', and we concluded that air power was pretty much overrated as a military weapon. Flying bombs—robots—might even make the airplane a *defensive* weapon, they thought. At any rate, Cassino and Caen will not go down in aviation history as stepping stones to the throne. Americans usually go too far in their enthusiasm over something new—and they drop it too quickly. Walt Disney and Major de Seversky popularized and oversimplified air power's role in war. Artillery and armored infantry still win the campaigns in Europe.

I find, on my return, that the Americans in the Pacific have established themselves on Saipan and now are landing on Guam in the Marianas. By heaven, the Pacific theater has no inhibitions, as Normandy has. Admiral Nimitz has shown more imagination, fight and tactical excellence than any American generals in the field, with the exception of Bradley in Africa and Clark in Italy (General Alexander may have been responsible, as he appears now to have been in part responsible, for Montgomery's great drive across Africa). Nimitz has gone ahead without inhibitions, by-passed the obvious strong points, as first the Germans and then the Russians by-passed the obvious points

in Russia, and today has caused Tojo to resign all his cabinet posts because the "Emperor has been displeased."

Why, actually, we're nearer to defeating Japan tonight than the Anglo-American armies in the West are to defeating Hitler. If it were not for the Russian advances (almost to Lvov and Lublin) the European clock would appear to be at 1915 instead of 1918. Rokossovsky, Cherniakhovsky (a Jew!) and Bagramyan have more hope of heaven tonight than Monty, Bradley and Dempsey—and it shouldn't be so, since England and the bridge-head simply bristle with manpower and supply. Why? Perhaps some new drive is coming that will explain everything.

Joe Barnes leaves London for New York tomorrow to become foreign editor of the *Herald Tribune*. I shall hate to see him go. I had a dream about him the other night, that he had become a candidate for President. He is, I think, one of the few newspapermen I've known who'd make a good president. Europe seems to be divided into two classes of war correspondents, workers and drones. The drones talk and drink good newspapering, but they never do anything about the news, and seem put out when they have to write a story. Writing and reporting are avocations. But they can out-drink and out-argue anyone at a London pub or a four-day country week end. The workers—and Barnes was one—take their jobs as seriously as they should and they never stop working. When they are kept out of their own papers because an A.P. or U.P. correspondent slopped gilt on the facts and his story made a better headline, they don't complain, but keep right on telling the story as they see it. A small part of the paper's readership soon comes to regard their stuff as authentic, as well as readable and clear. When the big stories come along, these men pay their papers and readers dividends, and the bearded prima donnas collapse.

I think besides Joe Barnes I'd put Ray Daniell of the *Times*, Homer Bigart of the *Herald Tribune*, Ed Beatty of the United Press, John Lardner of the North American Newspaper Alli-

ance, and Walter Kerr, who used to be with the *Herald Tribune* until he enlisted as an American private, in the top flight of honest, hard-working overseas newspapermen who stayed newspapermen when they became foreign correspondents, and whose by-lines I have come to regard as signposts that say to me: "Read this. It will be as close to the truth as any man can be." I've never known Frederick Oechsner, of the United Press, and I knew the late Ralph Barnes only slightly, but these two men had fine reputations too, reputations for doing the hard jobs well and all jobs honestly and thoroughly. Ralph Barnes (no relation to Joe Barnes) was the only newspaperman reputed to work as many hours a day, or do as much total work on our paper, as Walter Lippmann, or Lessing Lanham Engelking, the big, fine-minded city editor.

London seemed to a returning correspondent to be more drab and disconsolate than ever. Really, this city has taken unwarranted somberness and the omnipresent flying bomb hasn't helped it. I went to the Savoy, where I found Lewis Gannett, who arrived day before yesterday. Gannett had a roommate who got up at 8 o'clock in the morning, which was about the time Gannett was getting to bed, the *Herald Tribune* being a morning paper published six hours later than London time. So Gannett invited me to room with him, and here I am at the Savoy. A couple of Western farmers, covering the greatest European story of our time under a hail of high explosive and apprehension about 10-ton V-2 rockets, we soon fell to talking about the beauty of the names of Western rivers, the greatness of Dickens, and the best way to train marglobe tomato plants.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 21

There's a great uproar in Washington and London over an article I wrote in yesterday's *Herald Tribune* about what air power cannot do. Now I wish I had made it stronger, for I think it needed saying. It needed saying that the air boys never admit defeats, and that we hear only about the bombs that *hit* the targets. At any rate, something seems to have been done about it, and that's a journalist's best reward, indeed his only *raison d'être*.

Perhaps the strangest turning in the road of this air war was the entry of the robot. This nightmare in "southern England, including London," has not merely introduced a new weapon and a new method. It has actually threatened a whole industry—the aircraft industry—with competition as serious as radio's threat to printed journalism, or the airplane's threat to rail and sea transport, or the competition of wireless against less speedy auditory communications.

It is, in a sense, man against the automaton, an H. G. Wells story come to life. It is a competition between the human-operated bomb and the automatic bomb. The four-engined bombers leaving for Germany fly over gyroscope flying bombs coming in low from the opposite direction, a sort of unearthly dare from the Automatic World to the World of Human Beings. After a month and a half on the receiving end of these automaton bombings, no one doubts here that the Germans have devised a method of attack which, in the next war, will undoubtedly supersede hand-bombing and may even supersede air power as an offensive weapon.

A Flying Fortress, a Liberator, a Lancaster, a Halifax or a Heinkel can deliver a very great weight of heavy bombs in a

very short time and do enormous area damage. Germany's crippled industries are undeniable proof of that. But a flying bomb attack goes on into daylight, and on into the next night and the next day and the next night. It never stops. The possibilities of repair are less because there's no surcease.

The flying bomb is not anywhere near as accurate, so far, as even heavy-bomber accuracy, which cannot be called precision bombing by the longest stretch of English usage. But many in London will tell you that bombing by robot achieves a greater effect because it can be sustained, because it can be used in virtually all weathers, because it doesn't need pilots who must have sleep, and because it is essentially a weapon directed against the plain, ordinary civilian.

The flying bomb—or rocket, or whatever is invented beyond the present V-1—requires no courage on the part of the bombardier or the pilot. The flying bomb will not turn back for all the ack-ack, and if it is struck by ack-ack it's just as apt to fall and explode on the ack-ack gunner as anywhere else. It isn't human. That is what makes it essentially a great weapon. Moreover, the flying bomb is undoubtedly more economical of man-hours and war materials, despite the fact that it makes only one trip before it destroys itself and whatever it strikes in the good earth.

No one will say precisely how many flying bombs of about one ton each have been launched against Great Britain since the middle of June. I have seen a half-dozen figures, but 10,000 is probably as close as any. Many of these have been shot down. But supposing—and this is sheer conjecture, since I do not know how many have been destroyed before they got to the London area—that 5,000 got through, that's a pretty steady beating and a pretty dangerous start for a weapon that was generally laughed at in British circles at the outset. The British don't laugh at it any more. They don't even call it "doodlebug" now, thank heaven. It was a bad name.

The flying bomb is a vision of the future, not a pretty vision, but one that must be anticipated if the decent human beings left on earth are to survive the scourge of inhumanity which seems to have such an affinity with the German race. It is not possible to imagine any other European race being the first to use a weapon as indiscriminate and inhuman as the flying bomb, or the V-2 rocket of ten or more tons, when it, too, rides the stratosphere into the civilized consciousness.

The robot is a culmination of a tremendous development in the direction of self-propelled missiles as opposed to things shot out of a gun or moved to their target by human hands. The rocket airplane, greatly in use in Normandy, is a corollary step. The self-propelled rocket cannon is another. But above them all rises the eerie potentiality of the 10-ton (or the 100-ton, or the 1,000-ton) stratosphere rocket shells, capable of being fired 100 miles, or 200 miles, or from Berlin to Chicago in some dark day ahead.

It seems, on the whole, that this war will become historical in part as the first in which the gun and airplane began to give way to the principle of jet-propulsion, an era when the pages of a popular scientific magazine were no longer the imaginings of a frustrated theorist, but the blueprints of ultimate war terror. It should not have to be said that this war was the war that brought the civilian back into combat, where he had not been since there were moats and castles, and whole cities fought whole cities.

The fighter plane is, it appears, the best defense against the flying bomb, though other defenses will be found, among them armor coverings for cities from overhead attack and much better ack-ack than we now produce. I might say that of all the advances made during this scientific war the fewest seem to have been made in anti-aircraft fire, which, on both sides, is patchy, inaccurate, cumbersome, and apparently far behind the developments of the remainder of war implements.

The potential robot is to the airplane, even at this stage, what the automobile is to the horse, or the bicycle. The robot is cheaper to build, has incredible possibilities of speed in stratosphere flight, and untouched tactical and strategical avenues of new warfare. So far we in England have seen only the baby robot—though after seeing scores of them drop, near and far away, this correspondent would scarcely like to meet a larger brother. But even from these small samples we have come to know that battle between man and the automaton has already begun, and is no longer confined to H. G. Wells's far-sighted manuscript.

The question is, then, who shall control the automaton?

Shall it be German and Japanese minds, twisted with a deviltry that is hard to accept in this twentieth century of ours? Shall it be their weapon of 1960, the weapon with which they do indeed lay waste the decent world, and engulf it with paganism and nihilism? Or shall we seize this great new science and copyright its use to civilized purposes? It seems to me that the answer is up to us, and the answer should not long be deliberated.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 22

It is a fantastic story.

London can scarcely believe it.

But as the hours pile up it becomes more certain that the life of Adolf Hitler was nearly taken by assassination—that he missed assassination by less than six feet. What implications there are of disunity in the German Army can only be guessed

about at this point. Here's what we learned at the Ministry of Information tonight:

An attempt on the life of Adolf Hitler was made Thursday, presumably in Hitler's personal headquarters. The bomb was placed under his table blotter, a flat bomb with a timing device, a sort of timed mine. The news was so widespread in Germany that the German News Agency could not keep it a secret from the public any longer. This statement has been issued in Berlin and broadcast inside and outside Germany:

"An attempt on the life of the Fuehrer was made with high explosives today (July 20). The following persons in his entourage were severely injured: Lieutenant General Schmundt, Colonel Brandt, and Collaborator Berger. Slighter injuries were suffered by Colonel General Jodl, as well as by Generals Korten, Buhl, Bodenschatz, Heusinger, and Scherff; Lieutenant Colonel Borgmann, and Admirals Voss and von Puttkamer and Naval Captain Assman.

"Hitler received slight burns and concussion, but no injuries. He at once began to work again. He then received Mussolini for a long meeting as previously arranged. Shortly after the attempt, Marshal Goering came to Hitler."

After reading the official announcement, broadcast on all German radio stations, the commentator said:

"There is nobody in Germany who does not learn with a feeling of deep gratitude that the Fuehrer has escaped uninjured the attempt on his life. The enemy thought to attain by a murderous attempt what he cannot do by honest arms. As on several occasions before, in the course of the last few years, the German nation can thank Providence for preserving the Fuehrer so that he may accomplish his great task with which he has been charged by Fate. The attempt which has failed must be a warning to every German to redouble his war effort."

Later tonight, Helmut Sundermann, deputy German press

chief, made this statement: "The enemies of Germany want to murder Adolf Hitler, who is a symbol of the German people and who is the center of the German rising. Once again they have tried to use crime as a means of helping their strategy. Providence, however, has decided differently. The German people must consider the failure of the attempt on Hitler's life as a sign that Hitler will complete his tasks under the protection of a divine power."

Then Hitler himself came to the microphone. His voice was hoarse and emotional. He began in a quaver and ended in a shout. It was clear that he had been through an unbelievable ordeal, and that he and his Nazis were thoroughly shaken. Later we were to learn more of the reason—a reason that went deeper than the attempt on Hitler's life, a reason that involved the whole German Army, and years of planning.

Hitler said that he was talking to his Nazi people because he knew they'd want to hear his voice, to prove that he was well and unhurt after this third attempt to dynamite him.

"Second," said Hitler, and the door of true light began to open for the first time, "I speak to you in order that you should know about a crime unparalleled in German history. A very small clique of ambitious, irresponsible, and at the same time senseless and criminally stupid officers, have formed a plot to eliminate me and the German *Wehrmacht* command.

"The bomb was placed by Colonel von Stauffenberg. It exploded two meters to my right. One of those with me has died. A number of collaborators very dear to me were very severely injured. I myself sustained only some minor scratches, bruises and burns. I regard this as a confirmation of the task imposed on me by Providence to continue on the road of my life that I have done hitherto [what a language German is!]. For I may confess to the nation that since the days when I moved into the Wilhelmstrasse I had only one thought—to dedicate my life ever since I realized that the war could no longer be postponed.

I have lived for *worry*, work, and *worry* only, through days unnumbered and sleepless nights.

"Suddenly, at a moment when the German Army is engaged in a bitter struggle, a small group emerged in Germany, just as in Italy, in the belief that they could repeat the 1918 stab in the back. But this time they have made a bad mistake. The circle of these conspirators is very small, and has nothing in common with the spirit of the German *Wehrmacht*, and above all none with the German people. It is a miniature group of criminal elements which will be ruthlessly exterminated. I therefore now order that no military authority, no leader of any unit, no private in the field is to obey any orders emanating from these groups of usurpers. I also order that it is everyone's duty to arrest or, if they resist, to kill at sight anyone issuing or handing on such orders."

There was a pause, and then a hysterical paragraph or two—an emotional outpouring of Germanic hate and revenge and devil lust which not even the blood of millions of Europeans, Asians and Americans had yet satisfied. Then the man at the microphone said:

"I have, therefore, to create order once and for all, nominated Reich Minister Himmler to be Commander-in-Chief of the Home Army. I have summoned Colonel General Guderian to join my general staff and to replace the chief of the general staff, who has been taken to the hospital. Another proved Eastern front commander has been called in by me to assist him."

Hitler said that the tiny clique of traitors and destroyers was chiefly responsible for the debacle on the Eastern front. He said that this time the Nazis would get quits with this clique (German Army regulars who had opposed him from the start) "in the way that National Socialists are accustomed." He threatened every soldier in the Army.

"What fate," said Hitler, "would have been in store for Ger-

many had this attempt on my life succeeded is too horrible to think of. I praise Providence, not because it saved my own life. My life is only one of care and labor for my people. I thank Providence only because it has allowed me to go on bearing these cares and to continue with my labor, to act according to the dictates of my conscience. It has again been granted to me that I should escape a fate which would have been terrible, not for me but for the German people. They see in this again the pointing finger of Providence that I must and will carry on with my work!"

Providence having been disposed of, Hitler gave over the mike to Goering and Doenitz, who belched and shouted. But the broadcasts had little of the premeditation we have come to expect from the clever Nazis. And Goebbels' attempt to fix the blame on English agents fell like a pricked balloon when Hitler named the true conspirators—his own Army.

Later tonight it became clear that the attempt was no mere boyish stunt or offhand gesture of a maniac. It had been a long-gathering plot. Colonel Count von Stauffenberg planted the bomb, apparently with the aid and approval of at least fifty German generals, most of whom have now been executed by one means or another. The Gestapo controls the German Army tonight, and every man in the Army is watched, a fact which will greatly affect the quality of the fighting from here on in.

The gravity of the situation became clear at 10 P.M. when Hitler demanded an oath of loyalty from all his troops and officers. The Western officers and troops have taken this oath, but the Eastern front has not been heard from, and it is the Eastern front that is Hitler's worst military perplexity at the moment, with five great Red armies moving twenty miles a day in the direction of Berlin and already within sixty miles of Warsaw.

So, the sands have begun to run out. The engine is beginning

to sputter. For the first time since 1933, Hitler's personal and party prestige is showing patent cracks. Himmler, the cruel S.S. and Gestapo leader, is the dictator of Germany, and Hitler is his captive. Hitler is now a cipher, and Himmler the Butcher is ruler of all the Germans. Himmler has put a muzzle on Goering, and a rein on Goebbels. Himmler has his own personal army of police to enforce any caprice, and Goering is done for.

So, at last, we have been shown a flash of the manner in which it will end, though this is not in itself the end. The German people know now that there is an opposition to Nazism, inside Germany, of German people, who cannot stand much longer the thought of German prestige further degraded throughout the world. This plot was not by outsiders, though they may have helped; it was by Germans, within Germany, against a German leader. It is the first true revolution under National Socialism.

Lewis Gannett said he thought it may have been a good thing that Hitler was *not* assassinated. He said that had Hitler died he would have been a German immortal, and his Nazi movement might have gone on and on through the years, under the belief that had Hitler lived he would have pulled the German nation through. Now Hitler must face the inevitable end—the degradation of Nazism, and the complete defeat of German arms on the field. His name will not outlive *that*. The most shocking piece of auxiliary news tonight comes from Vatican News Service, which says that the Pope has sent a diplomatic telegram to Hitler expressing his pleasure at Hitler's escape from assassination. It *can't* be true.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 23

Little by little the story unrolls, and it is not as simple as the Nazis have told us over the radio. We hardly supposed that it would be. What has happened inside Germany is by no means a revolution by a clique of professional soldiers irked at dis-favors and wanting to set up a new German leader who could do better for them, personally. This attempted assassination was an expression of high military authority (and there is no one more competent to assess military matters than the lifelong Prussian military man), against Hitler as a military "genius." The German High Command had come to the conclusion that the paperhanger with the funny mustache wasn't funny when it came to high military strategy, and he had, indeed, led the German nation and, more important still, the great German Army, to the very edge of ruin.

One idea that seems prevalent in London tonight is that the revolution stems from Hitler's insistence on using the flying bomb instead of giving the Luftwaffe what it needed to stop the French invasion. The flying bomb is a typical Hitler weapon—an emotional weapon, of mighty little military value when it is directed against the civilian population of southern England, including greater London. It is typical because most of Hitler's decisions have been on an emotional basis. He hates England as he hates no other nation on earth, not even the Russians. England alone stood in his way of world conquest. It was always England that blocked German aggression in the past. It was England in 1941 that inhumanly refused to give in when his bombing planes roamed London skies almost without opposition either from anti-aircraft guns or fighters. It was England that was sire to a man named Winston Churchill, without

whom Hitler might now be the King of Europe. So Hitler hated England, and the flying bomb appealed to him. It appealed to his acute and paranoid sense of revenge, no matter what the cost to him or his nation. To Hitler the flying bomb meant: "We may go down, but we'll pull England with us. The robot bomb is the answer."

The Luftwaffe, therefore, grew paler and paler. There was less and less blood in its arteries. By D Day it was unable to prevent the Second Front in France, whereas it might have stopped it in full strength. I have yet to talk to a man who was there on D Day who isn't convinced that Germany, with air support, might well have stopped the invasion, the weather being what it was. At worst, for Germany, the Luftwaffe in strength could have made an invasion enormously costly. So Hitler's military strategy failed again, and the German High Command began to fear for the very life of the German Army. With the Army decimated, there could be no third aggression after twenty years, for there would be nothing to work with. The tools, so difficult to manufacture, would be broken and useless. Germany would be finished.

The flying-bomb decision may have been a last straw. Alone, it might not have caused the attempt at assassination. But coming on top of the African debacle, the sad Italian campaign, the awful defeats in Russia that had only the grim Napoleonic winter retreat for precedent, the successful landings in Normandy (in part, at least, attributable to the flying-bomb decision), this final misstep was one too many. The decline of the Luftwaffe has meant much more to the German Army than we have realized. Early this month the German General Staff decided that the only real hope of avoiding crushing defeat in the field (an early defeat at that) was to retire to the Inner Fortress of natural geographic defenses about Germany—the Alps to the south, the sea to the north, the high ground near the German-Polish border in the east, and the Maginot and Siegfried

Lines in the west, withdrawing every German soldier and every piece of munitions inside this fortress, which might very well have been impregnable, or at least so formidable as to set up a negotiated peace.

But Hitler disregarded this decision and he insisted on fighting for every yard of territory he had won by trickery, brutality and pure war. It was a personal matter to him, since he had won it, he thought, all by himself. What he had won personally he could not let go of as easily as his Army, who looked to a new generation and a new leader. Hitler could imagine no new leader—old leaders never can, humanly enough. As supreme commander, Hitler overruled the Junkers in the High Command and in that hour he fixed a rendezvous with death.

It isn't clear yet whether he was actually in the room at the time of the explosion, though naturally the German propaganda claims he was practically sitting on the bomb, and the Lord miraculously saved him for the future Germany. It seems likely that one rumor has some truth in it. The rumor is that Berger, who was killed, was Hitler's double—had been for years. And the bomb was placed near Berger. Hitler may very well have not been in the room at all. I think that story makes more sense than any of the rest, for it appears tonight that not one but four men were killed in that room, and a dozen were injured. Hitler, if he was inside it at all, was indeed miraculously lucky not to have felt more than a scratch and a burn, for the first pictures show that the room was blasted beyond repair.

It is not ascertained, and may never be, just how the bomb got inside the room. Tonight it is said that the bomb was tossed in. Another version—Goebbels' version—is that it was brought in a briefcase (called a "suitcase" in the naive British press), which would coincide with the flatness of a mine bomb as described originally. At any rate, Colonel Count Klaus von Stauffenberg went immediately to headquarters of the High Command in Berlin and announced that Hitler was dead and

the Prussians were back in the saddles. It was a brave act, and it might have worked had Hitler actually died in the explosion (who can say at this distance that Hitler was *not* killed?). Naturally, von Stauffenberg was quickly dealt with, as were fifty generals high in the German Army.

The S.S. assumes, tonight, its role in destiny.

That is the way all revolutions based on hate begin to fade.

Himmler has a powerful private army in the secret police. He has increased it and brought more and more of Germany under its subjugation. He had planned it that way from the beginning, a revolt within a revolt, Himmler against Goebbel, Himmler against Goering (who is forlorn because of the flying-bomb decision), Himmler against Hitler, who is now virtually a prisoner of the Gestapo, if he is alive. These men did *not* have Germany at heart, as the revolutionaries of 1789 had America at heart. These men were playing a most cynical political game, in which each man tried, and will try until he dies, to clutch complete control of Germany from all the rest. It will defeat Germany in the end, as all cannibalism logically ends in race suicide.

But of all the Nazi figures, each of whom has had his moments of glory, Heinrich Himmler emerges tonight as the German who will be among the last of the outlaws. He will still have a part of his excellent outlaw army, his state police, when Hitler is an insane, babbling prisoner of state. The end was clearly projected tonight in one of the most incredible orders ever issued inside Nazi Germany—from tonight on, every officer and man in the German Army must salute with “Heil Hitler” instead of the centuries-old click of Prussian heels and smartly raised fingertips. I wonder how long *that* will last? Or the Greater Germany either, under the pervert Himmler, with the soft face and thin, cruel mouth?

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 26

Goebbels gave us his full account today of "the events of July 20." He also outlined his plans for providing reserves for the fighting fronts out of German manpower hitherto let go about its own business inside Germany, its own business mainly being politically incidental to the war itself. Goebbels, as newly appointed "Reich Trustee for Total War Mobilization" (whatever that means to a nation already totally mobilized), also threatened England with a robot weapon many times the size of the flying bomb. He said that the flying bomb was only a prelude. He said he had seen the new weapons "which not only made my heart beat faster but stopped it beating."

For once I believe Goebbels, too, since almost every British government officer has made it clear in recent speeches, on and off the record, that the rocket bomb is expected soon and will be very nasty when it comes. The consensus seems to be that it will weigh twenty to thirty tons, and will carry a 10-ton explosive charge in its head—ten times the power of the flying bomb, and infinitely harder to shoot down, since it travels at enormous speeds through the stratosphere, where few planes can fly. German inventive genius, says Goebbels, has stood the test, and while the Allies had gained a temporary advantage industrially, this advantage was now more than surpassed by a whole new idea in warfare—patently, the rocket explosive. One has landed in Sweden during a test at a point 200 miles from its take-off. It is not a pleasant forecast for the London area, especially when you're living and trying to work here.

Goebbels said that Count von Stauffenberg, invited to a staff conference, brought the bomb to Hitler's headquarters in an attaché case and pushed it in front of the Fuehrer's feet (or in

front of Berger's feet, most likely). The Count and his fellows gave the Berlin garrison the order to surrender, and for six hours there was actually some doubt as to who ran the Army. For six hours, there was an opposition party inside Germany, the first since the Reichstag was burned by Hitler.

Goebbels said later: "With the prolongation of the war, the enemy has taken hold of the German blitz strategy, learned its lessons, and brought to bear upon us similar means and methods of strategy. This is a prime factor of the retrogression of the German military success in 1942. Circumstances have given the enemy an advantage. But the enemy has not only adapted the blitz strategy. He also made some far-reaching inventions which completely revolutionized certain spheres of modern warfare, such as the instrument for bombing through cloud. This instrument has come rather as a surprise for Germany. But we realized very soon that we could not get the better of the enemy by increasing the number and bettering the quality of means already in our arsenal. To beat him, we needed novel means and possibilities. Developments here have been moving in totally unbeaten tracks, and we may duly expect, therefore, that the enemy will be confronted with a totally new situation and caught rather by surprise. We are not very far from the day when our own novel weapon and means of warfare will be employed."

This weapon, obviously, is some form of rocket capable of moving great weights of explosive great distances without much danger to the offensive party.

"The enemy," said Goebbels, in a broadcast neglected in the unseeing London press, "will then be faced with a new situation, particularly Britain, who lies nearest within the reach of our fist and who by her demeanor deserves the most rigorous punishment. We no longer stand baffled before the fury of our enemies, wondering what to do next."

The reiteration of the hatred for England, the unconscious

defeatism in the use of an anti-civilian weapon at a time when military disasters echo on every front, the philosophy of pulling the rest of the world into the abyss (Wagnerian, no less) are elements of insanity—in truth “The Revolution of Nihilism.” That is what the professional soldier began to see when Hitler insisted on holding Stalingrad, refusing to move back into a defendable military line; when Hitler began letting fortune tellers run the campaign in Africa; when less and less of what Der Fuehrer said made any sense at all, though at one time he had, beyond the possibility of doubt, been one of the cleverest politicians ever born on this earth. We looked at his ridiculous little mustache and we began to laugh, but we should have taken him seriously *then*. His mind can scarcely be taken seriously now, even by his own Army.

Goebbels said truthfully tonight that what matters for Germany now is to get into production what new weapons of war have been invented by German scientific genius. Production of robots can make things hot for England, though it may not turn the outcome of war. These next few weeks and months are going to be strange indeed to the English people, and to the Polish people, and to the French people, and the peoples of Russia, Norway, Denmark, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Finland, Belgium, Holland, even to America in her tower of ivory. But they will be no stranger than to the German people if the German Army doesn't pull itself together and do *something* to stop the magnificent Russians, who are now at the doorsills of Germany itself, from the Carpathians in the southeast through Warsaw in the center to Königsberg and Danzig in the north. Laugh that off, Herr Goebbels.

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 29

This has been quite a week, when you look back at it.

It began with the announcements of the near-assassination of Adolf Hitler. It saw the greatest Russian advances of the war. It included the first big breakthrough in southern Normandy. In Italy the Allies approached Florence and Pisa; the King of England was less than 300 yards from an exploding mine; and the Germans made it plain that they are about to use V-2, said to be a rocket weighing 70 tons and carrying 10 tons of high explosive when it strikes—ten times the size of the present flying bombs.

Let's start with July 22, the 1,785th day of the war for England. Germany was in a ferment, following the assassination attempt, and Hitler was appealing to the troops of his own army for loyalty. It was a situation that could not have been imagined even two years ago, and would have been laughed down in 1941 and 1940. On July 22, the Russians broke through Pskov, last of the big enemy bases on the Latvian front. The Russians had come halfway to Berlin in thirty-three days.

July 23, the 1,786th day of the war for England. The Russians drove past Pskov and began cutting the railway north of Dvinsk. The Hitler story began to creep out, and it was an ugly story for Germans to read, a story of defection and disloyalty to the one and only Fuehrer, with fifty German Army generals involved, most of them immediately executed. Goebbels and Himmler began to emerge as the new German powers, and Goering began to fade with his Luftwaffe. King George arrived in Naples by air on a visit to the forces in Italy, and Winston Churchill came home from three days in Normandy with his troops. And they were *his* troops.

July 24, the 1,787th day of the war for England. The Russians captured Lublin, stronghold covering the central Polish approaches to Warsaw, and another Russian Army threatened to cut off as many as twenty Baltic divisions by slicing northwest toward East Prussia with one fork and toward Riga with another. The East Prussian drive was led by Cherniakhovsky, the great Jewish general, who seemed likely to be the first Allied general to set attacking foot on German soil, justice and coincidence making sense for a change. Berlin announced that two German generals had died of wounds received in Hitler's room when the bomb exploded, and several reports spread in London that Hitler's double, Berger, the secretary and alter ego, had been dynamited by mistake, and that Hitler had, in fact, not even been in the room when the explosion came. Naturally, Nazi propaganda would have it otherwise. This day Hitler (or Himmler) issued a fateful decree—that the Nazi salute replace the regular German Army salute. This day probably was more important than most.

July 25, the 1,788th day of the war for England. Lancasters and Halifaxes continued their heavy blasting of big German cities, tied in with the weakening German morale and the obvious approach of disaster inside Germany. It was Stuttgart this time, and Stuttgart was being evacuated tonight. Hitler decreed total mobilization on every part of European ground under German control, but the words had lost their meaning. The RAF went to Stuttgart the second time in twenty-four hours, while other big raids were made on Berlin, Bremen and Mannheim. Demonstrations in Stuttgart demanded "an end to this senseless war." The demonstrators were killed by German troops. American troops, attacking after an almost unbelievable air assault on a twenty-square-mile area near St. Lo, broke through the enemy on a wide front and began pushing west and south. A force of 4,108 aircraft supported this one attack, dropping ten bombs to every acre of ground. Other aircraft, chiefly British, went to Wat-

ten in the Pas de Calais. Their targets were, of course, flying-bomb sites, but they were also rocket sites this time—officially announced—and rocket supply dumps. V-2 appeared to be just around the corner from us in England, V-2 of 10 tons or 70 tons, or what you will.

July 26, the 1,789th day of the war for England. The Russians reached the Vistula west of Lublin and captured Deblin, only sixty miles southeast of Warsaw, and Narva in the far north. United States armored columns penetrated the enemy positions west of St. Lo, capturing St. Gilles and Marigny, and wiping out Lessay and Perriers to the northwest, bastions which had held since D Day. Seven German divisions were in a fair way to being trapped in this western triangle, but Rommel, being a past master at elusion, probably would get them out, we felt here. The British and Canadians held off, meanwhile, a very strong force of crack Panzer counterattackers south of Caen. Though the British press seemed disturbed at being unable to push ahead while the Russians and Yanks were so successful, it appeared to us to be part of a strategical scheme in which the British and Canadians held a good share of Nazi armored strength and we went sailing south toward Avranches and open French country.

July 27, the 1,790th day of the war for England. This was a day of unprecedented glory for Russia. Never had so many great bastions fallen to an army in a single day, at least we could remember no precedent in history, at which most newspapermen are good, since it is what they write. The Russians smashed into Bialystok, Dvinsk, Stanislavov, Shavli, Rezekne and the great Lvov (Lwow). Moscow had its most exciting night. No one went to bed, for there were so many 168-gun salutes that they could not all be crowded into the dark hours. These capturings ranged from the very top to the very bottom of the Russian-German front, and they lent support to a theory at Supreme Headquarters here that there may be a complete

collapse of German military resistance in central Poland. I broadcast to the States tonight that the probable defensive line in the East would touch Danzig at the top, Bromberg, Posen and Breslau in the middle, and Mährisch to the south, at the former Czechoslovakian border. It was not my idea, but that of a Russian expert at the Ministry of Information who had been so incredibly right about this whole military campaign that he seemed worth listening to.

On this day Goebbels renewed his threat to England of the horrifying and unimaginable V-2. But German prisoners taken at the front said their commanding officers had often wished aloud that instead of flying bombs the High Command had prevailed and that German industry would now be pouring its talents into a little supporting aircraft. In western Normandy, a big American tank push broke clean through and wandered out onto the Brittany plain. Nine thousand prisoners were taken so far, gains up to fifteen miles had been made, the seven divisions were still trapped to the northwest, though they seemed to be squeezing through west of Coutances, and a general withdrawal was announced by the German command in the Coutances area, the first of the Normandy campaign. British newsmen continued to writhe at British-Canadian inactivity, which was getting a little embarrassing even for us Yanks. The flying bombs were given an extra workout over "southern England, including the London area," this day.

July 28, the 1,791st day of the war for England. The Allies had, apparently, scored their first major victory of the war in France, counting Cherbourg as a part of the landing operations. Rommel's western Normandy line was shattered and falling rapidly south. The Allies were as rapidly pursuing, now eager to get out of the confining Normandy peninsula and into the heart of France, where the front line could be extended to a point where Hitler's seven Panzer divisions would be unable to concentrate anywhere, but would be attenuated, as they were in

Poland. In Poland, four more great bastions fell. (I like that word "bastions." It sounds strong and military.) Kovno, Przemysl, Yaroslav and Brest-Litovsk, the treaty town. Russian artillery was in range of the southeastern suburbs of Warsaw, and the Germans, for all their exhortation, apparently were not prepared to defend Warsaw, but must needs fall farther still toward the homeland. In Italy, the King of England was uninjured when a foot mine exploded less than 300 yards from him. The Eighth and Fifth Armies moved steadily toward the great north Italian cities of Genoa, Milan and Turin, and the Nazis foretold Allied landings in southern France, and we believed them.

July 29, the 1,792nd day of the war for England. When will the numbers come to an end? Well, there is only one answer—when we have beaten Hitler, Japan and all other enemies of The People.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
July 31

The swift American advance early this morning in the direction of Avranches opens the gate to something completely new in the Battle of France.

Avranches is the most southerly French town in the Cherbourg peninsula, and a few thousand yards beyond Avranches there is a railroad running almost due east and west, directly into Brest. Avranches is, then, the end mark of one phase of the Battle of France, and the capital letter of a new one.

What has hampered Allied military power in the Cherbourg peninsula since June 6 has been lack of elbow room. If the

American breakthrough passes Avranches, it will bring the front for the first time out into territory where flanking movements will be possible, where all the German armored divisions cannot be concentrated in a tiny area, as they are below Caen, and where the German front line in France will begin to widen and weaken.

No Allied announcement has been made as to German armored strength in the Brest peninsula, but it is known to be not very great, and even this small amount may have been moved over by Rommel to stem the Yankee breakthrough. This being so, there will not be much in the Brest peninsula to prevent the Allies from cutting it off completely, the line running eventually through Rennes to St. Nazaire.

If this can be gained speedily, and what German manpower is in the Brest peninsula can be trapped there, or at worst made to flee, the Allies will then have widened their front to three times its present width—three times as much elbow room, and with a chance, for the first time, to use the greatly superior Anglo-American armored power on flanking movements.

Avranches is, then, the very important gateway to Brittany. It seems likely here tonight that Granville and Avranches may be by-passed, in order to speed the day when this new front can be put to use. The quicker the front widens, the sooner is Rommel's strength attenuated, and the sooner must he fall back toward Paris to avoid encirclement from the southwest.

The country between Avranches and Brest is quite flat the first half of the way, and hilly as it approaches the great peace-time Atlantic seaport, so familiar to American soldiers and sailors. The country below Avranches to the south is flat as far as Nantes on the Loire River, ideal country for tanks, and flanking movements.

Whereas the French soil beyond Caen has been uphill all the way, it is downhill from the point now reached by the Americans in the western portion of the Cherbourg peninsula. A

glance at a map suggests that by following the contours of the land below Avranches, a circling movement could be made through Rennes, Le Mans, Orleans and thence north to Paris, which would force the Germans to withdraw in the north beyond Le Havre and Rouen if the threat were in sufficient strength.

The fact that German prisoners taken by the Americans now exceed 10,000 in western Normandy, and that twice as many were taken today as yesterday suggests that the push into open country may soon be undertaken.

The importance of Brest as an Allied seaport cannot be exaggerated and needs only a reference to the last war, for Brest was the point of debarkation for literally millions of soldiers, most of them from the States. It was also a great naval base, and would be enormously valuable to the Allied fleets, since it dominates not only the English Channel to the north, but the Atlantic Ocean to the west and the Bay of Biscay to the south.

Brest is almost as far out into the ocean as Land's End in Britain. Its capture would rob the Germans of their only remaining destroyer and E-boat base of any size west of Germany. If the Americans by-pass Avranches, or take it swiftly, and the Germans are forced to abandon Brittany, including Brest, the Allied gain thereby is, therefore, naval as well as frontal.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
August 2

As the Americans and British-Canadians move out into the plains in France, the clear passing of the initiative from the hands of Adolf Hitler becomes more and more evident. Unless

you can call Hitler's adoption of the robot instead of the fighter plane an offensive act—an offensive choice—Hitler is now clearly shown to have danced the tunes selected by the Allied planners as far back as the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting in Casablanca. What offensive moves he has made have been the back-swings of Allied planning—counteroffensives rather than offensives. What could have been better for the Allies than his insistence on holding Stalingrad, or occupying Tunis, or his Kursk counteroffensive of a year ago this June? What could be more suited to Allied strategy than his piecemeal counterattacks in Normandy, terribly costly counterattacks, and without any compelling force behind any single attack? Rommel and Hitler have common minds—quick actions, immediate responses to Allied offensives. But von Rundstedt was wiser. He advocated moving deeply back toward Germany, and then launching a gigantic counteroffensive. It might well have worked, except that von Rundstedt was sacked by Hitler (and Rommel). Hitler has wasted his armored divisions in France and now he's paying a terrible price—this military "genius" who worked by intuition.

Napoleon produced a brilliant midsummer campaign in 1813 in Saxony, and an even more brilliant quick campaign the following winter. But these campaigns were the magnesium flaring up of the light bulb just before it goes out forever. Hitler, or some Nazi general, may yet produce a military stroke of brilliance, but it will be the flash before the end. And the chances are that if it comes it will not come from Hitler. Napoleon was a professional soldier, a true military genius. Hitler has had his moments of genius as a politician, but they are not apt to be revived on the battlefield.

The flying bomb is, in its way, the giant flash before the bulb burns out. Robots are a product of intense imaginative application, and they will change our world of the future. But they came too late to save Germany.

I was told a story tonight at Supreme Headquarters by Ander-

son, the military expert of the *Manchester Guardian*, which bears relating. It appeals to whatever superstitious nature exists in mankind, and I suspect a great deal of superstition is flying about us now, so near the end of the war. The Nazis of the time were not unaware of it.

The day after Hitler had withdrawn Germany from the League of Nations on October 15, 1933, an episode occurred which greatly shook those of superstitious mind, not the least of them being Adolf Hitler himself. He was due to lay the cornerstone of the new gallery of German art in Munich (now leveled by Flying Fortress attack). He took a symbolic silver hammer in his hand. He raised it, and as the Bavarian Minister of the Interior said, "This will be a sign and symbol of the future of the Nazi movement," Hitler struck the cornerstone as the admirers cheered beneath the swastika drapings. The silver hammer had a large swastika on it (remember when the swastika was a symbol of good luck?) and Hitler let it fall with a great noise. It was symbolic enough, perhaps a bit too symbolic. For, on the first stroke, the swastika hammer broke cleanly in two—"the sign and symbol of the future of the Nazi movement." Hitler had been prepared to speak, one of his most formidable speeches on the newly risen Germany. Instead, he sat down abruptly and stared at the broken silver hammer and the broken swastika engraved in it. He was so upset that he resumed his seat without a word. He and his Nazis did everything in their power to suppress the picture. But it was printed, and eventually the English press got hold of it.

I could not help thinking, as I heard the story, of Hitler's orders the recent night of his attempted assassination: "No military authority, no leader of any sort, no private soldier in the field, is to obey any orders emanating from this group of assassins!" And then the awful suffix: "When in doubt, confirm by telephone."

I could not help but wonder if Adolf Hitler remembered the

breaking of the silver hammer when at one o'clock in the morning on July 21, 1944, he talked excitedly into the microphone of "the clique of criminal officers." It is now said that Goering uncovered the plot. I wish I knew in what words, in what tone, in what manner Goering broke the story of the plot to Hitler. Did he say it in kind words, in friendly words—or did he tell Hitler something he had always wanted to say to him? We shall never know, most likely, and at any rate I don't know now.

Actually, we know very little more about Hitler's skirmish with death than we knew on July 22. This is the consensus among the war correspondents accredited to Supreme Headquarters who drank in every drop of meaning and innuendo in all of the words that dripped from the wires that night, and have since come our way:

(1) There is genuine skepticism that Hitler actually did escape assassination. A surprising number here think he was killed.

(2) Berger, his alter ego, was undoubtedly mistaken for him, if Hitler did not die; and Berger died, the fool in the king's bed.

(3) If Hitler was not killed, then the feeling seems to be that he was not even injured; was, indeed, not even in the room. Too many were killed and injured, and the explosion was too great in the small room (two meters from "Hitler") to have let him off with only superficial burns and shock. Naturally, the Nazis would never admit such a thing.

(4) Almost no one here now believes the war will end this month, or that the attempted assassination meant the beginning of a quick overthrow of Nazism. A few thought so at first, I among them. But as the days have gone by it has become clear that this was just the beginning, not the last scene, of disintegration within Germany.

(5) There was a great deal of discussion on how the story should have been played in America. It broke on the night of

President Roosevelt's renomination to a fourth term. Which story should have led the paper? For sheer reader interest, I string along with the Hitler story, though there is no question about the Roosevelt nomination being historically important. If Hitler had died by assassination, there would have been no question of how the story should be played. Failing—well, it was an arguable point.

(6) The correspondents thought the Russian breakthroughs were much more important in the long run, and part of the same story, too. I have never seen a press room as excited as it was that assassination night, and I have seen press rooms on many tense Presidential election nights; on the terrifying night Hitler invaded Poland; the Sunday night the Japanese maimed Pearl Harbor and we knew what awful damage had been done and were unable to print it; the night I saw Bruno Hauptmann die in Trenton, New Jersey; the night the Hindenburg exploded in midair in the last few feet of a trans-Atlantic crossing; the night Dillinger was shot dead; and the night the first flying bombs burst in London. No, Hitler's brush with eternity topped them all; but the correspondents will tell you now that the Russian breakthroughs in depth were more important.

(7) The correspondents feel, almost without exception, that as a result of this first crack in the castle wall, the fortress will have been stormed by October or November. They believe the Russians will end it, and we'll just get to Paris in time.

It's odd how far away the war with Japan has become to me here in London, but the London papers almost never print Far Eastern stories, or if they are printed, they are not played up. Only yesterday, when Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, the Montgomery of the Royal Navy, became commander of British seapower in the Far East, was Great Britain's final signature written at the bottom of the death warrant of Japan.

German prisoners taken by the Yanks in Normandy have been pretty vocal about the end of Germany and Hitler's narrow es-

cape. On one prisoner this bit of verse was found, which is hereby translated, imperfectly, from far better German:

Ten little grumbleboys sat drinking wine.
One told a Goebbels' joke. Then there were nine.
Nine little grumbleboys wrote something on a slate.
One left it lie about. Then there were eight.
Eight little grumbleboys, thought music heaven.
One played some Mendelssohn. Then there were seven.
Seven little grumbleboys talking politics.
One's face showed what he thought. Then there were six.
Six little grumbleboys saw a Hitler Youth arrive.
One said: "You ____." Then there were five.
Five little grumbleboys the Chancellery saw.
One asked: "What did it cost?" Then there were four.
Four little grumbleboys spoke of Dr. Ley.
One said: "He drinks less now." Then there were three.
Three little grumbleboys were asked: "How tastes your stew?"
One said: "I'd hate to say." Then there were two.
Two little grumbleboys thought blood myths were all wrong.
Along came Herr Rosenberg, and he took one along.
One lonely little grumbleboy began to *grumble* then.
So he was sent to Dachau, where now there are ten.

The London papers have this to say about Goebbels, Hitler, Himmler, assassination, and the new "total mobilization":

DAILY HERALD—The Nazi leaders are sufficiently confident in the strength of their party and police network to impose even harsher restrictions on the lives of the German people. The end is certain. But it will be delayed, the world's agony will be prolonged, and the problem of reconstruction will be needlessly further complicated, if there is an outbreak of overoptimism among the Allied nations.

DAILY WORKER—Is not the long delay in making public the details of the attempted assassination of Hitler indicative of the uncertainty as to how far the plot of the generals extends? Goebbels' speech adds nothing but picturesque details to what he told the world a week ago. Would it be too great a shock to

the Germans to tell them who were the persons who aimed to supplant the Fuehrer?

DAILY TELEGRAPH—Goebbels' appointment as "Trustee for Total Mobilization" is to be welcomed as the plainest admission of military despair yet made.

DAILY EXPRESS—Goebbels has a job on, all right, trying to pull Germany out of the mess she is in. If the German people do not want to be pulled down into the complete ruin and destruction that Hitler promises as the alternative to victory, they had better produce some leaders of their own pretty quickly, instead of relying on the Junker generals, with whom no one will deal.

DAILY MAIL—Goebbels' story of the attempt on Hitler is just as unreliable as any coming from Germany. What is important are his promises to the nation and the measures he proposes to secure victory. What does he promise them? Nothing but a new secret weapon—and even for that they must wait. This will be cold comfort for the disillusioned German masses.

THE TIMES—In view of the official description of the conspirators, it must be significant that no military officer of high rank was put up to make a similar appeal to the loyalty of the Army (as Goering did for the Luftwaffe and Doenitz for the Navy); but instead, Himmler, the grim policeman, the blood-thirsty master of political terrorism, is suddenly invested with the command of all the armed forces . . . a lost cause.

INVASION *Journal*

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
August 3

Winston Churchill has scarcely ever been in better form. He said he had, on the whole, a good report to make to the House.

He himself looked pink and semi-happy, or at any rate bemused, as he looked out over his half-adjusted glasses and put each hand inside a lapel of his dark parliamentary uniform. He spoke slowly, as an old baseball player takes it easy when he begins to warm up, his great humor bubbling up through most of the passages, except the grim forecast of many-ton rockets with London as their target. The House was completely packed. It was not the real House, of course. Enemy action had long since changed the venue. But the packages that things are wrapped in make little difference; it was what Churchill said, and what he put into the historical record that counted.

Here are the highlights of what he said:

THE PACIFIC—We have gone far ahead of our schedule out there, and are now able to wage two wars with vigor, simultaneously. There is no such thing as a secondary front. "It is not easy for us here to measure the character and the size of the forces which have produced this remarkable political and military convulsion from Japan," he told us, "but it can hardly arise from a conviction among the Japanese that Admiral Yamamoto's program is being realized as fully as he and General Tojo had expected. [Laughter] I must repeat that I am increasingly led to believe that the interval between the defeat of Hitler and the defeat of Japan will be shorter." [Cheers—that is to say, a few cautious cries of "Hear, hear"]

BURMA—Churchill said that much more tonnage was being flown via the American air highway into China, over the hump, than ever had been transported by the old Burma Road. It was an astonishing and remarkable feat, he told us. He said that the Royal Navy would be greatly reinforced in the Far East by the end of 1944. "It is probable, however, that the Japanese Navy will have its time fully taken up with the Navy of the United States, which is already double the size of the fleet of that presumptuous, ambitious and treacherous Oriental power."

The reinforcement was forecast by Admiral Fraser's appointment.

NORMANDY—For half an hour Churchill spoke of the intricate planning for Normandy: how the plans had been told to Stalin at Teheran, with a forecast for late May or early June, and how Stalin had, for his part, promised that the whole of the Russian armies would be thrown, as indeed they have been, into general battle in the East. [Prolonged cheers, real cheers this time] Churchill said: "I do not believe myself that this vast enterprise of invasion could have been executed earlier. [Hear, hear] We had not the experience; we had not the tackle. There are more than sixty variants of the landing craft and escort vessels [used to invade Normandy], and they provide for the landing not only of an army but for everything that an army can need." Churchill himself had seen six medium landing craft come into Normandy beaches, unload and push away toward England once again—within fifteen minutes. Harbors had been built onto the beaches, he revealed for the first time (though we here had always known it—Churchill loves to scoop the world). No armies have ever been equipped as Montgomery's army is equipped in France—and maintained by the sea.

AIR POWER—The strategical bombing that preceded the invasion and has been maintained, and the tactical bombing at each small pie-slice of the front had been carried out, said Churchill, at terrible loss to the air forces of the Allies, but they had helped win the day. "We have been hampered continually by the most unseasonable weather; large patches of early mist and low clouds day after day put off the operations by rendering impossible the avalanche of fire and steel with which our air power prepares for an attack. Now at last we are gaining that space to deploy which is necessary for armies of the size that we are using."

THE NEWS IN GENERAL—"Extremely good." Churchill said,

cautiously and slowly: "I must confess that the latest news seems to me extremely good. The First American Army advancing down the Atlantic coast has reached the line of the River Selune and may well be approaching the important railway center of Rennes, about halfway across the base of the Brest peninsula." (Another scoop for the P.M., who was a war correspondent once himself.) As far as the battle has already gone, this has been "a glorious story, not only liberating the fields of France from atrocious enslavement but also uniting with bonds of true comradeship the great democracies of the West and the English-speaking peoples of the world." Churchill said that very full and very lively accounts of the French battle were being given in the Press. "Very often," he said, "they are ahead of the official views—and they are not wrong—because more care has to be taken about anything that is said officially, but a most lively and true picture is given by the Press at the present time by the accounts we have of this fighting so near at home." Here Mr. Gallacher, the Fife Communist, shouted out, "A pat on the back for the *Daily Worker*." Mr. Churchill said: "Yes, I have no doubt. Lots of things are happening which will cause the honorable gentleman pleasure and the paper of which he is certainly an admirer." [Laughter]

WEAPONS—He disclosed that the United States had been able to offer the British between 3,000 and 4,000 additional heavy tanks one year ago, which had been of great advantage in Africa, in Italy and now on the British sector in Normandy. He told how the "notorious Churchill tank," the most thin-skinned weapon in Europe [laughter] also has won commendation. He said that "the Churchill can be either defensive or offensive, as circumstances may require." [Much laughter] Then he told how fine a general Alexander had been, and how well things were going in Italy, and in Russia. He spent quite a time on Russia, saying he had left out the one obvious fact—"namely, that it is the Russian armies who have done the main work in

tearing the guts out of the German Army." (There were real cheers for this one.) "I salute Marshal Stalin, the great champion, and I firmly believe that our twenty years' treaty with Russia will prove to be one of the most lasting and durable factors in preserving the peace and the good order and the progress of Europe. It may well be that the Russian success has been somewhat aided by the strategy of Herr Hitler—or Corporal Hitler." [Cheers and laughter]

ROCKETS—Then Churchill's voice sobered and quieted. He spoke very slowly indeed. He said that as the war approached the end of its fifth year—perhaps its closing phase—he wanted to speak of "famous and mighty London," which had now been subjected to almost continuous bombardment for seven weeks. He told the House that nearly a million homes had been damaged, 14,000 people seriously hurt, and 4,735 persons killed by 5,340 robots launched against London since June 16. He said the people of London had been wonderful, and would continue so to the end. He said that nearly 1,000,000 persons had been evacuated from London already, and he suggested that any more who were not urgently needed here should go away. "The only result of the use of this indiscriminate weapon," said Churchill very soberly, and even threateningly, "will be, so far as the Germans are concerned, that the severity of the punishment which they will receive after their weapons have been struck from their hands by our fighting men will be appreciably increased!" [Loud cheers] There were all manner of improving defensive measures, and hundreds of the best expert brains were being constantly riveted upon the problem of defense against robots. But he could hold out no guarantee that the problem would be completely solved until we have occupied the region from which these bombs are launched, which, he thought, we should do before the unconditional surrender of the enemy had been received. Then he told the people of England, through these well-chosen words of his in a ridiculously small London

room that passed for the House of Commons, that they must expect long-range rockets of much heavier explosive charge than the flying bomb. It was not an easy thing to say, but being an honest man, Churchill said it outright. London, he expected, would be the primary target on account of the probable inaccuracy of the rocket weapon and the size of the Target of London. He said: "I do not wish to minimize the ordeal to which we may be subjected." But he did say that it was by no means certain that the enemy had solved the difficult technical problems connected with aiming the high explosive rocket.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—Winston Churchill acknowledged the power of military victories in diplomacy. He wanted France to regain her status as a world power, and he had good comfort there. He hoped the Poles would get together so they could get together with Russia. He thought the Balkans were now completely through with Hitler, and ripe for plucking. He announced—what we had known since 10 A.M.—that Turkey had at last broken off political and economic relations with Germany. Churchill said that Turkey's act "infuses new life into the Allies." What Churchill did not say, but what the newspapermen all felt after the announcement was: "So what?" It was a bit late for Turkey to come into a war already won—a bit *ex post facto* to expect much reward. Neutrals—I know what I'd like to do with most of them, if I had the Eighth Air Force for a day.

"ON TO BATTLE"—So, Churchill concluded one of his greatest speeches, written in such beautiful English that there was a reverence among the correspondents hearing it, or poring through his text as the night wore on and the cables sizzled. Churchill said: "The highest personalities in the German Reich are murdering one another, or trying to, while the avenging armies of the Allies close upon the doomed and ever-narrowing circle of their power." But the English, he said, had never based themselves on the strength of the enemy, but on the righteous-

ness of their cause. [Cheers and shouts] "Let us go on, then, to battle on every front, thrust forward every man who can be found, arm and equip the forces in bountiful supply, listen to no parley from the enemy, vie with our valiant Allies to intensify the conflict, bear with unflinching fortitude whatever evils and blows we may receive, drive on through the storm now that it reaches its fury, with the same singleness of purpose and inflexibility of resolve as we showed to all the world when we were all alone." [Loud and prolonged cheers—lusty cheers]

Yes, a great man spoke, and if ever the fiery power of words shone in the darkness it shone in that crowded room, that was not even large enough for half of Commons.

INVASION *Journal*

OFF THE FRENCH COAST, *August 9*

The sea has been marble-dark and forbidding since we left England; like the war itself, the sea has seemed endless and undefeated near the close of the voyage. But the lodestone rock is strong, and the mariner is driven to it with horrible fascination; a compelling lodestone beckons from France, saying: "The war is here now, not in England. You cannot cover the war by staying in England. Not really. Not honestly." The lodestone rock draws the mariner, and it must be obeyed.

Two things guide the life of the seafaring man, departure and landfall—and this is departure, for we are now out of sight of England. As long as land's a-view, there is no departure, for all the weighing of anchors. But we are at departure now, or just slightly past it, and at the same time, near landfall on the other side. This is a narrow strip of water. The Atlantic Ocean, when we crossed it in the great troopship, was

a tremendous symphony which unfolded slowly, and could not be hurried. This crossing is almost transparent, a Debussy, a blending of departure and landfall into a miniature ocean voyage, none the safer because the German filled these marble waters with mines last night, and one never can be certain that all mines have been swept, even in years to come, after the last shots have been fired. French farmers were blown to bits ten years past November 11, 1918, when their turning plows struck munitions long buried in French fields that had once been irregularly turned by other plows.

The lodestone rock is strong, and the mariner is driven to it, until the lodestone ceases to be. It dies magically when the sorcerer dies. The sorcerer is not yet dead, and his evil magic is still upon the earth. His evil Padrone was very much with him when the assassin's bomb exploded and, although his ambassadors were killed and hurt, he escaped it. The lodestone rock of battle lies in France, and the attraction cannot be withstood by a newspaperman who was never much good at sitting patiently in the shaded grandstand.

I left London with one of the few anti-British emotions I've had in these parts. I haven't liked the British papers overmuch for being jealous of the remarkable American breakthrough at St. Lo, now having cut off the Brest peninsula and all of Brittany in less than a fortnight. But even the London *Times* has been playing up the British-Canadian "push" into Villers Bocage, which is less than four miles from where they began their drive two weeks ago. The Americans have gone sixty miles into Brittany in twenty-four hours, yet even in the *Times* they get only the third bank of the headline—"American Momentum Unchecked." The rest of the editing has been much the same—except that the word "Allied" ought to have been paid time-and-a-half. The *Times*, self-corrective as ever, at length wrote a good leading editorial on the subject. "The American forces under the command of General Bradley are engaged in

a sweep which has had few parallels in its dramatic quality and in its headlong speed. . . . General Bradley's breakthrough into Brittany has afforded the Allies one of the grandest opportunities of the whole campaign."

What the Germans think of the situation is completely unknown, since the German radio has scarcely mentioned Brittany this month. But it is clear that Bradley's breakthrough gives the Allies at least four bonuses: (1) a wider front on which to attack and feint, the first chance in France to make flanking movements; (2) a German dilemma as to the use of what little German armored strength remains in France, armor that cannot now be bunched, as it was below Caen, but must be attenuated; (3) a tremendous psychological, as well as geographical (mainly seaport) advance in having won Brittany as well as Normandy —in remarkably swift strokes, with three such port prizes as Brest, St. Nazaire and Lorient; and (4) it has given the British-Canadians their first real chance of capturing the Pas de Calais round the bend of Le Havre, and of nipping the flying bomb at its source, as well as any other forms of robot torment Hitler had planned or was already using against "southern England including the London area."

The contentious London headline wretch did not, however, reflect the talk of the street, such as I heard, which was considerable. There was nothing but admiration for Yankee daring, and there were words of disgust concerning British inhibition on the battlefield. I myself had strong feelings against Anglo-American inhibition some weeks ago, when the Russians were showing an incredible disregard of danger, textbooks and timetables in the East. I did not like it particularly in the Americans, who had never been inhibited before. So now I have had to take it all back about the Yanks, and wonder at my own impatience with a man like Bradley, who should not have had to prove himself to any war correspondent after the North African campaign. But I thought that the ordinary Londoner was

beginning to chafe at the inhibitions that remained fastened like chains around the legs of the British-Canadian troops on the eastern sector in Normandy—a natural jealousy and detestation for that worst of all British sins, muddling through something when, with an ounce of planning and mental alertness, it could have been cut cleanly. At times like these, even the British don't like the British way of letting things slide until the disease is in full flower.

This should be said about the Caen-Caumont sector, though. It is undoubtedly true that the Germans intended to hold this gateway to the Pas de Calais as long as they held anything. Obvious enough, but forgotten when the dispatches came in. One of the smartest men in the world was the man who first said that nothing succeeds like success. If Hitler had won, he would have become an imperishable hero to the German people, and an historic figure as great as any Europe ever produced. Even now, when he is defeated, Hitler will go down in history (why don't we ever go *back* in history, or *up* in history, or anywhere but *down* in history?) as one of Europe's political geniuses, in spite of the fact that he violated every principle of sacred human conduct and Christian precept. Or, perhaps, because of it.

Early Sunday morning, when the news from Brittany could not be longer denied, almost all of the London papers altered their early-edition headlines to match the reality of the news. These early editions had spotlighted Montgomery and the tiny British drive south of the Orne; but Reuters and British United Press ended all that with a bulletin at midnight: "Americans in Brest." Prejudices were swept aside by this tidal wave of news. The *Sunday Express*, for all its politics one of the fairest papers as to playing the news, came out in its final edition with: BRITTANY A MAJOR GERMAN DISASTER. The others were much alike, and the U.S. tanks having reached Brest got, at last, their justice due. The whole of the peninsula was not

cut off, and even the headline wretches were baffled and defeated.

Unnoticed in this flurry, the Red Army had moved onto German soil—the first time Germany's opponents have been on her soil since the autumn of 1939, when French soldiers crossed the German frontier, but only for a moment. This was admitted by the German High Command, and broadcast throughout Germany, since there was no avoiding the facts. This story was also given great prominence in the London Sunday papers, but only in the late editions. The first editions led with the startling news: "British advance several miles" . . . "Whole British line moving rapidly."

But the story of the week has been the Brittany story, even in the Russian press. The Yanks moved 60 miles in one day, then 104 miles in one day. Not even the uninhibited Russians had accomplished anything like this. The British not only had never accomplished it, but point-blank refused to believe it, or to recognize the physical fact that it had actually been done, and by their own right flank. (Florence was reached at about the same time, yet the early editions did not publish the story on page one.)

It was a fixation of editors and headline writers, who seemed to reflect the common British point of view, that the Americans had no right to take Brittany without going through the methodical, textbook procedure, and the formalities of historic advance and retreat. To cut off the entire Brittany peninsula in three days and two nights was not only absurd but somehow immoral; certainly, to the British, it wasn't the way it should have been done. Therefore, their newspapers could see no reason for giving it overmuch publicity, until the standard required number of hours and days were past. But the penetration at Brest was tidal, and there was no denying it, not even in print.

Buried likewise, amid unending details of small yardage gained on the British sectors, was an item concerning the deci-

sion of the Japanese cabinet to arm the entire population of Japan as a means of resistance to a possible Allied landing on the mainland. Tokyo said: "Japan is now on the defensive [no American inhibitions there either]. Our enemies hold the initiative. But Japan, like her Allies in Europe, is slowly building up powerful armies that will crush the enemy in a decisive counter-stroke. There is now ordered *most total mobilization*." I thought it was a good story, and I'm certain it would have been on page one in my paper. But the British press did not agree, being as yet almost wholly innocent of the war in the Pacific.

A man could make a good living as a writer in England. Writing is a salable commodity here, much more so than in the States. We in America like to fuss with professional entertainment (which we do well) and with clothes (which we also do well) and with food (which at least is taken seriously in the South, Far West and East). But British entertainment is strictly on an amateur basis, its clothes are on the masculine—that is to say, conservative side—and reading to the English is something pleasurable you do at table to take your mind off the food.

As to the war, when will it end? It is an optimistic autumn, this invasion autumn of 1944, but it is not, I think, an all-conquering autumn. And the battle will not be finished when Armistice comes, or whatever it is called this time. It will go on and on, as fascism in its unending aliases always has.

Ahead of us this voyage is, not Normandy, but Brittany. Brittany with her five fine ports of St. Malo, Brest, Lorient, St. Nazaire and Nantes. Brittany with her Roman and Celtic beginnings, and her remarkable language that can be easily understood in Wales, and that resembles Cornish more than it resembles French. Brittany and her many watercourses, her picturesque and multi-colored sixteenth century costumes (always on Sundays and festivals), her ancient customs and beliefs to which she clings, including her Breton-Welsh language that is the only language understood by a million Frenchmen.

Ancient Armorica, which was made up of Normandy and Brittany, will not have changed overmuch, even with the Nazis, who seem to have garrisoned every city, and not established a front line anywhere in this western maritime province. The fishermen will still be coming home, silently pleased with familiar landfalls as fishermen are the world over, and there will be littoral life generally, as there has always been since men began living in Brittany. Great tracts of land will still lie uncultivated. There will be many forests, with chestnut, beech and fir trees, twisted and weatherbeaten by the offshore wind as they grew. Foxes and civet will be seen among the small wild animals that will have outlasted the German moment. All of the wandering sea animals of the North Atlantic will pay visits to the Brittany shore as the seasons are compounded between the departure of the Scourge and the months of new peace.

The French fields will move with the wind, making patterns in the wheat and oats, full-grained in the August sun. The grapevines will sag, and the Breton will put a wormy wooden pole beneath his apple boughs and his pregnant pear trees. The two lines of monadnocks that run out to the twin promontories that inclose the Bay of Donarnenez will bring to port the fishermen in that region as they have always brought Breton seafarers home, but they may be happier vistas than when the Scourge dwelt there. The Breton will fish more intently, dig with more energy in his loamy earth, prune his grapes and support his apple boughs with greater care, now that he knows that what grows and catches will be eaten by his own people, and by their liberating friends, and the soil beneath him is free, his own.

FINIS

